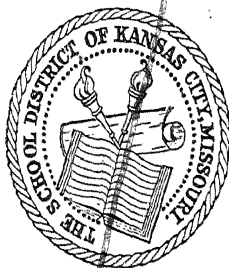




HISPANIC

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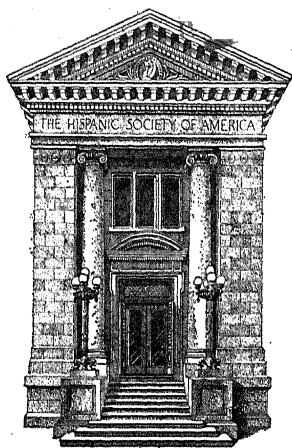
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HISPANIC SOCIETY











# HISPANIC NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF  
BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE  
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

*PENINSULAR SERIES*

IV







*From the "Retrato perdido" in The Royal Academy  
of Spain*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra





# HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY  
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

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of America



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NEW YORK AND LONDON

1920

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BY  
THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS  
GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,  
JULY 30, 1918,—

MY FRIEND.

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HISPANIC ANTHÓLOGY

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<p>FOREWORD</p> <p>SPANISH poetry, at first glance, would seem to be an unknown world to readers without a knowledge of Castilian; nevertheless, a study of the contents of this volume will show that some of the greatest poets of England and America have presented in our common English tongue the beauties of this exotic literature. While this achievement of the past may be a matter of legitimate pride to the northern Hispanist, the present would seem to be an opportune moment to strengthen whatever claim he may have upon the regard of his brethren of Hispanic speech by presenting a summary, in chronological order, of the translations, by northern Hispanophiles, of Spanish poems into English verse.</p> <p>The present work is such a summary, and it is offered as a spontaneous tribute of</p>	
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	<p>affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.</p> <p>The <i>Hispanic Anthology</i> is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

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<p>and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish <i>Parnasos</i> and Hispanic-American <i>Antologías</i> will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.</p> <p>The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.</p> <p>THOMAS WALSH.</p>	
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## ANONYMOUS

## THE LAY OF THE CID

THE *Poema del Cid* was composed about the year 1150. It is a contemporary record of the national peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1779).

## I

He turned and looked upon them, and he  
wept very sore  
As he saw the yawning gateway and the  
hasps wrenched off the door,  
And the pegs whereon no mantle nor coat  
of vair there hung.  
There perched no moulting goshawk, and  
there no falcon swung.  
My lord the Cid sighed deeply, such grief  
was in his heart,

And he spake well and wisely: "Oh Thou  
in Heaven that art  
Our Father and our Master, now I give  
thanks to Thee.  
Of their wickedness my foemen have done  
this thing to me."

2

Then they shook out the bridle rein further  
to ride afar.  
They had the crow on their right hand as  
they issued from Bivar,  
And as they entered Burgos upon their  
left it sped.  
And the Cid shrugged his shoulders, and  
the Cid shook his head:  
"Good tidings, Alvar Fañez! We are ban-  
ished from our weal,  
But on a day with honor shall we come unto  
Castile."

3

Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty pen-  
nons strong,

# ANONYMOUS

5

And forth to look upon him did the men  
and women throng.  
And with their wives the townsmen at the  
windows stood hard by,  
And they wept in lamentation, their grief  
was risen so high.  
As with one mouth together they spake  
with one accord:  
"God, what a noble vassal, an he had a  
worthy lord."

4

Fain had they made him welcome, but  
none dared do the thing  
For fear of Don Alfonso, and the fury of  
the King.  
His mandate unto Burgos came ere the  
evening fell.  
With utmost care they brought it and it  
was sealéd well;  
"That no man to Roy Diaz give shelter  
now, take heed,  
And if one give him shelter, let him know,  
in very deed,

# AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

He shall lose his whole possession, nay! the  
eyes within his head.

Nor shall his soul and body be found in  
better stead."

Great sorrow had the Christians, and from  
his face they hid.

Was none dared aught to utter unto my  
lord the Cid.

Then the Campeador departed unto his  
lodging straight.

But when he was come hither, they had  
locked and barred the gate.

In their fear of Don Alfonso had they done  
even so.

And the Cid forced not his entrance, neither  
for weal or woe,

Durst they open it unto him. Loudly his  
men did call.

Nothing thereto in answer said the folk  
within the hall.

My lord the Cid spurred onward, to the  
doorway did he go.

He drew his foot from the stirrup, he smote  
the door one blow.

Yet the door would not open, for they had  
barred it fast.



ANONYMOUS	7
<p data-bbox="436 263 453 293">5</p> <p data-bbox="138 334 750 402">But a maiden of nine summers came unto him at last</p> <p data-bbox="138 409 750 477">"Campeador in happy hour thou girdedst on the sword.</p> <p data-bbox="138 485 750 553">'Tis the King's will. Yestereven came the mandate of our lord.</p> <p data-bbox="138 560 750 628">With utmost care they brought it, and it was sealed with care;</p> <p data-bbox="138 636 750 704">None to ope to you or greet you for any cause shall dare.</p> <p data-bbox="138 712 750 780">And if we do, we forfeit houses and lands instead.</p> <p data-bbox="138 787 750 855">Nay, we shall lose moreover, the eyes with- in the head.</p> <p data-bbox="138 863 750 931">And, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught whatever dost thou gain.</p> <p data-bbox="138 938 750 1006">But may God with all his power support thee in thy pain."</p> <p data-bbox="138 1014 750 1082">So spake the child and turned away. Unto her home went she.</p> <p data-bbox="138 1090 750 1158">That he lacked the King's favor now well the Cid might see.</p> <p data-bbox="138 1165 750 1233">He left the door; forth onward he spurred through Burgos town.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

8	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>When he had reached Saint Mary's, then  he got swiftly down.  He fell upon his knees and prayed with a  true heart indeed:  And when his prayer was over, he mounted  on the steed.  Forth from the gate and over the Arlanzon  he went.  There in the sand by Burgos, the Cid let  pitch his tent.  Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had girded  on the brand,  Since none at home would greet him, en-  camped there on the sand  With a good squadron, camping as if with-  in the wood.  They will not let him in Burgos buy any  kind of food,—  Provender for a single day they dared not  to him sell.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>Then said the Cid, who in good hour had  girded on the steel:</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	9
<p> “Oh Martin Antolinez, thou art a good  lance and leal.  And if I live, hereafter I shall pay thee  double rent,  But gone is all my silver, and all my gold is  spent,  And well enough thou seest that I bring  naught with me  And many things are needful for my good  company.  Since by favor I win nothing, by might  then must I gain.  I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers  twain.  With the sand let us fill them, to lift a  burden sore,  And cover them with stamped leather with  nails well studded o’er. </p> <p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p> Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded  every nail.  In my behalf do thou hasten to Vidas and  Raquéí. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

10	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="291 258 888 712"> Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to  purchase, and the King  Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods  I cannot bring.  They are heavy, and I must pawn them for  whatso'er is right.  That Christians may not see it, let them  come for them by night.  May the Creator judge it and of all the  Saints the choir.  I can no more, and I do it against my own  desire." </p> <p data-bbox="578 762 591 787">8</p> <p data-bbox="291 837 888 988"> Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he  hastened forth and came  To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de-  manded them by name. </p> <p data-bbox="578 1038 591 1064">9</p> <p data-bbox="291 1109 888 1261"> Raqué! and Vidas sate to count their goods  and profits through  When up came Antolinez the prudent man  and true. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	II
<p>             "How now Raquél and Vidas, am I dear              unto your heart?              I would speak close." They tarried not.              All three they went apart.              "Give me, Raquél and Vidas, your hands              for promise sure,              That you will not betray me to Christian              or to Moor.              I shall make you rich forever. You shall              ne'er be needy more.              When to gather in the taxes went forth the              Campeador,              Many rich goods he garnered, but he only              kept the best.              Therefore this accusation against him was              addressed.              And now two mighty coffers full of pure              gold hath he.              Why he lost the King's favor a man may              lightly see.              He has left his halls and houses, his meadow              and his field,              And the chests he cannot bring you lest he              should stand revealed.              The Campeador those coffers will deliver              to your trust           </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And do you lend unto him whatever may  
be just.

Do you take the chests and keep them but  
swear a great oath here

That you will not look within them for the  
space of all this year."

The two took counsel: "Something to our  
profit must inure

In all barter. He gained something in the  
country of the Moor

When he marched there, for many goods  
he brought with him away.

But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings  
coined gold to pay.

Let the two of us together take now the  
coffers twain.

In some place let us put them where unseen  
they shall remain.

"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithee,  
let us hear,

And what will be our usury for the space of  
all this year?"

Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man  
and true:

"Whatever you deem right and just the  
Cid desires of you.

He will ask little since his goods are left in  
a safe place.

But needy men on all sides beseech the Cid  
for grace.

For six hundred marks of money the Cid is  
sore bested."

"We shall give them to him gladly," Ra-  
quél and Vidas said.

"'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed.  
So give the marks to us."

Answered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not  
traffic thus;

But first they take their surety and there-  
after give the fee."

Said Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for  
me.

Come ye to the great Campeador for 'tis  
but just and fair

That we should help you with the chests,  
and put them in your care,

So that neither Moor nor Christian thereof  
shall hear the tale."

"Therewith are we right well content,"  
said Vidas and Raquél,

"You shall have the marks six hundred  
when we bring the chests again."

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with the twain.

And they were glad exceeding. O'er the bridge he did not go,

But through the stream, that never a Burgalese should know

Through him thereof. And now behold the Campeador his tent.

When they therein had entered to kiss his hands they bent.

My lord the Cid smiled on them and unto them said he;

“Ha, Don Raqué! and Vidas, you have forgotten me!

And now must I go hence away who am banished in disgrace,

For the King from me in anger hath turned away his face.

I deem that from my chattels you shall gain somewhat of worth,

And you shall lack for nothing while you dwell upon the earth.”

At the loading of the coffers you had seen great joy of heart.



For they could not heave the great  
   chests up though they stark and  
   hale;

Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and  
   Raquél.

And they would be rich forever till their  
   two lives were o'er.

## 10

The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raquél  
   had kissed once more:

“Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou  
   girdedst on the brand.

Forth from Castile thou goest to the men  
   of a strange land.

Such is become thy fortune and great thy  
   gain shall be—

Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but  
   make a gift to me;

Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly  
   wrought and red.”

“So be it. It is granted,” the Cid in an-  
   swer said,—

16	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>“If from abroad I bring it, well doth the  matter stand;  If not, take it from the coffers I leave here  in your hand.”</p> <p>—<i>R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bacon.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

*RAZÓN DE AMOR*

AMONG the *Textes castillans inédits du XIII siècle* (Romania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368-373), M. Alfred Morel-Fatio published this poem for the first time. The name of Lope de Moros is signed to the MS, but he is conjectured to be merely the copyist.

For the heart with care o'erflowing,  
 Here's a story that is showing  
 An adventure fine and free  
 All of love and melody.  
 'Twas a scholar made its rhymes  
 (He was squire of dames betimes)  
 Who in Germany and France  
 Had his training for romance,  
 But in Lombardy was long  
 To learn courtesy in song.

. . . . .

All in the month of April sweet

In an olive grove I made retreat,  
My dinner done, where the branches meet;  
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet  
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree  
Full and ruddy as wine can be.  
It had been placed by a lady fair  
Who was mistress of the orchards there,  
For on him she loved her mind would think,  
When he came that way he would stop and  
    drink,  
He would quaff it down in a fashion meet  
Whenever he loitered there to eat,  
And thus refreshed would remain always  
Strong and healthy through all his days.  
Higher up on the apple bough  
Another cup caught my vision now,  
Full to the brim of the water clear  
That oozed from the dewy branches near.  
I would have tasted its liquor pure  
But I feared in it enchantment sure,  
So I laid my head to the verdant sward  
Where a midday rest I might afford,  
And the heat of the day was burning so  
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,  
And slipped in the spring that flowed  
    thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!—  
So fresh it was, and healthful too,  
In the chill of its waters through and  
through.

A step in its depths from off the shore  
And you felt the heat of the day no more.  
Every herb of odorous air  
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair;  
The salvia likewise and the rose,  
With the lily and the violet close,  
And numerous herbs in row on row  
Whose very names I do not know;  
But such a perfume from all was shed  
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.  
I took a sup of the water then  
And felt my body cool again;  
And in my hand I took a flower,  
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,  
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,—  
When suddenly a damsel came—  
Never in life have you seen the same—  
So white, so blushing red was she;  
Her short hair round her ears blown free,  
Her forehead white and passing fair,  
And face as sweet as an apple rare.  
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you discerned!—  
Her eyes of midnight shining clear;  
Her lovely lips where white teeth appear  
'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and free—  
Perfection's self, so it seemed to me!—  
Her girdle broad and measured well  
To a graceful line about her fell,  
Her cloak and gown were of nothing less  
Than samite white, her form to dress;  
The little hat upon her head  
'Gainst the midday heats was garlanded;  
And you would have known by the gloves  
she wore  
No peasant maid was she who bore.  
The flowers bent down before her feet  
As she walked along, while her lips repeat  
This song of love:

. . . . .

“O friend of mine,  
*Would that my arms could always twine  
About you here in love, and know  
The sweets of loving forever so!  
For you are a scholar as you show,  
And for this I hold you far more dear.  
Never a man did I ever hear*

*To boast of such love as my heart makes clear.  
I had rather my love with you to share  
Than the diadem of Spain to wear.  
There's but one care upon my heart  
And dread lest some mischance may start;  
For they say that another lady bright  
In beauty and goodness claims a right  
Upon your love, and with such a call  
That despite shall ruin her mind in all;  
And for her my fear is very great,  
Lest your love for me she may abate.  
But now that you behold me well,  
Lover and loved, let us faithful dwell!"*

. . . . .

The while the lady reasoned so,  
I saw she did not turn to go;  
That, though she knew me not for long,  
She did not fear my passion strong.  
That day I was no peasant boor;  
I rose and took her fingers pure,  
And arm in arm we settled down  
In the shade of the olive branches brown.  
And I said to her: "My lady, say,  
Have you known no love until today?"—  
She answered,—“Truly with love I glow,  
And little about my squire I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,  
That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;  
That he reads and writes and sings full clear,  
That he follows the troubadour's career.  
I know, as well, that his birth is fair  
And the first of his youthful beard is there."  
"For God's sake, lady, say to me  
What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—  
"These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,  
This ring, this coral ornament;  
And for his love they are the sign  
Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."  
There I, in truth, the trinkets knew  
That I had sent! and to her view  
The little sash I wore, displayed  
With the broideries her hands had made.  
She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,  
She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,  
And such delight she took of me  
That I cannot give the history.  
"Lord God be praised that here below  
My lover dear so well I know!"—  
Full long, full long, we tarried there,  
When came the thought unto my fair,  
And she explained,—“My Master sweet,  
If you should deem it more discreet,



'Twill not displease you should I go—"  
And I to her—"My heart shall show  
That it is faithful evermore,  
And prouder than an emperor."—  
And so alone my lady went,  
Leaving me to my discontent,  
For hardly had she passed the gate  
When my heart like death grew desolate.  
I tried to lay me down to sleep,  
But a tiny dove came there to peep;  
As white as any snowflake blown  
Across the garden it flew alone,  
And unto the pool it took its way  
Where suddenly it saw me laid,  
And it turned away in trouble great  
Into the orchard of pomegranate.  
Now there was fastened a cup of gold,  
That its little feet could scarce uphold,  
But into the pool it bore its weight  
Where I lay in the shade of the pome-  
granate.  
And when the golden cup was filled  
And unto its very depths was chilled,  
In sign that the feast was at an end  
The water and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## GONZALO DE BERCEO

(1180-1246)

## THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

GONZALO DE BERCEO was born at Berceo. Little is known of the events of his life, except that he was a priest of the Benedictine Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio Janer (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). There is an edition of the *Vida de Santo Domingo* by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1904).

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle  
 summertide,  
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a  
 meadow's side;  
 All green was it and beautiful, with flowers  
 far and wide,—  
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the travel-  
 ler might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all  
the sunny air,  
And not alone refreshed the sense, but  
stole the mind from care;  
On every side a fountain gushed, whose  
waters pure and fair,  
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm  
in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees,  
amid the foliage green,  
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear  
and apple seen;  
And other fruits of various kinds, the  
tufted leaves between,  
None were unpleasant to the taste and  
none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor  
of the flowers  
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered  
with fragrant showers,  
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the  
sultry noontide hours;  
Oh, one might live upon the balm and  
fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had  
such power to please,  
Such shadows from the summer sun, such  
odors on the breeze;  
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I  
might rest at ease,  
And stretched upon the greensward lay  
in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares  
beside me flung,  
I heard the soft and mellow notes that  
through the woodland rung;  
Ear never listened to a strain, for instru-  
ment or tongue,  
So mellow and harmonious as the songs  
above me sung.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch,  
Keep watch on the Council of the Jew,  
Keep watch;  
That they steal not God's Son from you,  
Keep watch!

To steal Him off they are set upon;  
Keep watch,  
Andrew, Peter, likewise John,  
Keep watch!  
Lie not in your trust so long,  
Keep watch,  
Hearken rather to my song,  
Keep watch;  
All of them light robbers are,  
Keep watch,  
Spying you through bolt and bar,  
Keep watch;  
All are tricksters by the way,  
Keep watch,  
Ribald thief and cutpurse they,  
Keep watch!  
Your own words they have employed,  
Keep watch,  
For your overthrow deployed,  
Keep watch!  
You know not the deep deceit,  
Keep watch,  
That is waiting for your feet,  
Keep watch;  
You know not the reasons wise,  
Keep watch,

That from His taking shall arise,  
Keep watch;  
Thomas and old Matthew too,  
Keep watch,  
They desire this theft to do,  
Keep watch;  
The disciple Him did sell,  
Keep watch;  
The Master did not deem it well,  
Keep watch.  
Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude,  
Keep watch,  
For the stealing aids they sued,  
Keep watch.  
If they have succeeded here,  
Keep watch,  
On to-day it will appear,  
Keep watch.

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### THE LIFE OF *SAN MILLÁN*

And when the kings were in the field,—  
their squadrons in array,—  
With lance in rest they onward pressed to  
mingle in the fray;

But soon upon the Christians fell a terror  
of their foes,—  
These were a numerous army,—a little  
handful those.  
And while the Christian people stood in  
this uncertainty,  
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes,  
and fixed their thoughts on high;  
And there two figures they beheld, all  
beautiful and bright,  
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their  
garments were more white.  
They rode upon two horses more white  
than crystal sheen,  
And arms they bore such as before no  
mortal man had seen;  
The one, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's  
mitre wore;  
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er  
saw before.  
Their faces were angelical, celestial forms  
had they,—  
And downward through the fields of air  
they urged their rapid way;  
They looked upon the Moorish host with  
fierce and angry look,

And in their hands with dire portent their  
naked sabres shook.  
The Christian host beholding this, straight-  
way take heart again;  
They fall upon their bended knees, all  
resting on the plain,  
And each one with his clenched fist to smite  
his breast begins,  
And promises to God on high he will for-  
sake his sins.  
And when the heavenly knights drew near  
unto the battle-ground,  
They dashed among the Moors and dealt  
unerring blows around;  
Such deadly havoc there they made the  
foremost ranks among  
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of  
the throng.  
Together with these two good knights, the  
champions of the sky,  
The Christians rallied and began to smite  
full sore and high;  
The Moors raised up their voices and by  
the Koran swore  
That in their lives such deadly fray they  
ne'er had seen before.



Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped  
the bloody fight,—  
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and  
some half dead with fright;  
Full sorely they repented that to the field  
they came,  
For they saw that from the battle they  
should retreat with shame.  
Another thing befell them,—they dreamed  
not of such woes,—  
The very arrows that the Moors shot from  
their twanging bows  
Turned back against them in their flight  
and wounded them full sore,  
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid  
in drops of gore.

. . . . .  
Now he that bore the crozier, and the  
papal crown had on  
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of  
Saint John;  
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the  
monkish hood,  
Was the holy San Millán of Cogolla's  
neighborhood.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

*SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA*

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent  
vast and wide;  
The sea encircles it around, and groans on  
every side;  
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many  
woes betide  
The monks who in that burial place in  
penitence abide.  
Within those dark monastic walls, amid  
the ocean flood  
Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy  
brotherhood;  
To the Madonna's glory there an altar  
high was placed  
And a rich and costly image the sacred  
altar graced.  
Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin  
Mother smiled,  
And as the custom is, she held within her  
arms the Child;  
The kings and wisemen of the East were  
kneeling by her side;  
Attended was she like a queen whom God  
had sanctified.

. . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of  
feathers hung,— •

A *moscader* or fan for flies, 'tis called in  
vulgar tongue;

From the feathers of the peacock's wing  
'twas fashioned bright and fair,  
And glistened like the heaven above when  
all its stars are there.

It chanced that for the people's sins, fell  
lightning's blasting stroke;

Forth from all four sacred walls the flames  
consuming broke;

The sacred robes were all consumed, missal  
and holy book;

And hardly with their lives the monks  
their crumbling walls forsook.

. . . . .

But though the desolating flame raged  
fearfully and wild,

It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did  
not reach the Child;

It did not reach the feathery screen before  
her face that shone,

Nor injured in a farthing's worth the image  
or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not  
burn the screen;  
Even in the value of a hair they were not  
hurt, I ween;  
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor  
injure more the shrine  
Than the bishop, hight Don Tello, has  
been hurt by hand of mine.  
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## ALFONSO X

(1221-1284)

*CANTIGA*

ALFONSO X, known as *el sabio* or "The Wise," is in a sense the father of all Spanish literature. He was not a successful ruler, but he is famous for his codes, chronicles, and didactic collections. The principal work for which he is famous is the *Cantigas de Santa María*, in the dialect of the Galician troubadours, which has been edited for the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.), by L. A. de Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

Lady, for the love of God,  
Have some pity upon me!  
See my eyes, a river-flood  
Day and night, oh, see!  
Brothers, cousins, uncles, all,  
Have I lost for thee;  
If thou dost not me recall,  
Woe is me!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then reached my  
ears

That in the land of Egypt lived a man,  
Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan  
The dark occurrences of uncome years;  
He judged the stars, and by the moving  
spheres

And aspects of the heavens unveiled the  
dim

Face of futurity, which then to him  
Appeared, as clear to us the past appears.  
A yearning towards this sage inspired my  
pen

And tongue, that instant, with humility  
Descending from my height of majesty;  
Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men;  
My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent—  
with ten

My noblest envoys, loaded each apart  
With gold and silver, which with all my  
heart

I offered him, but the request was vain.  
With much politeness the wise man replied,  
“You, sire, are a great king, and I should be

Most glad to serve you, but in such a fee  
Of gold and silver gems I take no sort of  
pride;

Deign, then, yourself to use them; I abide  
Content in more abundant wealth; and  
may

Your treasures profit you in every way  
That I can wish, your servant." I com-  
plied;

But sent the stateliest of my argosies,  
Which reached, and from the Alexandrian  
port

Brought safe this cunning master to my  
court,

Who greeted me with all kind courtesies;  
I knowing well his great abilities,  
And learning in the movement of the  
spheres,

Have highly honored him these many  
years,

For honor is the birthright of the wise.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JORDI  
(About 1250)

SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. Both are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn,  
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;  
In dreary darkness I can light discern,  
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge  
know.

I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,  
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven  
I fly.

With what's behind I run an untried race



And break from that which holds me might-  
ily.

Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,  
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;  
All seems a dream that most substantial is,  
I hate myself—others are dear to me;  
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void;  
My *aye* is *no*; truth becomes falsehood  
strange;

I cat, not hungry—shift, though un-  
annoyed;

Touch without hands—and sense to folly  
change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,  
When most I seem to sink, then mount I  
still;

Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I  
call;

And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;  
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;  
Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows;  
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's  
attacks I groan;

To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

—*Anonymous.*

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA  
(Late thirteenth century)

MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of Astorga, in the latter part of the thirteenth century who became an ecclesiastic—"bon clerigo é onrado"—and who left a long poem on Alexander the Great.

It was the month of May, a glorious  
time,  
When merry music make the birds in  
boughs,  
Dressed are the meads with beauty far and  
wide,  
And sighs the ladye that has not a  
spouse;  
Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and fresh  
winds  
Temper the clime; in every village near

Young girls in bebies sing, and with blythe  
minds

Make each to each good wishes of the  
year.

Young maids and old maids, are all out of  
doors,

Melting with love, to gather flowers at  
rest

Of noon—they whisper each to each,  
amours

Are good—and the most tender deem the  
best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of Hita  
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN RUÍZ, was the Archpriest of Hita, in the neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. His ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a poet of peculiarly personal character, strangely akin in spirit to the French poet François Villon. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (vol. lvii); other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Toulouse, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Frauca (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y Alonso.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous look,  
correct,  
Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild, with  
mirth by prudence checked,

Caressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd  
smiles bedecked,  
Whom every lady looks upon with love  
and with respect,—  
Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool  
low I kneel,  
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy  
force all feel.  
O Love, thou art the master of all creatures;  
all with zeal  
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow  
or for weal.  
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every  
living thing that is  
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh,  
take not my vows amiss!  
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune,  
give me bliss,  
And be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet  
Venus, grant me this!  
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by  
thy dart,  
Which I carry close concealed and buried  
deep in my sad heart,  
As not to dare reveal the wound; I dare  
not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish  
with the smart!

I have lost my lively color, and my mind  
is in decay;

I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall  
off both night and day;

My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead  
my steps astray

If thou do not give me comfort, I shall  
swoon and pass away.

*Replieth Venus::*

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being  
swayed by shame,

To every amorous-looking miss, to every  
gadding dame;

Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find  
one that e'er will blame

Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to  
scorn thy tender flame.

If the first wave of the rough sea, when it  
comes roaring near,

Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er  
would plough the clear

With his brass-beakéd ship; then ne'er  
let the first word sever

The first frown, or the first repulse, affright  
thee from thy dear.

By cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled  
cities fall; with care

High trees are felled, grave weights are  
raised; by cunning many swear

By cunning many perjured are, and fishes  
by the snare

Are taken under the green wave; then why  
shouldst thou despair?

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

#### PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to  
shorten my oration,—

For a never-ending sermon is my utter  
detestation;

I like short women,—suits at law without  
procrastination,—

And am always most delighted with things  
of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool  
who's always grinning

But little women love so much, one falls  
in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and  
yet not worth the winning,  
And in the change of short for long repen-  
tance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought  
me in my musing;

To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond  
refusing;

So I'll praise the little women, and you'll  
find the thing amusing

They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst  
flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within  
the flame of Love is raging,

They're gay and pleasant in the street,—  
soft, cheerful, and engaging,

They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the  
cares of life assuaging;

All this and more;—try and you'll find  
how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor  
meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar how much of  
sweetness lies!



So in a little woman love grows and multi-  
plies;

You recollect the proverb says,—“A word  
unto the Wise.”

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons  
every dinner

More than all other condiments, although  
'tis sprinkled thinner;

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let  
you win her,—

There's not a joy in all the world you will  
not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the  
richest dyes,

And in a little grain of gold much price and  
values lies,

As from a little balsam much odor doth  
arise,

So in a little woman there's a taste of  
paradise.

Even as a little ruby its secret worth be-  
trays,

Color and price and virtue, in the clearness  
of its rays,—

Just so a little woman much excellence  
displays,  
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity  
always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though  
small and light of wing  
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all  
the birds that sing;  
And so a little woman, though a very little  
thing,  
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that  
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have  
many a thrilling note,  
Each as a gay musician doth strain his  
little throat  
A merry little songster in his green and  
yellow coat;  
And such a little woman is, when Love  
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her,  
throughout the wide creation;  
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest  
consolation,—

So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all  
vexation;

In fine, she's better in the proot than in  
anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms  
decreased,

Then surely it is good to be from all the  
great released.

Now of two evils choose the less—said a  
wise man of the East,

By consequence, of woman-kind be sure  
to choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA

(1332-1407)

## SONG TO THE VIRGIN MARY

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque courtier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel, Henry of Trastamara, John I, and Henry III. He became Grand Chancellor of Castile in 1398. His principal work is the *Rimado de Palacio* (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). It is also to be found in a new edition edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the *Biblioteca hispánica*.

Lady, as I know thy power,  
I place my hopes in thee;  
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thy welcome ever was most sweet  
To those who come in care;  
When from this prison I retreat,  
I'll seek thine image there.

Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower,  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

In all my sorrows would I call  
 On thee, Sweet Advocate;  
 My heart adores thee more than all,  
 And so my sins seem great.  
 Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thou art the star that shows the way,  
 The balm that heals my wrong;  
 In gentleness be mine today  
 And lead to heaven along.  
 Lady, as I know thy power,  
 I place my hopes in thee;  
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower  
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388-1453)

## CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page became Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, daring manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of P. J. Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry  
And to sigh  
I ne'er cease;  
And in vain  
I would gain  
My release;  
Yet I still

Have the will,  
Though I see  
That the way  
Every day  
Is less free.  
She is light  
And the blight  
Wrecks my joy;  
Better death  
Than such breath  
I employ!  
But perchance  
For such glance  
I was born;  
And my griet  
Is relief  
For your scorn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA

(1398-1458)

## SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born at Carrión de los Condes. He was a skilful politician and bitterly opposed to Alvaro de Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 25, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine classical knowledge, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spain. His *Obras* were published in Madrid, 1852, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way  
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and pray,



And sleep upon my eyelids heavy lay,  
 There where the ground was very rough  
 and wild,

I lost my path and met a peasant child:  
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,  
 There in the fields I found her.

Upon a meadow green with tender grass,  
 With other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,  
 So sweet a thing to see I watched her pass:  
 My eyes could scarce believe her what  
 they found her,  
 There with the herds around her.

I do not think that roses in the Spring  
 Are half so lovely in their fashioning:  
 My heart must needs avow this secret thing,  
 That had I known her first as then I  
 found her,  
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,  
 I had not strayed so far her face to see  
 That it might rob me of my liberty.

I questioned her, to know what she might  
 say:  
 "Has she of Finojosa passed this way?"

She smiled and answered me: "In vain  
you sue,  
Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:  
But she of whom you speak, and have  
not found her.  
Her heart is free, no thought of love has  
bound her,  
Here with the herds around her."  
—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## CANCIÓN

Whether you love me  
I cannot tell.  
But that I love you,  
This I know well.

You and none other  
Hold I so dear.  
This shall be always,  
Year upon year.

When first I saw you,  
So it befell.  
I gave you all things—  
This I know well.

Myself I gave you  
 Ever in fee.  
 Doubt then of all things  
 But doubt not me.

Since first I saw you,  
 Under your spell,  
 All my wits wander,  
 This I know well.

Still have I loved you,  
 Still shall I love,  
 Love you and serve you  
 All things above.

Her I have chosen  
 None doth excel.  
 Trust me, I feign not,  
 This I know well.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

· ANONYMOUS  
(Fifteenth century)

*VILLANCICO*

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together  
Picking olives in clear weather,  
My, but they were in fine feather  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,  
Turning home with hearts dejected,  
Haggard where the sun reflected  
In Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

Three dark Moors so lovely they—  
Three dark Moors so lovely, they  
Plucked the apples on that day  
Near Jaën,—  
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE BLACK GLOVE

From the *Cancionero general*

Glove of black in white hand bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin transparent veil  
That doth not conceal her hair.  
Sovereign attitude and air,  
Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—  
This is killing men that live,  
'Tis not mourning for the dead.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL  
(Early fifteenth century)

*DEZIR*

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*.

Passing on no vain journey was I upon the  
day  
On Guadalquivir's bridge I went with  
footsteps free  
Unto the fair encounter that thereon came  
to me,  
Where by the River's reaches, as old  
Triana lay,  
The lovely star Diana her beauty did display;  
Upon that May day early, hard at the  
break of morn

The Feast of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—  
To Santa Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

And there my colors for to show, I chose  
the flower

Of jasmine delicate and rare; the rose in  
bloom

Fresh from its garden breathing rarest of  
perfume;

And then the fleur-de-lis from the meadow  
bower.

Their gracious hues and honest smiled so  
upon that hour

They brought to mind the messenger of  
angel face

Who came old time and murmured “Hail,  
Thou full of Grace,”

Descending out of Paradise to speak its  
power.

Hushed be the poets all, and authors wise  
as well,

Homer, Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,  
That Ovid to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,  
And all who e’er have written the praise  
of lords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the stars' citadel,  
When her with other women one started to  
compare,—

A shining flame amid the brightest planets  
there—

A rose among the flowers for beauty and  
for smell.

Though not to be disdained for beauty or  
for grace

The fragile enfregyme, the flowery pride of  
Greece,

The blossom that the Trojan voices never  
cease

To praise on high and give the loftiest of  
place;

Yet native to our soil, where never furrows  
trace,

There sometimes comes to blossom so  
beautiful a rose,

So stately and so lovely, it quite outshineth  
those,—

And that alone is worthy to be put beside  
her face.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA  
(Fifteenth century)

DEZIR

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Commander of the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*, which show a real distinction not eclipsed by the resemblance of his works to the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique and the verses of Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque.

For love of God, let's put aside the veil,  
Good Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds  
    our sight,  
And upon Death the conqueror look aright,  
Who levels high and low beneath his flail.  
And unto God in heaven let our sighs  
Go up in prayer, each heart a penitent,  
For the offenses everyone has spent,  
The old, the child, the youth, against the  
    skies.

Surely no life at all we live, who here  
But measure the assured approach of  
death—

The cruel, treacherous master of our breath  
And when we think to live,—ah, he is near!  
We are well certain of our hour of birth,  
But when we die, ah, certain we are not;  
No certitude of life an hour we've got;  
With tears we come, with tears we leave  
the earth.

And what became of all the emperors,  
The popes and kings, and all the prelate  
lords,

The dukes and counts whom history  
records,

Their rich and strong and learned servitors?  
And all who in the lists of love would wage  
In gallant arms throughout the spreading  
world,—

And all in art's and science's scroll enfurled,  
Where doctors, poets, troubadours, engage?

Father and son and brother, parents fond  
And friends and sweethearts of our very  
breast,

With whom we ate and drank and took  
our rest,  
The gay and gallant throng in friendships  
bond,—  
Ladies and damsels and brave striplings  
fair  
Who lay their youthfulness beneath the  
ground;  
And other gentles that short shift have  
found,  
Who once were present here and now are  
where?

The Duke of Cabra and the Admiral,  
And many another Grandee of Castile;  
Now Ruy Diaz's sleeve to pluck doth steal  
Old Death,—who 'mong his compeers out-  
shone all,  
So that the people of the farthest East  
Dreamt of his prowess and the glory's  
shine  
He lent this court with all his gracious, fine  
Performance graciously and bold increased.

And all we mention now are briefly grown  
But dust and ashes, fallen to nothingness;

Others are bones that are of flesh the less,  
 And, refuse of the trenches, there are thrown.  
 And others are disjointed limbs, their head  
 Without a body, without hands or feet;  
 Others whereon the worms begin to eat;  
 Others new set for burial with the dead.

Where now the lordships, prelacies, and  
 powers,  
 The tributes and the rents signorial?  
 Where now their pomps and courtliness  
 withal,  
 Where their campaignings and their council  
 hours?  
 Where all their sciences and learned lore—  
 Where are their masters of the poet's art,  
 Where the great rhymers, where the singer's  
 heart,  
 Where he that struck the lute-strings o'er  
 and o'er?

Where are the treasures, vassals, servitors,  
 Where are their hangings and their precious  
 stones,  
 Where are their pearls baroque in costly  
 thrones,

Where are their perfume arks and scented  
store?

Where are their woofs of gold and shining  
chains,

Where are their collars and their buckles  
now,

Where the great gems that glittered row  
on row,

Where the light bells that tinkled on their  
reins?

Where are the feasts and suppers gay be-  
spread,

Where the bright joust and tourney after-  
noons,

Where are their fashions and new-fangled  
boons,

Where the new steps with which their  
dancers tread?

Where the assemblies and the banquet  
boards,

Where all the shows and splendor of their  
ways,

Where all the laughter and the pleasant plays,

Where all the minstrel's and the joglar's  
words;

In faith meseems without a shade of doubt,  
The days are now accomplished as foretold  
Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,  
Who said: "All order shall be blotted out;  
Corruption shall be over every worth,  
And death o'er all of humankind shall creep,  
And every gate shall hear the voices weep,  
And all the people be destroyed from  
earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen  
By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,  
Whose eyes a flood of weepings did disclose  
Whose loud lamentings did his grief demean  
Mourning his sins and errors of his days,  
And this is written, anyone may read,  
Within his chapters and clear and full  
indeed;  
These surely are the times of which he says.

Wherefore good sense advises we should  
arm  
Our souls with all the virtues that they lack,  
And take earth's empty treasures from our  
back  
Since they are sure to go at first alarm.

And he who looks on this with kindly eyes,  
Need not a fear unto his dying give;  
Through death he passes, ceasing but to  
live,

To Life Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

*CANCIÓN*

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak character, a futile monarch, but a good critic and a graceful poet. He was lordly patron of a court to which flocked over two hundred troubadours and poets. His story is intimately involved with that of his favorite Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought  
Thy power had been so great,  
That thou couldst change my fate,  
By changes in another wrought,  
Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,  
For I had known thee long;  
But though I felt thee strong,  
I felt not all thy spell.



Nor ever, ever had I thought  
Thy power had been so great,  
That thou couldst change my fate,  
By changes in another wrought,  
Till now, alas! I know it.  
—*George Ticknor.*

## JUAN DE MENA

(1411-1456)

## CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba, where his father was *regidor*. After travelling in Italy he returned to Spain and became Latin Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torrelaguna. He was the leading poet of his time being called "The Spanish Ennius." His principal poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also known as *Las Trezientas*, was published by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See also F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,  
 The greatest grief I know  
 Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"  
 To the breast I'm loving so.

In spite of all the woes I feel  
Upon that parting thought,  
At times my memories reveal  
The mighty joys you brought.  
So let the world a-whispering go  
To tell why here I lie;  
Because they know I've said "Good-bye"  
To the breast I'm loving so.

I languish but I let none hear  
How deep my sorrows are,  
Although my griefs are quite as near  
As your sweet balm is far.  
And if it be the end they show  
And death is coming nigh,  
While living, let me say "Good-bye"  
To the breast I'm loving so.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LINES TO MACÍAS *EL ENAMORADO*

(From the *Laberinto*)

We in this radiant circle looked so long  
That we found out Macías; in a bower  
Of cypress was he weeping still the hour  
That ended his dark life and love in wrong.

Nearer I drew for sympathy was strong  
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;  
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain  
That e'er was tuned in elegiac song.  
"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown;  
my name  
Will be pronounced by many, but, alas,  
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter  
woe  
The mournful suffering that consumed my  
frame!  
His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind  
they tame,  
But do not always then continue sweet;  
And since they cause me ruin so complete,  
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his fame;  
Dangers so passionate be glad to miss;  
Learn to be gay; flee from sorrows touch;  
Learn to disserve him you have served so  
much,  
Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:  
If the short joy that in his service is,  
Were but proportioned to the long, long  
pain,  
Neither would he that once has loved com-  
plain,

Nor he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.  
But even as some assassin or night-rover,  
Seeing his fellow wound upon the wheel,  
Awed by the agony resolves with zeal  
His life to 'mend, and character recover;  
But when the fearful spectacle is over,  
Reacts his crimes with easy unconcern;  
So my amours on my despair return,  
That I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

## TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me  
When first I saw your face,  
And soon it did appear to me  
Your eyes in mine would trace.

I could no more than scarcely breathe  
When you drew on your veil  
And hid yourself so well beneath  
Your dark cloak's heavy trail.

But under it your gentle grace  
And simple air were seen;  
The very masque its charm would trace  
And show, instead of screen;  
So very great became my care  
And trouble that I knew  
My heart was swift entangled there  
With my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

COPLAS ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT  
OF TOLEDO

When mighty Rome was conqueror,  
'Twas Scipio led the van of fighting;  
Old Fabius was her counselor;  
And Titus Livius did her writing.

And not a maid or wife but came  
And stripped the ornaments from off her,  
To offer them for warlike fame  
And save her country from dishonor.

Where none there be to rule the town  
How soon its triumph will be ended!  
How soon the roof-tree tumble down  
Where not a dweller is attended!

When pigs without the dogs to herd  
Will straggle quick to their perdition,  
Can troops without a captain's word  
Be long maintained in war-condition?

For sheep without a shepherd's rod  
Will lay in waste both field and garden;  
And monks that know no prior's nod  
Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.

The vineyards left unwatched to grow  
Unto each passer-by will yield them;  
The courts where gallants never show  
Are hands that have no gloves to shield  
them.

The shoe that fares without a sole  
Can ill preserve the foot that wears it;  
The strings escaped the lute's control  
Will make a sound—if you can bear  
it—



The church that boasts no lettered throng,  
Like palace without walls, must tremble;  
Who looks for fish both big and strong  
Save where the firmest nets dissemble?

In faith, that blow me-seemeth light  
Of which a swordless hand is giver;—  
But a sword without a hand of might,  
Full little thrust will it deliver!  
— *Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO

(1433-1496)

## CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,  
When from earth I pass away,  
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known  
How my time away was thrown,  
How with sins my days were sown,  
And my depths of misery—  
Will you then remember me?

Through the realms of the eternal  
Of the Judgment Seat diurnal,  
Refuge from the doom infernal,  
In your prayers alone I see,—  
Will you then remember me?

When upon the dreaded scales  
All my poor accounting fails  
To report the bonds and bails  
That your Son has given in fee—  
Will you then remember me?

*Finale*

When my soul in grief astounded  
At the judgment bar surrounded  
With the charge of guilt is hounded,  
And your prayers alone can free,—  
Will you then remember me?

—*Garret Strange.*

## JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

## CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rodrigo, Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Second Cid," and was born at Paredes de Nava. From his birth he was in the midst of wars, and he joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Garcí-Muñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His famous *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of this great poem have made their appearance; among the best being that of M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have had many commentaries in verse and have several times been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go  
Put never faith where he must part;

Forgetfulness and change of heart  
 Are penalties the absent know.  
 You would be loved—a lover you.  
 Then pay your court incessant, thou,  
 For hardly are you vanished ere  
 Remembrance goes as lightly too.  
 Be done with idle hope, and start  
 Let him whose time hath come to go;  
 Forgetfulness and change of heart  
 Are penalties the absent know.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *COPLAS* ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
 FATHER, THE GRAND-MASTER  
 OF SANTIAGO

*The Introit*

Let from its dream the soul awaken,  
 And reason mark with open eyes  
     The scene unfolding,—  
 How lightly life away is taken,  
 How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—  
     At last beholding;  
 What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure  
 That, once attained, seems nothing more  
     Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure  
Each latter day inferior  
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies  
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone  
Beyond recover,

Let us resolve to be more wise  
Than stake our future lot upon  
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—  
Imagining some longer stay  
For his own treasure  
Than what today he sees undone;  
For everything must pass away  
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers  
That gather downward to the sea  
We know as Death;  
And thither every flood delivers  
The pride and pomp of seigniory  
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;  
Thither, the streams of modest worth,—  
The rills beside them;

Till there all equal they surrender;  
And so with those who toil on earth,  
And those who guide them.

*The Invocation*

I turn me from the praise and singing  
Of panegyrists, and the proud  
Old poets' stories;  
I would not have them hither bringing  
Their artful potions that but cloud  
His honest glories;

On Him Alone I lay my burden—  
Him only do I now implore  
In my distress,—  
Who came on earth and had for guerdon  
The scorn of man that did ignore  
His Godliness.

This world is but a highway going  
Unto that other, the abode  
Without a sorrow;  
The wise are they who gird them, knowing  
The guideposts set along that road  
Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing;  
We journey all the while we live,  
Our goal attaining  
The day alone that brings us resting,  
When Death shall last quietus give  
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,  
Did we but give it the employ  
That was intended;  
For by the precepts of our Creed  
We earn hereby a life of joy  
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth  
Came down to raise our lowly race  
Unto the sky;  
Here took upon Him human birth;  
Here lived among us for a space;  
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—  
What futile task we set upon,  
Whilst greed awakes us!  
And what a traitor world of lies  
Is this, whose very gifts are gone  
Ere Death o'ertakes us!



Some through increasing age deprived,  
 Some by unhappy turn of fate  
     Destroyed and banished,  
 Some, as with blight inherent rived  
     At topmost of their branching state,  
     Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason,  
     The gentle freshness and contour  
         Of smiling faces,—  
 The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,—  
     Of all—shall one a truce secure  
         From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,  
     The corporal litheness, and the strength  
         Of gallant youth,—  
 All, all,—to weariness surrender  
     As o'er them falls the shadow's length  
         Of age in truth.

The Visigoths whose lineage kingly  
     Whose feats of war and mighty reign  
         Were so exalted,—  
 What divers ways did all and singly  
     Drop down to the obscure again  
         And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness (How  
lowly

And base among the rabble came  
Their estimation!)

Whilst others as a refuge solely  
In offices they only shame  
Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing  
Can leave us pauper—who may doubt?—  
Within an hour;

Let us not count on their abiding,  
Since there is nothing sure about  
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable  
Upon her globe as swift as light  
Revolving ever;

Who to be constant is unable,  
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight  
On aught soever.

And though, say I, her highest favor  
Should follow to the tomb and heap  
With wreaths her master;

Let not our solid judgment waver  
Since life is like a dream and sleep  
Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today  
Wherein we find our joy and ease  
Are but diurnal;

Whilst the dread torments that must pay  
The cost of our iniquities  
Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions  
That life on troubled earth deploys  
For eyes of mortals,  
What are they but the fair persuasions  
Of labyrinths where Death decoys  
To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing  
We hasten laughing to the snare  
Without suspicion.

Until aghast at our undoing,  
We turn to find the bolt is there,  
And our perdition.

Could we but have procured the power  
To make our faded youth anew  
Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour  
'Tis ours to give angelic hue  
Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken,  
What pains had welcomed, so to bring  
A health but human,—  
Our summer bloom to re-awaken,  
Our stains to clear,—outrivalling  
The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious  
Upon the parchments of the years,  
Alas!—the weeping  
That overtook their boast audacious.  
And swept their thrones to grime and  
tears  
And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;  
Nor are the popes, nor emperors,  
Nor prelacies  
A longer stay or truce securing  
Than the poor herdsman of the moors  
From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman  
 The echo of whose wars is now  
     But far tradition;  
 Recount no more how fared the Roman  
 (His scroll of glories we allow)  
     Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable  
 Of such as yielded up their sway  
     These decades gone;  
 But let us say what lamentable  
 Fate the lords of yesterday  
     Have fallen upon.

Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,—  
 Of those hight heirs of Aragon,—  
     What are the tidings?  
 Of him whose courtly graces schooled us,  
 Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,  
     Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where they  
     vaunted  
 With trappings, and caparison,  
     And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—  
But blades of grass that vanished on  
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,  
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,  
Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration  
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains  
Were uncontented?

And what of him, that troubadour  
Whose melting lutany and rime  
Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,  
And trailed her robes of olden time  
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqu  , in succession,  
His brother's heir,—think, to what height  
Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession  
The world prepared for his delight,  
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,  
What cruel adversary, Fate  
To him became;

A friend befriended as was no man—  
How brief for him endured the state  
His birth might claim.

The golden bounties without stinting,  
The strongholds and the lairs of kings  
With treasure gluttred;  
The flagons of their wassail glinting,  
The sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings  
With which they strutted;

The steeds, the spurs, and bits to rein them,  
The pillions draped unto the ground  
Beneath their paces,—  
Ah, whither must we fare to gain them?—  
That were but as the dews around  
The meadow places.

His brother then, the unoffending,  
Who was intruded on his reign  
To act as heir,—  
What gallant court was round him bending,  
How many a haughty lord was fain  
To tend him there!

Yet as but mortal was his station,  
Death for his goblet soon distilled  
A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—  
When most his blaze the world had filled  
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master  
And Constable, whom we have known  
When loved and dreaded,—  
What need to tell of his disaster,  
Since we behold him overthrown  
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,  
His manors and his feudal lands,  
His boundless power,—  
What more than tears were their amount-  
ing?  
What more than bonds to tie his hands  
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,  
Yet with the fortunes as of kings  
Fraternal reigning,—  
Who brought the high as well as lowly  
Submissive to their challengings  
And laws' ordaining.



And what of all their power and prize  
That touched the very peaks of fame  
That none could limit?—

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,  
Till at its brightest ruthless came  
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,  
The marquises, and counts, the throng  
Of barons splendid,  
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their  
dwelling?  
The sway we saw them wield so strong—  
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—  
What prowess showing us in war  
Or its cessation,  
When thou, O Death, didst come outraging  
Both one and all, and swept them o'er  
With desolation.

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,  
The pennon, and the battle-flag,  
And bannered splendor,—

The castles with their turrets boasting,  
Their walls and barricades to brag  
And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,  
Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—  
What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding  
Canst send a shaft unerring where  
No buckler wards it!

*O World that givest and destroyest  
Would that the life which thou hast shown  
Were worth the living!  
But here, as good or ill deployest,  
The parting is with gladness known  
Or with misgiving.*

*Thy span is so with griefs encumbered  
With sighing every breeze so steeped,  
With wrongs so clouded,  
A desert where no boon is numbered,  
The sweetness and allurements reaped  
And black and shrouded.*

*Thy highway is the road of weeping;  
Thy long farewells are bitterness  
Without a morrow;*

*Adown thy ruts and ditches keeping  
The traveller who doth most possess  
Hath most of sorrow.*

*Thy chattels are but had with sighing;  
With sweat of brow alone obtained  
The wage they give;  
In myriads thine ills come hieing,  
And once existence they have gained,  
They longest live.*

And he, the shield and knightly pastor  
Of honest folk, beloved by all  
The unoffending,—  
Don Roderic Manrique, Master  
Of Santiago,—Fame shall call  
Him brave unending!

Not here behooves to chant his praises  
Or laud his valor to the skies,  
Since none but knows them;  
Nor would I crave a word that raises  
His merit higher than the prize  
The world bestows them.

O what a comrade comrades found him!  
Unto his henchmen what a lord!  
And what a brother!

What foeman for the foes around him!  
His peer as Master of the Sword  
There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knowing!  
What grace amid the courtly bower!  
What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished showing!  
How 'mid the brave in danger's hour  
A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;  
A Cæsar for his victories  
And battle forces;  
An Africanus in his justice;  
A Hannibal for energies  
And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;  
A Titus for his open hand  
And cheer unfailing;  
His arm, a Spartan king's in power;  
His voice, a Tully's to command  
The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;  
A Marc Aurelius in the light  
Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;  
 A Theodosius in his right  
 And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern  
 In discipline and laws of war  
 Among his legions;

A Constantine in faith eterne;  
 Gamaliel in the love he bore  
 His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,  
 Nor ever unto wealth attained  
 Nor store excelling;  
 To fight the Moors was all his pleasure  
 And thus his fortresses he gained,  
 Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed  
 Fell knights and steeds into his hands  
 Through fierce compression,  
 Whereby he came to be regaled  
 With vassals and with feudal lands  
 In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station  
 When first he started his career  
 Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation  
His brothers and his henchmen dear  
He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided  
When once his gallant deeds were famed  
And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided  
That broader, as his honors claimed,  
His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated  
In chronicles to show his youth  
And martial force,  
With triumphs equal he was fated  
To re-affirm in very sooth  
As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways.  
For merit and in high award  
Of service knightly,  
His dignity they came to raise  
Till he was Master of the Sword  
Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors  
By false intruders occupied  
And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,  
 His broad-sword in his hand to guide,  
 He re-possest.

And for our rightful king how well  
 He bore the brunt of warfare keen  
 In siege and action,  
 Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,  
 Or those who in Castile have been  
 Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining  
 The cause of justice in the fight  
 For law appointed,  
 With years in harness spent sustaining  
 The royal crown of him by right  
 His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania  
 Can never make account of all  
 In number mortal,—  
 Unto his township of Ocaña  
 Came Death at last to strike and call  
 Against his portal:

*Speaketh Death*

“Good Cavalier,”—he cried,—“divest  
you

Of all this hollow world of lies

And soft devices;

Let your old courage now attest you,

And show a breast of steel that vies

In this hard crisis!

“And since of life and fortune’s prizes

You ever made so small account

For sake of honor,

Array your soul in virtue’s guises

To undergo this paramount

Assault upon her!

“For you, are only half its terrors

And half the battles and the pains

Your heart perceiveth;

Since here a life devoid of errors

And glorious for noble pains

To-day it leaveth;

“A life for such as bravely bear it

And make its fleeting breath sublime

In right pursuing,



Untainted, as is their's who share it  
And put their pleasure in the grime  
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting  
Was never yet by aught attained  
Save meed eternal;  
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting  
The shadow of its solace stained  
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers  
Besiege it with unceasing prayer  
And hard denial;  
And faithful paladins are others  
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear  
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,  
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed  
In war and tourney,—  
Make ready now to take the vaunted  
High guerdon you have merited  
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,  
And in the faith entire and pure  
You e'er commended,

Away,—unto your new abiding,  
Take up the Life that shall endure  
When this is ended!"

*Respondeth the Grand-Master*

"Waste we not here the final hours  
This puny life can now afford  
My mortal being;  
But let my will in all its powers  
Conformable approach the Lord  
And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting  
My soul to put the body by  
In peace and gladness;  
The thought of man to live, preventing  
God's loving will that he should die,  
Is only madness."

*The Supplication*

O Thou who for our weight of sin  
Descended to a place on earth  
And human feature;

Thou who didst join Thy Godhead in  
A being of such lowly worth  
As man Thy creature;

Thou who amid Thy dire tormenting  
Didst unresistingly endure  
Such pangs to ease us;  
Not for my mean deserts relenting,  
But only on a sinner poor,  
Have mercy, Jesus!

*The Codicil*

And thus, his hopes so nobly founded,  
His senses clear and unimpaired  
So none could doubt him,—  
With spouse and offspring fond surrounded,  
His kinsmen and his servants bared  
And knelt around him,—

He gave his soul to Him who gave it,  
(May God in heaven ordain it place  
And share of glory!)  
And left our life as balm to save it,  
And dry the tears upon our face!  
His deathless story.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

## TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. i, 355).

O fire of light divine,  
Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—  
Against dismay our countersign,  
Against all grief a cure,—  
Shine on thy servant poor!—  
The fickle glory of the world,  
Its vain prosperity,  
He contemplates;

His reasonings profound behold  
The centre where there lie  
The ills he hates.  
Let him who thinks him wise  
The Siren's call attend!  
She fearing in amend  
The torments that chastise,  
Weeps that her reign must end.  
—*Roderick Gill.*

## RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

## ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo Revulgo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre Amor y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,  
Moody glory, living death,  
Fortune that cannot endure,  
Fickle weeping, joy a breath,  
Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,  
Peace and anger, sudden crossed,  
Such is love, its trappings sure  
Decked with glory for its cost.

—Thomas Walsh.

## CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

(1490-1550)

## WOMEN

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad Rodrigo. He joined the household of Ferdinand I of Bohemia, the brother of Carlos V, and later became a priest. In 1539 he went to Venice in the suite of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. He died in Vienna where he is buried at Wiener Stadt. His works were published at Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay published *The Life and Works of Cristóbal de Castillejo* (Philadelphia, 1910).

How dreary and how lone  
The world would appear  
If women were none!  
'Twould be like a fair,  
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile  
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;

A chaos of perplexity,  
A body without soul 'twould be;  
A roving spirit borne  
Upon the winds forlorn;  
A tree without or flowers or fruit,  
A reason with no resting place,  
A castle with no governor to it,  
A house without a base.  
What are we? What our race?  
How good for nothing and base  
Without fair woman to aid us  
What could we do? Where should we go?  
How should we wander in night and woe,  
But for woman to lead us?  
How could we love if woman were not?  
Love—the brightest part of our lot;  
Love—the only charm of living;  
Love—the only gift worth giving?  
Who would take charge of your house, say  
    who?  
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?  
Who but the women, who guard them best;  
Guard and adorn them too?  
Who like them has a constant smile,  
Full of peace, as meekness full,  
When life's edge is blunt and dull,



And sorrow, and sin, in frowning file,  
Stand by the path in which we go  
Down to the grave through wasting woe?  
All that is good is theirs, is theirs  
All we give and all we get;  
And if a beam of glory yet  
Over the gloomy earth appears,  
O, 'tis theirs! O, 'tis theirs,—  
They are the guard,—the soul,— the seal  
Of human hope and human weal;  
They,—they,—none but they!  
Woman,—sweet woman,—let none say  
nay!

—*John Bowring.*

## SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day  
O troubled breast,  
Shalt thou find rest.  
If Love in thee  
To grief give birth,  
Six feet of earth  
Can more than he;  
There calm and free  
And unoppressed  
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained'  
In life at last,  
When life is passed  
Shall all be gained;  
And no more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting,  
As the hairs upon my head;  
A thousand and a hundred shed,  
A thousand more be their amounting,  
And then add thousands more again,  
So that none shall know the number,  
And no record shall encumber  
With the list of where and when.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

(1493-1540)

## ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO

JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Barcelona, and served in the Spanish Army in Italy, later becoming tutor to the Duke of Alva. His early verses were written in the old Spanish manner, but when the Venetian ambassador Navagiero was passing through Granada he met Boscán and urged him to introduce the Italian styles of poetry into Spanish. He thereupon followed in the lead of Imperial and Santillana, and was most influential in establishing the Italian verse methods in Castilian. He frequently imitated Dante and Petrarch. His poems were first published with those of Garcilasso de la Vega in 1543. He made a masterly translation of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, reprinted in 1873. His poems may be found in W. I. Knapp's edition (Madrid, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou  
Who ever aimedst at good,  
And in the spirit of thy vow  
So swift her course pursued  
That thy few steps sufficed to place  
The angel in thy loved embrace,  
Won instant soon as wooed,—  
Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee  
From this dark world, Boscán, with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star  
Where now thou sit'st enshrined,  
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,  
Alas! so far behind?  
Oh, I do think, had it remained  
With thee to alter aught ordained  
By the Eternal Mind,  
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot  
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such  
As still to take a pride  
In having me so oft and much  
Close to thy envied side,—  
I cannot doubt, I must believe,

Thou wouldst at least have taken leave  
Of me; or, if denied,  
Have come back afterwards, unblest  
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

## COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

## CANCIÓN

*El Comendador Juan Escrivá* was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a *glosa* on the present *Canción*, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.

Come Death, with so much stealth  
I shall not feel thee near;  
Let not thy joy appear  
The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves  
The wounded ere he knows  
The purport of the blows  
Which he, surprised, receives!

Thy coming be by stealth  
Else unto me, I fear,  
Joy shall make thee appear  
The very breath of health.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

## PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,  
Who framed the universe entire  
Thy truth to see;  
Thou who for loving us so well  
Didst in Thine agony expire  
On Calvary;  
Since with such suffering didst deign  
To make amend for our transgression,  
*O Agnus Dei.*  
Placed with the thief let us obtain  
Salvation in his grief's confession:  
*Memento mei.*

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## JUAN DE LA ELCINA

(1468-1529)

COME LET US EAT AND DRINK  
TODAY

JUAN DE LA ELCINA, so called from the probable place of his birth, was educated at the University of Salamanca and entered the household of the second Duke of Alva. He made several journeys to Rome where one of his dramatic pieces—*Plácido y Victoriano*—was produced in 1512. He became a priest and was appointed chapel-master to Pope Leo X. In 1518 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned to Spain and died at Salamanca.

Come, let us eat and drink today,  
And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

In Anstruejo's honor, fill

The laughing cup with wine and glee,  
And feast and dance with eager will,  
And crowd the hours with revelry,

For that is wisdom's counsel still;  
Today be gay, and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray  
Will introduce the monster Death—  
There's breathing space for joy today,  
Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath;  
So now be frolicsome and gay,  
And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,  
For we must part tomorrow.

—*John Bowring.*

VILLANCICO

So rare a flock  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

A flock so rare,  
Of such a breed,  
Will quickly feed  
On land most bare;  
When grass is fair  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

'Tis my delight  
To lead the sheep  
And fold to sleep  
Their ranks by night;  
The frosts are slight,  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

The fruitful throng  
In silence goes;  
No bleating shows  
It suffers wrong;  
Ere shades grow long  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

'Tis well to mind  
The precious thing  
And safely bring  
Where no thieves find;  
A flock so kind  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

O shepherd charmed,  
In a happy vale,

Where the wolves may rail,  
But none is harmed;  
A flock unarmed  
In such a sward  
*A pleasure 'tis to guard!*

A shepherd true  
Shall I alway be,  
Since a joy to me  
Is my flock to view;  
And I swear to you  
I shall ne'er discard,  
*But ever faithful guard!*  
—Roderick Gill.

## DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

## EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
Heart so full of care and cumber,  
I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!  
In this life of labor endless  
Who shall comfort my distresses?  
Querulous my soul and friendless  
In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
Ye have made me, ye have made me  
Querulous of you, that care not,  
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA

(1495-1558)

WHERE IS DOMINGA?

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA was born at Coimbra and graduated from the university there. He traveled through Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence and parts of Sicily as well as throughout Spain. He was the typical philosopher and man of letters of Portugal, and wrote in Spanish as well as in his native tongue. See his *Obras* (Lisbon, 1595).

All gather from the village here,  
But where's Dominga?—Tell me where.

The rest have come—they all have come;  
I've counted them, yes, one by one,—

But she's not here, and O, I roam  
All desolate and all alone.  
What shall I do?—without her, none  
My path can light, my way can cheer.  
Where is Dominga?—tell me where.  
—*John Bowring.*

## OLD SPANISH BALLADS

OLD Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the *Journal des Savants* (May and June, 1898); in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole* (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

## RÍO VERDE

## I

*Río Verde, Río Verdel*

Many a corpse is bathed in thee,



Both of Moors and eke of Christians,  
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters  
Dappled are with crimson gore;  
For between the Moors and Christians  
Long the fight has been and sore.  
Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,  
Lords of high renown were slain,  
Perished many a brave hidalgo  
Of the noblemen of Spain.

2

Don Nuño, Count of Lara,  
In anger and in pride,  
Forgot all reverence for the King  
And thus in wrath replied:  
"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,  
"Ne'er such a tribute paid;  
Nor shall the King receive of us  
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born souls who deem it just  
May here with thee remain;  
But follow me, ye cavaliers,  
Ye gentlemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,  
They marched to Glera's plain;  
Out of three thousand gallant knights  
Did only three remain.  
They tied their tribute to their spears,  
They raised it in the air,  
And they sent to tell their lord the King  
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said  
they,

"This paltry sum of gold,  
But the goodly gift of liberty  
Cannot be bought and sold."

## 3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,  
The reaper leaves his hook,  
And from his hand the shepherd-boy  
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,  
The old forget their years,  
The feeble man grows stout of heart,  
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,  
And on liberty they call;  
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,  
When threatened by the Gaul.

"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry,  
"And willingly pay we  
The duty that we owe our king  
By the divine decree.

"But God forbid that we obey  
The laws of foreign knaves.  
Tarnish the glory of our sires,  
And make our children slaves.

"Our hearts have not so craven grown,  
So bloodless all our veins,  
So vigorless our brawny arms,  
As to submit to chains.

"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,  
Subdued these seas and lands?  
Shall he a bloodless victory have?  
No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese  
Can bravely fight and fall,

But that they know not how to yield;  
They are Castilians all.

“Was it for this the Roman power  
Of old was made to yield  
Unto Numantia’s valiant hosts  
On many a bloody field?

“Shall the bold lions that have bathed  
Their paws in Libyan gore,  
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,  
And dare the strife no more?

“Let the false king sell town and tower  
But not his vassals free;  
For to subdue the free-born soul  
No royal power hath he!”

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures  
That happen by the sea,  
Befell to Lord Arnaldos  
On the Evening of Saint John;  
For he was out a-hunting—

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<p> A huntsman bold was he!—  When he beheld a little ship  And close to land was she.  Her cords were all of silver,  Her sails of cramasy;  And he who sailed the little ship  Was singing at the helm;  The waves stood still to hear him,  The wind was soft and low;  The fish who dwell in darkness  Ascended through the sea,  And all the birds in heaven  Flew down to his mast-tree.  Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—  (Well shall you hear his words!)—  “Tell me, for God’s sake, sailor,  What song may that song be?”  The sailor spake in answer,  And answer thus made he:  “I only tell the song to those  Who sail away with me.”  —<i>James Elroy Flecker.</i> </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON  
THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST  
OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell;  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course;  
Through the street of Zacatín  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained  
On the moment he ordained  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain,  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,  
That bloody Mars recalled them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spoke an aged Moor  
In these words the King before,  
"Wherefore call on us, O King?  
What may mean this gathering,"  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends, ye have, alas, to know  
Of a most disastrous blow;  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtained Alhama's hold."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaquì,  
With his beard so white to see,

"Good King! thou art justly served!  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the chivalry.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent  
On thee a double chastisement;  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,  
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answered, and because  
He spoke exceeding well of laws,  
Woe is me, Alhama!



"There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings";—  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaquí! Moor Alfaquí!  
Though the beard so hoary be,  
The King hath sent to have thee seized  
For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That this for thee should be the law  
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth!  
Let the Moorish monarch know  
That to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs  
And on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay  
And think her ransom cheap that day."  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They severed from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed  
'Twas carried as the King decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The King weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the  
sun was going down,—

Some calling on the Trinity—some calling  
on Mahoun!

Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the  
Cross was borne,—

And here was heard the Christian bell,—  
and there the Moorish horn.

*Te Deum Laudamus!* was up the Alcala  
sung;

Down from the Alhambra's minarets were  
all the crescents flung;

The arms thereon of Aragon they with  
Castile's display;

One king comes in in triumph,—one weep-  
ing goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his  
old white beard did tear,

“Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city  
without peer!

Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom!  
seven hundred years and more

Have gone since first the faithful thy royal  
sceptre bore!

“Thou wert the happy mother of an high  
renowned race;

Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now  
go from their place;

Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who  
fought with mickle glee

The enemies of proud Castile—the bane  
of Christientie!

“The mother of fair dames wert thou, of  
truth and beauty rare,

Into whose arms did courteous knights for  
solace sweet repair;

For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric  
made display

Of might in joust and battle on many a  
bloody day.

“Here gallants held it little thing for  
ladies’ sake to die,  
Or for the Prophet’s honor and pride of  
Soldanry;—  
For here did valor flourish and deeds of  
warlike might  
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our  
delight.

“The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and  
blooming bowers,—  
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and  
scattered all their flowers!  
No reverence can he claim, the King that  
such a land hath lost,—  
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard  
among the host;

“But in some dark and dismal place, where  
none his face may see,  
There weeping and lamenting, alone that  
King should be.”—

Thus spoke Granada’s King as he was  
riding to the sea,  
About to cross Gibraltar’s Strait away to  
Barbary;

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen  
did cry

(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms,  
for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can  
brook" (she made reply)

"To leave behind Granada—who hast not  
the heart to die!

Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee  
gladly could I slay!

For what is life to leave when such a crown  
is cast away?"

—*J. G. Lockhart.*

#### GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore.  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors  
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes and noble princes  
On thy fatal banks were slain;  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonso,  
Full of wounds and glory died;  
There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder, Don Saavedra  
Through their squadrons slow retires;  
Proud Seville, his native city,  
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado  
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;  
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra.  
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,  
Long I lived beneath thy roof;  
Oft I've in the lists of glory  
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,  
Well thy blooming bride I know;

Seven years I was thy captive,  
Seven years of pain and woe.

“May our Prophet grant my wishes,  
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;  
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow  
Which I drank when I was thine.”

Like a lion turns the warrior  
Back he sends an angry glare;  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury  
Sent a deep and mortal wound;  
Instant sank the renegado  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;  
Wearied out but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonso  
Stout resists the Paynim bands;  
From his slaughtered steed dismounted  
Firm entrenched behind him stands.



Furious press the hostile squadrons  
Furious he repels their rage;  
Loss of blood at length enfeebles;  
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows  
Close behind its foot retired,  
Fainting sank the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expired.

—*Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Morería*,  
There were mighty signs and aspects.  
On the day when thou wert born,  
Calm and lovely was the ocean,  
Bright and full the moon above.  
Moor, the child of such an aspect  
Never ought to answer falsely.  
Then replied the Moorish captive,  
(You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,  
Though I died for saying truth.  
I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.  
In my childhood, in my boyhood,  
Often would my mother bid me  
Never know the liar's shame.  
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.  
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,  
For thy gentle answer, thanks.  
What are yonder lofty castles,  
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,  
Yonder is the Mosque of God.  
There you see the Alixares,  
Works of skill and wonder they;  
Ten times ten doubloons the builder  
Daily for his hire received;  
If an idle day he wasted  
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.  
Farther is the Generalife,  
Peerless are its garden groves.  
Those are the Vermilion Towers,  
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan  
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

Wouldst thou marry me, Granada,  
Gladly would I for thy dowry  
Cordoba and Seville give.

I am married, King Don Juan.  
King, I am not yet a widow.  
Well I love my noble husband.  
Well my wedded Lord loves me.

—*Robert Southey.*

146	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="474 439 689 470">ANONYMOUS</p> <p data-bbox="446 489 724 524">(Sixteenth century)</p> <p data-bbox="482 560 684 591">THE <i>SIESTA</i></p> <p data-bbox="288 618 888 674"><i>Vientecico murmurador</i>, by an anonymous author.</p> <p data-bbox="288 707 888 855"> Airs that wander and murmur around,  Bearing delight where'er ye blow!  Make in the elms a lulling sound,  While my lady sleeps in the shade below. </p> <p data-bbox="288 889 888 1072"> Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,  Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.  Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast  The pain she has waked may slumber  no more. </p> <p data-bbox="288 1105 888 1256"> Breathing soft from the blue profound,  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  Make in the elms a lulling sound  While my lady sleeps in the shade below. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Airs! that ever the bending boughs,  
And under the shade of the pendent  
leaves,  
Murmur soft like my timid vows  
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves—

Gently sweeping the grassy ground,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA

(Sixteenth century)

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the *Auroras de Diana*.

Bird of the joyous season!  
That from thy flower seat,  
Dost teach the forest singers  
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,  
That, to this wood withdrawn,  
Dost serenade the daybreak,  
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,  
That hearest me lament,

My days in sighing wasted,  
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,  
And poet of the spring,  
That well art skilled in sorrow,  
And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens  
Her bright hair to the wind,  
Held in a single fillet,  
Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful, and cruel,  
Whose steps where'er they pass  
Tread down more hearts of lovers  
Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,  
And in the tenderest strain  
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!  
Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,  
How well have loved and long,  
And counsel her to pity,  
And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!  
If harshly then she speak,  
Rebuke her anger, striking  
Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance  
Of all the blooming year,  
And bring me back the answer  
For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave  
The lovely vale that lies around thee.  
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,  
When but a fount the morning found  
thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,  
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,  
No blossom bowed its stalk to show  
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look  
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,



Its crystal from the clearest brook,  
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be  
A river and expire in ocean.  
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee  
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still  
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,  
And die in peace, an aged rill,  
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503-1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

Tomás Navarro Tomás in the series of *Clásicos castellanos* (Madrid, 1911).

Had I the sweet resounding lyre  
Whose voice could in a moment chain  
The howling wind's ungoverned ire,  
And movement of the raging main;  
On savage hills the leopard rein,  
The lion's fiery soul entrance,  
And lead along with golden tones  
The fascinated trees and stones  
In voluntary dance,—

Think not, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,  
It e'er should celebrate the scars,  
Dust raised, blood shed, or laurels dyed  
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars;  
Or borne sublime on festal cars,  
The chiefs who to submission sank  
The rebel German's soul of soul,  
And forged the chains that now control  
The frenzy of the Frank.

No, no! its harmonies should ring  
In vaunt of glories all thine own,  
A discord sometimes from the string

Struck forth to make thy harshness  
known;

The fingered chords should speak alone  
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,  
And one who, made by thy disdain  
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,  
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned,  
I speak,—his doom you might deplore—  
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned  
To strain for life the heavy oar.  
Through thee no longer as of yore  
He tames the unmanageable steed,  
With curb of gold his pride restrains,  
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins  
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake  
The sword in his accomplished hand,  
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,  
The wrestler on the yellow sand;  
The old heroic harp his hand  
Consults not now, it can but kiss  
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,  
Which murmur forth a thousand things  
Of banishment from bliss.



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Garcilasso de la Vega



Through thee, my dearest friend and best  
Grows harsh, importunate, and grave;  
Myself have been his port of rest  
From shipwreck and the yawning wave;  
Yet now so high his passions rave  
Above lost reason's conquered laws,  
That not the traveller ere he slays  
The asp, its sting, as he my face  
So dreads, or so abhors.

In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,  
Thou wert not cradled, wert not born,  
She who has no fault beside  
Should ne'er be signalized for scorn;  
Else, tremble at the fate forlorn  
Of Anaxárete, who spurned  
The weeping Iphis from her gate,  
Who, scoffing long, relenting late,  
Was to a statue turned.

Whilst yet soft pity she repelled,  
Whilst yet she steeled her heart in pride,  
From her friezed window she beheld  
Aghast, the lifeless suicide;  
Around his lily neck was tied  
What freed his spirit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short sighs  
For her immortal agonies,  
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed  
With love and pity; vain distress!  
Oh what deep rigors must succeed  
This first sole touch of tenderness!  
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,  
Nailed on his wavering corse, each bone  
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,  
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,  
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,  
Her vitals curdle with the cold;  
The blood forgets its crimson fire,  
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;  
Till now the virgin's glorious mould  
Was wholly into marble changed,  
On which the Salaminians gazed,  
Less at the prodigy amazed,  
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,  
By cruel frown or icy taunt;



But let thy perfect deeds and charms  
To poets' harps, Divinest, grant  
Themes worthy their immortal vaunt;  
Else must our weeping strings presume  
To celebrate in strains of woe,  
The justice of some signal blow  
That strikes thee to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

#### CHANGE

Enjoy the sweets of life's luxuriant May,  
Ere envious Age is hastening on his way  
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous brow;  
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,  
And Time who changeth not his swift career,  
Constant in this, will change all else below!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

#### ECLOGUE

##### SALICIO AND NEMOROSO

The sweet lament of two Castilian swains,  
Salicio's love and Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains  
Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding  
    'round,  
Were most attentive. Pride of Spanish  
    peers!  
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a  
    name  
And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether  
    crowned  
With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod  
Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that  
    tame  
Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's  
    sound,  
Express vice-regent of the Thracian God;  
Or whether, from the cumbrous burden  
    freed  
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing  
    plain,  
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed  
The trembling stag that bounds abroad in  
    vain  
Lengthening out life,—though deeply now  
    engrossed  
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain  
The leisure I have lost,

To celebrate, with my recording quill  
Thy virtues and brave deeds, a starry sum,  
Ere grief, or age, or silent death turn chill  
My poesy's warm pulse, and I become  
Nothing to thee, whose worth the nations  
blaze. \*

Failing thy sight and songless in thy praise.  
But till that day, predestined by the Muse,  
Appears to cancel the memorial dues,  
Owed to thy glory and renown,—a claim  
Not only upon me, but which belongs  
To all fine spirits that transmit to fame  
Ennobling deeds in monumental songs,—  
Let the green laurel whose victorious boughs  
Clasp in endearment thine illustrious brows  
To the weak ivy give permissive place,  
Which rooted in thy shade, thou first of  
trees,

May hope by slow degrees,  
To tower aloft, supported by thy praise;  
Since Time to thee sublimer strains shall  
bring,

Hark to my shepherds, as they sit and sing.  
The sun, from rosy billows risen, had rayed  
With gold the mountain tops, when at the  
foot

Of a tall beech romantic, whose green shade  
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced as a  
lute,  
Through lively pastures wound its spark-  
ling way,  
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;  
And in a voice in concord to the sound  
Of all the many winds, and waters round,  
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly stole,  
Poured forth in melancholy song his soul  
Of sorrow with a fall  
So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,  
None could have thought that she whose  
seeming guile  
Had caused his anguish, absent was the  
while,  
But that in very deed the unhappy youth  
Did, face to face, upbraid her questioned  
truth.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

GIL VICENTE (? —1557)

## CANTIGA

GIL VICENTE passed his life in Portugal. He was of good family, although his history is far from certain. During his years at the Portuguese court he wrote many plays, a large number in Spanish and with Spanish motives. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos* (Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii).

Full of grace exceedingly,  
 As she hath charm and loveliness;  
 Speak, O sailor of the sea,  
 And from out thy bark, confess  
 That never ship nor sail can be  
 Beautiful as she.  
 Speak, thou knightly man-at-arms,  
 Boasting of thy panoply,—  
 Are horse or sword or war-alarms  
 Beautiful as she?  
 Speak, thou shepherd of the hills,

Where thine idle flocks are free,—  
Are there peaks or vales or rills  
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley  
And thither will I go!  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side  
Culling the lemons pale;  
Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,  
'Tis for her lover all,  
Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,  
She has placed the lemons pale;

Thither,—yes! thither will I go  
To the rosy vale where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

—*John Bowring.*

## SONG

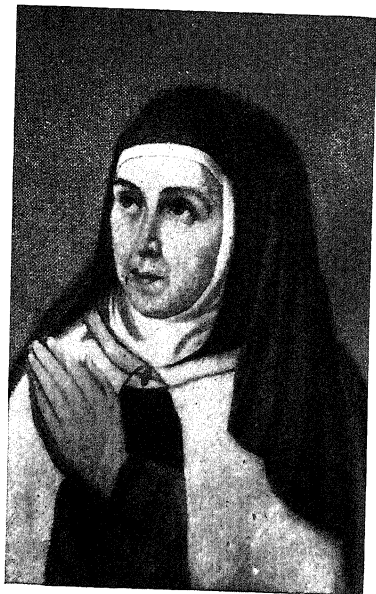
If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door.  
'Tis the break of day, and we must away  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy  
grass  
And waters wide and fleet.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

166	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="362 423 808 461">SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)</p> <p data-bbox="290 491 890 529">LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVIARY</p> <p data-bbox="290 551 890 1043">SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1534 she became a Carmelite nun and began her reforms and foundations. Known as the <i>Madre Teresa de Jesús</i>, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of inspiration as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The best edition of her works was edited by Vicente de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Mrs. Cunninghame Grahame has published <i>Saint Teresa, her Life and Times</i> (London, 1891).</p> <p data-bbox="398 1065 751 1262">           Let nothing disturb thee,            Nothing affright thee;            All things are passing;            God never changeth;            Patient endurance         </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





Saint Teresa  
*(Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada)*



Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting;  
Alone God sufficeth.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

“IF, LORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS  
STRONG”

If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong  
As this which binds me unto Thee,  
What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,  
What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?  
—Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose  
Thee.

What fears can yet assail thee now?  
—All that I fear is but to lose Thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,  
Lord, make my soul Thine own abode,  
And I will build a nest so sweet  
It may not be too poor for God.

O soul in God hidden from sin,  
What more desires for thee remain,

Save but to love, and love again,  
And, all on flame with love within,  
Love on, and turn to love again?

—*Arthur Symons.*

“LET MINE EYES SEE THEE”

Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Let them see that care  
Roses and jessamine;  
Seeing Thy face most fair  
All blossoms are therein.  
Flower of seraphim,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.

Nothing I require  
Where my Jesus is;  
Anguish all desire,  
Saving only this;  
All my help is His,

He only succoreth.  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,  
Let mine eyes see Thee,  
And then see death.  
—*Arthur Symons.*

## "TO-DAY A SHEPHERD"

To-day a shepherd and our kin,  
O Gil, to random us is sent,  
And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride  
And prison wall of Satanas;  
But He is of the kin of Bras,  
Of Menga, also of Llorent.  
O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He  
Come hither and here crucified?  
—With His dying sin also died,  
Enduring death the innocent.  
Gil, how is God Omnipotent!

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie,  
And of a most sweet shepherdess.

—If He is God how can He be  
With such poor folk as these content?  
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings  
And let us serve Him, you and I,  
And since He came on earth to die,  
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;  
For He is God Omnipotent.

—*Arthur Symons.*

“SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK”

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,  
Or loud singing is it?  
Come, Bras, now the day is here,  
The shepherdess we'll visit.  
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawn-  
ing.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,  
Or some lady come from far?

She is the daughter of God the Father,  
And she shines like a star.  
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!  
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.  
—*Arthur Symons.*

## GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520-1569)

## LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxxv).

Certain Verses very weary  
 On their laggard footsteps coming  
 In the Tuscan manner dreary,  
 Chanced upon a lover humming  
 Of his woes and bitter sorrows  
 In the heavy-footed measures  
 And the leaden-weighted treasures  
 That were used in ancient morrows—  
 Heaven forgive our Castillejo  
 For having praised these oldtime lays so!—



"And whence," said Love in passion,  
"This measure so o'erweighted . . .  
Our ears have so much hated?"

They answered in this fashion:

"This is a foreign gabble,  
The subject without reason,  
To common-sense such treason  
That the lady doubts the rabble  
Is a-cursing her or praising  
When she hears its voices raising."

"See, though the device are using  
Garcilasso and Boscán,  
This for utmost soarings choosing,  
Though a Roland is each man,  
Even they find insufficient  
This false artificial plan.  
'Tis for your own damage making  
A perverse, mad, undertaking,—  
Through my kingdom idly spreading  
The false coinage they are shedding."

"To the chatelaine or maiden  
(Venus asks) what rash pretender  
Speaks the cares with which he's laden  
On a speech no mind can render?  
You, nor I, nor she, are able

To feel very comfortable,  
When we see the very ladies  
That we die for, and each maid is  
Quite unsure if it's a joke  
Or a satire that we poke  
In this rigmarole from Hades."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524-1580)

ADIEU TO COÏMBRA

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS, the glory of Portuguese literature, is also famous for his poetry in Spanish. He was born and died at Lisbon and through birth occupied a distinguished place at court until an unhappy love affair banished him from the city in 1547. He joined the army and later lost an eye at the naval battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa in 1570, after persecution and imprisonment, he fell into poverty and obscurity and so died. His great work the *Os Lusíadas* was published first in 1572.

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego's stream,  
Of my Remembrance restful jouissance,  
Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esper-  
ance  
Longwhile misled me in a blinding Dream;  
From you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er mis-  
deem

That long-drawn Memories which your  
charms enhance

Forbid me changing and, in every chance,  
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument  
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and  
side,

Offered to winds and watery element;  
But hence my Spirit, by you 'companied,  
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie  
lent,

Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in your  
tide.

—*R. F. Burton.*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;

O yes! to yon boat I'll go;

I'll go with the mariner, Mother,

And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding;

For whereso'er I am driven

It is by the will of heaven,



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Luis Vaz de Camoëns



Or the infant god's commanding;  
He plays with my heart at will,  
I feel it with love o'erflow;  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;  
Omnipotence is his boast;  
I feel that my soul is lost,  
And nought but my body remaining;  
The mariner's dying, Mother—  
He must not die—I'll go—  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!  
This little usurping lord,  
With a single look or word  
A king in the dust will trample;  
If the mariner goes, my Mother,  
If the mariner's bent to go,  
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,  
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever  
A nymph so soft and fair  
Sped o'er your waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!  
 'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—  
     What love commands I'll do;  
 I'll go with my mariner, Mother,  
     And be a mariner too.

—*John Bowring.*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA DE  
 ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose starry  
     sphere  
 Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours  
     away,—  
 Those braids of light, that shamed the  
     beams of day,—  
 That hand benignant, and that heart  
     sincere,—  
 Those virgin cheeks, which did so late  
     appear  
 Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms  
     of May,  
 Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,  
 Are gone, forever gone, and perished here,—  
 But not unbathed by Memory's warmest  
     tear!



Death thou hast torn, in one unpitied hour,  
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce  
a flower,  
The mellow fruitage of its prime was  
given;  
Love saw the deed,—and as he lingered near  
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to  
heaven!

—*R. F. Burton.*

ON REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE  
DEATH OF CATARINA

Apparel of green woods and meadows gay;  
Clear and fresh waters innocent of stain,  
Wherein the field and grove are found  
again,  
As from high rocks ye take your downward  
way;  
And shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray  
Of crags abrupt, know that ye strive in  
vain,  
Till grief consent, to soothe the eye of  
pain,  
Shown the same scene that Pleasure did  
survey.

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,  
 Rejoiced no more by fields of pleasant  
 green,  
 Or lively runnels laughing as they dart;  
 Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth and  
 rue,  
 And wet with brine of welling tears, till  
 seen  
 Sere with the herb that suits the  
 broken heart.

—*Richard Garnett.*

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND  
 LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames  
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the world  
 doth teem,  
 Where loyal Love is slurred with dis-  
 esteem,  
 For Venus all controls, and all defames;  
 Where vice's vaunts are counted, virtue's  
 shames;  
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords su-  
 preme;

Where blind and erring sovereignty doth  
 deem  
 That God for deeds will be content with  
 names;

Here in this world where whatso is, is  
 wrong,

Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom  
 begging go

To doors of Avarice and Villainy,—  
 Trammelled in the foul chaos, I prolong  
 My days, because I must. Woe to me!  
 Woe!

Sion, had I not memory of thee!

—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Leave me, all sweet refrains my lip hath  
 made;

Leave me, all instruments attuned for  
 song;

Leave me, all fountains pleasant meads  
 among;

Leave me, all charms of garden and of glade;

Leave me all melodies the pipe hath played;

Leave me, all rural feast and sportive  
throng;  
Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles  
along;  
Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.  
  
Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer  
glow;  
Night would I have, to wail for vanished  
peace;  
Let me from pole to pole no pleasure  
know;  
Let all that I have loved and cherished  
cease;  
But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe,  
Who wilt, by killing, finally release.  
—*Richard Garnett.*

## SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;  
Estrangéd fates man's confidence es-  
trange;  
Aye with new quality imbued, the vast  
World seems but victual of voracious  
change.

New endless growth surrounds on every  
side,

Such as we deemed not earth could ever  
bear,

Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,  
And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the  
meadows gay,

Late carpeted with snow by winter frore,  
And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;  
Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,

The human lot, transformed to ill alway,  
Not chequered with rare blessing as of  
yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

## FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-1591)

IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS  
AUTHORS

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at Belmonte of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish origin. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the life and history of that university. In 1572, his enemies had him imprisoned and tried before the Inquisition on charges of irregular teachings regarding the Vulgate Bible, and it was almost six years before he regained his liberty, proving his orthodoxy and innocence. He was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are innumerable editions, were first published by Quevedo. The best edition is that of A. Merino (Madrid, 1816).



*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Fray Luis de León





That haughty tyranny of thine,  
That neck unbending, Love shall take,  
I vow, and victim of thee make  
In harsh subjection to repine.  
Live out thy vain and care-free days,  
Love's bitter ways  
Shall charge the measure of my score,  
When of thy sorrow none shall more  
Take any notice whoso pays.

When through the golden locks that crown  
Thy brows the scattered snows shall run,  
And thy twin daystars have begun  
To dim their lights of old renown;  
When the first wrinkle line shall sear  
Thy visage clear,  
And beauty's time is done and over,  
And he is fugitive—the lover  
That found the rose so fresh and dear;

When thou shalt see thy cause is lost,  
And findst thy loving is but weeping,  
Thou then shalt know the woe unsleeping  
In love that with no love is crossed;  
Lady, then with grief shalt say,  
That hapless day:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!  
That beauty that was mine of late,  
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurned  
And left to sorrows, on that day  
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay  
When they have thy discomfort learned;  
And Love himself shall take the wing  
And publishing  
The novel tale of thy disgrace,  
To all who mock shall show thy face  
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,  
Behold thyself in flower so pure  
And gracious that cannot endure,  
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;  
And since no less discreet thou art  
In equal part  
Than fair and scornful to the view,  
Look thou how everything is due  
And subject to the loving heart!  
'Tis Love that governs all the skies  
With law eternal and most sweet;  
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	193
<p>Such foe in this poor world of lies?  'Tis Love gives movement and delight  And beauty's might,  It is the very<sup>s</sup> sweet of life;  So that the fate with it at strife  Is saddened with a pauper's blight.</p> <p>Of what avail the golden cup,      The silken vesture and brocade,      The ceiling with its gems inlaid,  The piles of treasures mounting up?  Of what avail the fertile breast  Of all earth's best,  And its adoring—if in fine,  O lady, slumbering be thine  Alone where the cold couch is dressed?                      —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>AT THE ASCENSION</p> <p>And wouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave      Thy flock within this vale of woe  And solitude to grieve,      Whilst Thou through ambient skies          aglow      Ascendst where death and sorrow cannot          go!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

But they—so blesséd in the past,  
Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—  
Thy little ones, outcast,  
Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—  
Whither shall turn they when Thou  
leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes  
That once Thy comeliness have known?  
What longer can they prize?  
What voices, but discordant grown  
To them who hearkened to Thy loving  
tone?

The waves of yon perturbéd deep,  
Whose hand shall curb?—Who now  
assuage  
The blasts and bid them sleep?  
In Thine eclipse,—what star presage  
For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying  
That bidst our joys no more endure,—  
Whither thy silvery wing?

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	195
<p>How rich the bliss thou dost secure!—  How beggared wilt thou leave us, how  obscure!—  —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>TO THE POET JUAN DE GRIAL</p> <p>Now is earth's loveliness withdrawn  Unto her bosom; now the heavens are  stoled  In vesture of the fading lawn;  And from the branches' lifeless hold  Leaf after leaf unto the ground is doled.</p> <p>Now Phœbus turns on sunlit tread  Along Ægean shores; the coursing day  Runs swifter; noontide is bespread  With herding of the fleeces gray  Of Éölus upon his blustery way.</p> <p>By dim horizons go the cranes  Of Íbycus, migrating with their cry  Portentous; and the bullock strains  Against the yoke with shoulders high,  Turning his patient furrows to the sky.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

196	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To noble studies would the hours,  Grial, convene us; now the voice of  Fame  Calls upward to her sacred towers,  And to that summit bids us aim  Where never yet the breath of passions  came.</p> <p>And at her calling, bolder strides  The foot upon the mountain, so it gains  The final peak whence purest glides  The fountain without worldly stains;  Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more  remains.</p> <p>Then naught to thee is golden lure  That snares mankind upon a fevered  quest  For that which can no more endure  Than gossamer the zephyr's breast  Is wafting light and fickle without rest.</p> <p>Doth God Apollo smile?—then write;  Be peer with olden poets,—take thy  stand  Above our newer bards in might;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

But oh, dear friend, not hand in hand  
May'st hope to clasp me on that songful  
strand!

For I whom whirlwinds have assailed,  
And treachery from high adventuring  
Down to the very grime hath haled,  
Find broken—I a wounded thing—  
My lyre belovèd and my soaring wing.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE NIGHT SERENE

When I contemplate o'er me  
The heaven of stars profound,  
And mark the earth before me  
In darkness swathed around,—  
In careless slumber and oblivion bound;

Then love and longing waken  
The anguish of my soul;  
Mine eyes with tears are taken  
Like founts beyond control,  
My voice sighs forth at last its voice  
of dole:—

O Temple-Seat of Glory,  
Of Beauteousness and Light,  
To thy calm promontory  
My soul was born! What blight  
Holds it endungeoned here from such a  
height?

What mortal aberration  
Hath so estranged mankind  
That from God's destination  
He turns, abandoned, blind,  
To follow mocking shade and empty  
rind?

No thought amid his slumber  
He grants impending fate,  
While nights and dawns keep number  
In step apportionate,  
And life is filched away—his poor estate.

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,  
And measure all your loss!  
Begirt for deathless portals,  
Can souls their birthright toss  
Aside, and live on shadows vain and  
dross?



Oh, let your eyes beholding  
Yon pure celestial sphere,  
Unmask the wiles enfolding  
The life that flatters here—  
The little day of mingled hope and fear!

What more can base earth render  
Than one poor moment's pause,  
Compared with that far splendor  
Where in its primal cause  
Lives all that is—that shall be—and  
that was!

Who on yon constellation  
Eternal can set gaze,—  
Its silvery gradation,  
Its majesty of ways,  
The concord and proportion it displays,—

In argent wonder turning  
The moon doth nightly rove,  
Squired by the Star of Learning  
And melting Star of Love,  
She trails with gentle retinue above—

And lo! through outer spaces  
Where Mars is rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces  
The calmed horizon's frame  
And all the heavens his ray beloved  
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father  
Of the fabled age of gold;  
And o'er his shoulders gather  
Night's chantries manifold,  
In their proportioned grade and lustre  
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision  
And still earth's baubles prize?  
Nor sob the last decision  
To rend the bond that ties  
His soul a captive from such blissful  
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;  
And Peace, her realm; and there  
'Mid joys and glories swelling  
Lifts up the dais fair  
With Sacred Love enthroned beyond  
compare.

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	201
<p>Immensurable Beauty  Shows cloudless to that light;  And there a Sun doth duty  That knows no stain of night;  There Spring Eternal blossoms without  blight.</p> <p>O fields of Truth-Abiding!  Green pasturelands and rills!  And mines of treasures hiding!  O joyous-breasted hills!  Re-echoing vales where every balm  distils!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">TO RETIREMENT</p> <p>At last, O thou serene retreat  From all my wanderings! Thou balm  desired  So long, that bringst me healing sweet  From wounds naught else can heal!  Inspired  Seclusion, gracious welcome for the  tired!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

At last, thou little thatch of straw  
    Beneath whose eaves no lurking Care  
        hath stayed,  
Where none within a comrade's glances saw  
    The gleam of Envy e'er displayed—  
    Nor voice was perjured, not a plot  
        betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies  
    With peace beyond the thought of earth  
        endowed—  
Beyond where in death's grapple vies  
    The creature of the fevered crowd  
    With thirst of dissolution and the  
        shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive  
    Within thy fastness! For I come pur-  
        sued  
By slander!—yea, unfinished leave  
    The tasks that bring ingratitude,  
    The peace that mocks, and earth's  
        unhappy brood!—

Where one, who late at haven-bar  
    Hath lain to anchor calm, is now the prey

Of winds that buffet him afar  
And waves that gulf him in their spray  
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock  
And instant down the yawning waters  
goes

Calamitous unto the shock!  
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;  
On Syrtean shoals the squall another  
throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey  
To sudden midnight and the dread  
typhoon,

And to the hungry Neptune pay  
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;  
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean  
strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,  
What end must ultimate be his, who  
rides,

Death-gripping through the foaming scud,  
Some broken spar his wreck provides  
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,  
 Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!  
 Then of thy refuge fail not now—  
 Fail not when I would so require  
 'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire!  
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS  
 DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies  
 Held me in the prison cell;  
 Blesséd was the lot that fell  
 To the humble and the wise  
 Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;  
 Who with thatch and homely fare  
 Rests him in some sylvan spot,  
 Lone with God abiding there,  
 And none else his thought to share,  
 Envyng none, and envied not.  
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,  
 Fair sward of gladness neither snow

Nor parching breath of noonday tries,  
Domain whose sacred uplands show  
Its peace ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

His brows in white and azure crowned  
Athwart its pastures softly wends,  
O flock endeared with thee around,  
The Holy Shepherd; thee He tends  
Unarmed with staff or sling where naught  
offends.

He leads, and happy sheep o'erflow  
Around Him in a loving feud,  
Where the immortal roses blow  
And verdure ever is renewed  
Howe'er the flock may graze, in pleni-  
tude.

And now upon the mountain ways  
Of Bliss He guides; now by the stream  
To bathe them in His grace He strays;  
Now grants them banqueting agleam—  
Himself the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

And when the eye of noon attains  
The zenith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains  
To drowse away the torrid hours  
And cheer with voice serene the holy  
bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone  
And sweetness trembles through the soul  
Unto such golden joy unknown;  
Enraptured then beyond control  
It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou ordain  
Some little echo for my breast  
That—self-surrendering in that strain  
To Thee—of Thee 'twould be possest,  
O Love, and on Thy shoulder find its  
rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,  
Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my spirit  
knew!—

And breaking from this prison swoon,  
Of Thy far flocks might come in view  
And stray no more, save paths Thou  
leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King  
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side  
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring  
The river-god from out the tide  
Emerg'd, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

“Licentious despot,—would you choose  
Such hour for weakness! Now when  
thunders sound  
And trumpetings of death confuse!—  
When clash and shout of Mars astound  
Our land, and conflagrations spread  
around!

“Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how  
Our country groans! That lovely one  
(O day  
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now  
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,  
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

“Flames, supplications, shouts of war,  
Laments of death and anguish and dis-  
grace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—  
Involving you and all the race  
In shame the ages never shall efface!

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,  
They till at Constantina, where the  
stream  
Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands  
And Lusitania's reach extreme—  
On all the spacious Spains,—a doom  
supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls  
Count Julian's voice to speak a father's  
wrongs!  
No shame of treachery appals—  
He conjures up avenging throngs  
To waste the kingdom that to you be-  
longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet's throat  
Proclaims the doom! See, on Morocco's  
shore  
What thronging, when his banners float  
Upon the winds conspired to pour  
So swift on Spain the Moslem con-  
queror!

"The cruel Arab lifts his lance  
And shakes his gleaming challenge to  
the wind;  
Swiftly his light flotillas dance  
Upon their way of warfare blind—  
See all their numbers swarming on my  
mind!—

"The trembling earth is hidden where they  
tread;  
Their sails blot out the intervening sea;  
Their clamors strike the heaven with  
dread;  
The sun from out the noon would flee  
Before the dust cloud and obscurity!

"Alas, how ardently their prows  
Surmount the waves! What sinews  
bend the oar  
As every galley onward plows  
And how the deeps must foam and roar,  
When they glide hissing on the Spanish  
shore!

"To Æolus their sails are given  
And over Hercules's unguarded straits

Their sharpened prows of steel are driven  
Where Neptune, the great father, waits  
To grant them ingress by his open gates.

“Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear  
Can still bewitch you?—that you draw  
no sword,

When such calamities you hear?—  
When even upon the sacred ford  
Tarifa falls already to the horde!

“Out in the saddle! Spread your wing  
Across the mountains! Spare not on the  
plain

Your bloody spurs! There brandishing  
The goad, come thundering amain  
Upon them, Roderic, with blade in-  
sane!

“But oh! what travail now prepares,—  
What years of sweat and carnage are  
ordained

On him who shield and breastplate bears,  
On princeling who might else have  
reigned,—  
On horse and rider to destruction chained!

"Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed  
With mingling blood of kinsmen and of  
foes!

Unto the sea how soon thy tide  
With broken wrack of helmets flows,  
And surge of corpses kingly in their  
woes!—

"Five days of blood infuriate  
The God of war unloosens on the plains,  
Where meet the swarming hordes of hate;  
The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!—  
O land belovéd,—in barbaric chains!"  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR  
(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaën where I'm abiding  
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,  
And my story, Ines, tells  
Wonders past your mind's providing.  
On this gentleman attended  
A young squire from Portugal—  
But to supper let us fall  
So my hunger may be ended.  
For the table is awaiting  
Where together we may sup;  
Forth are set the steaming cup  
And the glass,—no more debating,—



*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Baltasar del Alcázar





Cut the bread, ah, what a savor!—  
This *hors d'œuvre* is Paradise!  
From the *salpicón* arise  
Odors of a heavenly flavor.  
Pour the wine into the glasses  
And invoke a blessing now;  
Every time I drink I vow  
And bless each ruby drop that passes.  
That was sure a healthy portion,  
Ines, pass the bottle here;  
Every mouthful would appear  
Worth a florin,—no extortion.  
In what tavern do you buy it?  
From the place by the ravine;  
Ten and six a measure, clean,  
Fresh and good and cheap to try it.  
By the Lord, it is a treasure  
That Alcocer tavern wine;  
Certainly, I think it's fine  
To have at hand so just a measure.  
Whether old or new invention,  
On my faith, I do not know,  
But this I see that here below  
The tavern came with good intention.  
For 'tis there I go a-thirsting,  
Order up the newest brew,

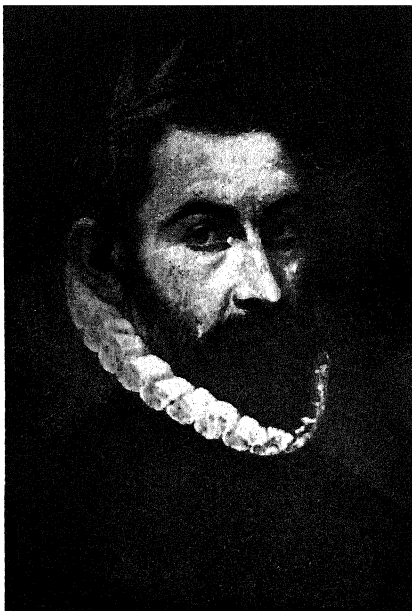
Mixing it they serve to you,  
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.  
This, my Ines, is its merit,—  
There's no need to sing its praise—  
The one objection that I raise,  
The fleeting joy that we inherit.  
Now, the lighter dishes over,  
Tell me what is coming now?  
The meat-pie!—O blessed brow,  
Worthy of such noble cover!  
What a dish it is, how hollow!—  
What meat and luscious fat it holds!—  
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds  
Its depths for you and me to swallow.  
But onward, onward, without question,  
For straight and narrow is the road;  
No more water,—let the load  
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.  
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,  
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.  
How good to see you do not shirk  
But take a grown man's portion, really!  
Now tell me, is it not delightful  
To have a dish so fine and rare,  
With all its biting flavors there,  
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

Pine-nuts in its luscious dressing  
Make the brave dame's meat-pie sweet;  
And roasted by her there's a treat  
In suckling pig that is a blessing.  
As true as heaven 'tis fit to honor  
The very table of the King;  
A pork, Ines,—the sweetest thing  
With her delicious tripe upon her!  
My very heart is filled with rapture;  
I don't know how it is with you,  
But taking now and then a view,  
You seem contentment here to capture.  
Great heavens! I am full of liquor;  
But I would make a sage remark;  
You brought one lamp to light the dark,  
Now two before me seem to flicker.  
But these are really drunken notions;  
I know of course it had to be,  
That with this heavy drink I'd see  
The lights increasing with the potions.  
Now let us try the tankard's juices,  
Celestial beverage refined,  
Superior to what we bind  
In casks, it livelier joy produces.  
What smoothness and what glassy clear-  
ness!

What taste and odor rarified!  
What touch! What color there beside  
And all that makes for luscious dearness!  
But now there come the cheese and berry  
To take their place upon the board;  
And both it seems would claim award  
Of cup and tankard passing merry.  
Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—  
Quite as good as Pinto's best;  
And the olives—for the rest  
They can hold their own with any.  
Now then, Ines, if you're able  
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—  
There is nothing more to ask;  
Clear the covers from the table.  
And as we have supped and rested  
To our very hearts' content  
It would seem the moment meant  
For the story I suggested.  
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—  
For the Portuguese fell ill—  
Eleven striking?—Wait until  
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Walsh.*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA  
(1533-1594)FROM THE *ARAUCANA*

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at Madrid, where he died after a life of soldiering and adventuring in South America. He spent some years in Chile with the Governor, Jerónimo de Alderete. In 1562 he returned to Spain, and in 1569 he published the first part of his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem, much of it written amid the scenes and battles it describes.

Caciques! defenders of our country, hear!

It is not envy wounds my tortured sight,  
When I observe these struggles, who shall  
wear

Ambition's badge,—which had been mine  
of right;

For see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,  
And the tomb tells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—  
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil!

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now?  
And where the bulwarks of this towering  
pride?

Ye have been vanquished,—trod on, by  
the foe;

Defeat is echoed round on every side.

What! are your conquerors thus to be  
defied,

That stand around with laurels on their  
brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray!  
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

What a wild rage is this that bears you  
on,

Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair!

These murderous, fratricidal swords throw  
down,

Or point them at the tyrant! He is here!

The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are  
near.

Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare  
your own!



Die if you will,—like men, like patriots  
die;

But dread a death of shame, of infamy!

Madden your weapons with the enthusiast  
soul!

O let them probe the invader's inmost  
breast;

He who would chain you to his proud  
control,—

To slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise,  
'twere best

To stay his fettering hand, nor tamely  
rest

While strength and valor on your efforts  
call!

Your blood, chiefs, is your country's!—  
guard it then

For her!—It is not yours, heroic men!

It grieves me not to see a warlike rage,—

I hail the rapturous fury of the brave!

But never let its violence engage

In struggles leading on to freedom's  
grave;

Such madness loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor can  
assuage.

I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must be,  
Come wreak your waking violence on me.

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life,  
And wearied with misfortune;—let me  
die!

Devote my bosom to the horrid knife,  
Since these sad thoughts end not my  
misery!

Happy the dying babe!—O why was I  
Thus made the victim of this vain world's  
strife?

Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and  
rude,—

The tears of age may touch the brave and  
good.

In strength and valor ye all equal are;

To each a noble heritage was given!

And power and wealth and bravery in war  
Were equally conferred by bounteous  
heaven.

In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all  
are even,

.

And each might rule the world, they blaze  
so far.

Now prove your worth by valiant hero-  
deeds;

This is no time for words! your country  
bleeds!

I trust your arms,—your hearts; nor aught  
suspect;

The future smiles; there is no thought  
of fear!

Yet it were wise some chieftain to elect  
Who all may govern and whom all revere.

Let it be he who yon vast log can bear  
Longest upon his shoulder, firm, erect.

Since wealth and fortune made ye equal all,  
Upon the strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

## FERNANDO DE HERRERA

(1534-1594)

## IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of Seville, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His love poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1580 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Sir Thomas More* was published in 1592. See *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. A. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him who  
breathes  
That love divine, which kindles yet  
restrains  
The high-born soul—that in its mortal  
chains



*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Fernando de Herrera



Heavenward aspires for love's immortal  
wreaths!

Rich golden locks, within whose clustered  
curls

Celestial and eternal treasures lie!

A voice that breathes angelic harmony  
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!

What marvelous beauty! Of the high  
estate

Of immortality, within this light

Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse  
is given;

And in the glorious form I contemplate  
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble  
sight)

The immortal still I seek and follow  
on to Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay  
Once veiled the brightness of thy native  
sky;

In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning  
eye,  
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight  
away!  
He that chastised thee did at length un-  
close  
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet  
release  
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace  
Received thee to its stillness and repose.

Look down once more from thy celestial  
dwelling,  
Help me to rise and be immortal there—  
An earthly vapor melting into air;—  
For my whole soul with secret ardor  
swelling,  
From earth's dark mansion struggles to  
be free,  
And longs to soar away and be at rest  
with thee.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



## THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Bright Sun! that flaming through the  
midday sky

Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-  
vaulted arch,

Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march  
One hue to rival this blue tranquil eye?

Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate  
touch

Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh  
pinion,

Say, hast thou found in all thy wide  
dominion,

Tresses of gold that can delight so much?

Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious  
choir

Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!

Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs  
like these?

Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars, of  
fire—

Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds  
nor bars?

See ye these cruel stars, that brighten  
and yet freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA  
TORRE

(1534-1594?)

## ODE

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an elusive personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for service in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Filis" the wife of an elderly man of wealth. His poems were first published by Quevedo in 1631, and a facsimile edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again  
The safety of the port; behold what skies  
Descend about thy fragile little bark  
And warn thee not to go!

The frigid Boreas, the South Wind's  
threats,  
Have stirred the seas to an appalling rage;  
Upon that troubled marge no sail can run  
Upon a happy course.

Cry out, unhappy man!—the heavens  
receive  
And hush your bitter moans and shouts  
with roll  
Of thunders shaking o'er the brows  
Of their disturbèd face!

Ah, do not tell me that thy ardent breast  
With passionate disorders so commands  
Such rash adventure on thee, but to break  
The calmness of thy youth!

See, lad unhappy, how the South Wind's  
rage  
Amid its whirling mocks the fickle wings  
In dust and blast of satire, and the head  
Too premature and bold!

See ye not how its fiercest breath is stirred  
From off the burning mountain, where below

Lie in their living death the boastful twain,  
Encéladus and Typhæus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair  
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise  
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all  
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,  
Tîrsis, return! On land, yea, on the land  
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave  
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,  
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus  
Upon the heads of hardy mariners  
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm  
And watch the angry heavens, where they  
least  
Are furious against the heads that least  
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA  
(1536?-1620?)

## SONNET

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of Alcalá de Henares, returning there after years of service in the army in Italy. He wrote both in Italian and Spanish and was the first to establish blank verse in Castilian. His poems (incomplete) were first published at Lisbon in 1625. A facsimile of the edition of 1626 was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Land where the sun forever hides his  
face

And moon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy  
brows;

Where Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce  
allows

A scant provision for the human race;

Oh, what a destiny! were I to trace

(Since I have wandered from my natal  
boughs)

And end in lone and melancholy drowse  
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!

Where never would an amorous shepherd  
turn

With rose and violet garlands for my  
tomb

And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—

“Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,  
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in  
gloom

More precious than all Niobe's weep-  
ing rare.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(1547-1616)

## SONNET ON GOLETTA

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary Novels*, was born at Alcalá de Henares, served in the army and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. He was captured by Moorish pirates and spent five years in captivity in Algiers. He was ransomed and returned to face failure and poverty for the rest of his life. He died at Madrid. His verse is pleasing, but not distinguished when compared to his work in prose.

Blest souls discharged of life's oppressive weight,  
Whose virtue proved your passport to the skies,  
You there procured a more propitious fate  
When for your faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through every  
vein,

On this ungrateful shore you shed your  
blood;

Each drop you lost was bought with  
crowds of slain,

Whose vital purple swelled the neighbor-  
ing flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odds, you  
claim

That perfect glory, that immortal fame,

Which like true heroes nobly you pursued;

On these you seized, even when of life  
deprived,

For still your courage, even your lives  
survived;

And sure 'tis conquest, thus to be  
subdued. —*P. Motteux.*

#### SONNET

When I was marked for suffering, Love  
forsook

All knowledge of my doom; or else at ease

Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to please;



Or else a chastisement exceeding sore  
A little sin hath brought me. Hush! No  
more!

Love is a god! All things he knows and  
sees,

And gods are bland and mild! Who then  
decrees

The dreadful woe I bear and yet adore?

If I should say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,  
I should speak falsely since, being wholly  
good

Like Heaven itself, from thee no ill can  
come.

There is no hope; I must die shortly now,  
Not knowing why, since, sure, no witch  
hath brewed

The drug that might avert my martyr-  
dom.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

### CANCIÓN

What makes me languish and complain?—

Oh, 'tis disdain!

What yet more fiercely tortures me?—

'Tis jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—By absence  
crossed.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;  
I sink beneath oppressing grief;  
Nor can a wretch, without despair,  
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drove?—  
Intruding love.

What could such mighty ills create?—  
'Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate approve?—  
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan;  
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;  
When these invade, who dares oppose?  
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—Death  
is sure.

No milder means to set me free?—Incon-  
stancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage?—  
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?—  
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

But judge, ye gods, what we endure  
When death or madness is the cure!

—*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

O sacred friendship, Heaven's delight,  
Which, tired with man's unequal mind,  
Took to thy native skies thy flight,  
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!  
From thee, diffusive good below,  
Peace and her train of joys we trace;  
But falsehood, with dissembled show,  
Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Blessed genius, then resume thy seat!  
Destroy imposture and deceit,  
Which in thy dress confound the ball!  
Harmonious peace and truth renew,  
Show the false friendship from the true,  
Or nature must to Chaos fall.

—*P. Motteux.*

FROM "THE JOURNEY AROUND  
PARNASSUS"

Poets are made of clay of dainty worth,  
Sweet, ductile, and of delicacy prime,

And fond of lingering at a neighbor's  
hearth;

For e'en the wisest poet of his time  
Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,  
Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;  
Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection  
great

For his own offspring, he is not designed  
To reach a wealthy, but an honored state.  
So let my patient readers henceforth  
mind—

As saith the vulgar impolite and coarse—  
That I'm a poet of the self-same kind;  
With snowy hairs of swan, with voice of  
hoarse

And jet-black crow, the rough bark of my  
wit

To polish down Time vainly spends its force;  
Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to sit,  
For one short moment hath not been my  
fate,

For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a whit;  
But yet to learn if one high thought and  
great

Might not some happier occasion seize,  
I travelled on with slow and tardy gait,

A wheaten loaf, with eight small scraps of  
cheese,

Was all the stock my wallet did contain,  
Good for the road, and carried with great  
ease.

“Farewell,” quoth I, “my humble home  
and plain!

Farewell, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy  
springs

Distilling nectar and ambrosial rain!

Farewell, ye gay assemblies, pleasant  
things

To cheer one aching bosom, and delight

Two thousand faint, aspiring underlings!

Farewell, thou charming and deceitful site,

Where erst two giants great were set ablaze

By thunderbolt of Jove, in fiery might!

Farewell, ye public theatres, whose praise

Rests on the ignorance I see becrown

The countless follies of unnumbered plays!”

—*James Young Gibson.*

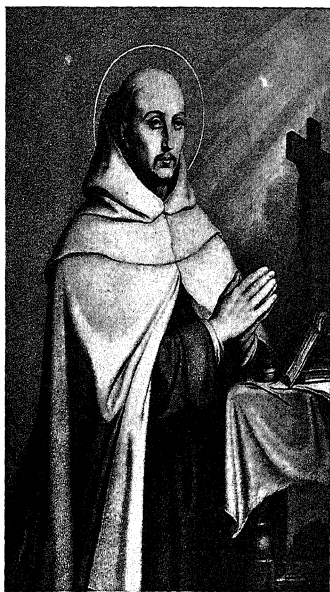
## SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

(1549-1591)

## THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, gaining renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his prose writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night  
Fevered with love in love's anxiety  
(O hapless-happy plight!),  
I went, none seeing me,  
Forth from my house where all things quiet  
be.



St. John of the Cross





By night, secure from sight,  
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,  
(O hapless-happy plight!)  
By night, and privily,  
Forth from my house where all things  
quiet be.

Blest night of wandering,  
In secret, where by none might I be spied,  
Nor I see anything;  
Without a light or guide,  
Save that which in my heart burnt in my  
side

That light did lead me on,  
More surely than the shining of noontide,  
Where well I knew that one  
Did for my coming bide;  
Where He abode, might none but He abide.

O night that didst lead thus,  
O night more lovely than the dawn of  
light,  
O night that broughtest us,  
Lover to lover's sight,  
Lover with loved in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast  
Wholly for Him, and save Himself for none,  
There did I give sweet rest  
To my belovèd one;  
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air  
Blew from the tower and waved His locks  
aside,  
His hand, with gentle care,  
Did wound me in the side,  
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,  
My cheek on Him who for my coming came;  
All ceased, and I was not,  
Leaving my cares and shame  
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

—*Arthur Symons.*

#### O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,  
That dost eternally  
Pierce through my soul with so consuming  
heat,

Since there's no help above,  
Make thou an end of me,  
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!  
O more than pleasant wound!  
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,  
That dost new life reveal,  
That dost in grace abound,  
And, slaying, dost from death to life  
translate!

O lamps of fire that shined  
With so intense a light  
That those deep caverns where the senses live,  
Which were obscure and blind,  
Now with strange glories bright,  
Both heat and light to His belovèd give!

With how benign intent  
Rememberest thou my breast,  
Where thou alone abidest secretly;  
And in thy sweet ascent,  
With glory and good possessed,  
How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

## FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

(1550-1578)

## THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier-poet born at Tortosa. He perished in the African disaster that overtook the Portuguese King, Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body of his writings has been lost, although he was much esteemed as an author of mystical poetry, some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height,  
Centered in one the future and the past,  
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
The world obscures in me what once was  
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast  
given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on  
high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it  
there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.  
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on  
high  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,  
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious  
presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,  
death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for  
thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the  
way,  
That, whither love aspires, there shall  
my dwelling be.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA  
(About 1550)

## SONNET

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed to have been a Sevillian, although no definite facts of his life or dates are to be found. He was secretary to Philip II, and left several works on genealogical and moral questions.

You were a foolish, though an amorous  
fellow,  
Leander—had you for a boat but waited  
Death and the devil might have both  
been cheated  
And history have been spared the pains to  
tell how  
A silly youth was drowned!—You might  
have gone  
Dry-footed to your mistress, and have  
kissed her

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for driven on  
By an impatient passion's gust, you  
missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In this our  
Seville

You've not a notion how we cheat the devil;  
And run no risk of colds nor disappoint-  
ments;

True, love may graze us,—but the drowning  
plan

Is a mistake, which neither oil nor  
ointments,

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man.

—*John Bowring.*



## FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

(Sixteenth Century)

## ART AND NATURE

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of Seville during the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or death or the events of his life. He is known to have visited Italy. His works, first printed in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vols. 35 and 42).

The works of human artifice soon tire

The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling  
rill

And gardens, when adorned by human  
skill,

Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.

But oh, the free and wild magnificence

Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,

In admiration silent and intense,

The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way,  
The verdant reach of meadows fair and  
green,  
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan  
scene,  
These speak of grandeur, that defies  
decay,—  
Proclaims the Eternal Architect on  
high,  
Who stamps on all his works his own  
eternity.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves  
Waved in the golden harvest; from the  
plain  
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the  
grain  
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.  
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves  
unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,  
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.

And thus sprang up and ripened in brief  
space

All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-  
tide.

And what are we? a copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh! how many fall before the ripened  
ear!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## VICENTE ESPINEL

(1551-1624)

## LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda. After being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in Italy. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, and obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda, where his irregular conduct led to his disgrace. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is most famed as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1618), after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek  
My lovely maid;  
But I am silent, still, afraid

That if I speak  
The maid might frown, and then my heart  
would break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,  
But dare not—what a woe 'twould be  
From doubtful favor's smiles to fall  
To the harsh frown of certainty.  
Her grace—her music cheers me now;  
The dimpled roses on her cheek,  
But fear restrains my tongue, for how,  
How should I speak,  
When, if she frowned, my troubled heart  
would break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story  
In my full heart's most secret cell;  
For though I feel a doubtful glory  
I 'scape the certainty of hell.  
I lose, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—  
I own my courage is but weak;  
That weakness may be well forgiven,  
For should she speak  
In words ungentle, O my heart would  
break.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR  
LADY

He who is both brave and bold  
Wins the lady that he would;  
But the courageless and cold  
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game  
Is a wide and shielding veil;  
They are tutored to conceal  
Passion's fiercely burning flame.  
He who serves them brave and bold,  
He alone is understood;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er could win and never should.

If you love a lady bright,  
Seek, and you shall find a way;  
All that love would say—to say,  
If you watch the occasion right,  
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,  
Every soldier firm and good;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er have conquered—never could.

—*John Bowring.*

## ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century)

## TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

THIS famous sonnet, in spite of the ascription of its authorship to Saint Teresa of Avila in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, is still declared to be anonymous. (M. R. Fouché-Delbosc, *Revue Hispanique*, 1895, vol. ii.) It has also been attributed, without sufficient reason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes, The Latin hymn "*Deus ego te amo*" is similar to it in many ways. The latter hymn, the work of Saint Francis Xavier, has been beautifully rendered into English by Alexander Pope. The sonnet has also been translated by Dryden in his "O God, thou art the object of my love."

I am not moved to love Thee, O my Lord,  
By any longing for Thy Promised Land;  
Nor by the fear of hell am I unmanned

To cease from my transgressing deed or  
word.

'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy  
blood poured

Upon the cross from nailèd foot and  
hand;

And all the wounds that did Thy body  
brand;

And all Thy shame and bitter death's  
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred  
That I would love Thee were no heaven  
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!  
Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;  
Though hope deny me hope I still should  
sigh,

And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE  
ARGENSOLA  
(1559-1613)

## SONNET

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together with his brother Bartolomé, is considered among the greater poets of the seventeenth century. He made some attempts at the drama, but it is not until the publication of *Rimas* in 1634 that we have a text to warrant their great reputation. The Argensolas were of Italian descent and followed the methods of the Italian poets, with a strong classical tendency which saved them from the abuses of Gongorism, then at its height. Lupercio became the Chronicler of Aragon and, following the Count de Lemos to Naples, died there.

October scatters the torn vines around,  
And the great floods their 'customed  
bounds break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless  
waters pour,  
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's  
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned  
High forehead of the snows; the sun no  
more

Than scarce appears with day's half-  
portioned store,  
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad  
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind  
hastes

Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;  
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering  
wastes

His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-  
sons' fraud,—

The fruits that wither ere the lip half  
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560-1638)

## SEGUIDILLA

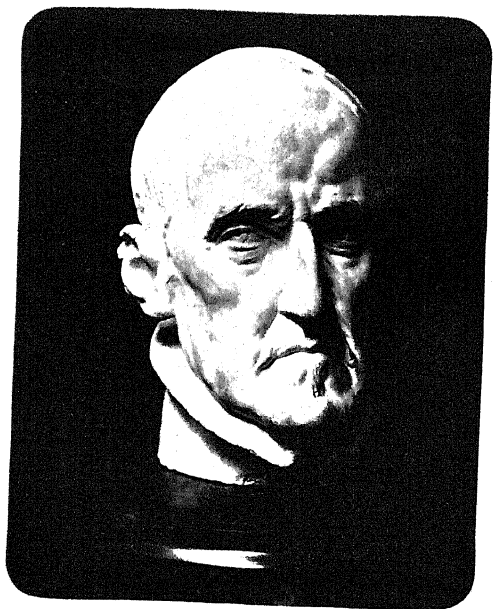
JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO was a native of Toledo, and the author of the excellent *Autos Sacramentales*, and *Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de San José* is also noteworthy; but he is especially esteemed for his devotional lyrics. There was an edition of his *Romancero espiritual* published at Madrid in 1880.

I who once was free,  
Sold unto death you see;  
*Trust not, Mother dear,*  
*Hearts ungrateful here!*  
With a honeyed smile,  
Mother, a false friend  
At the banquet's end  
His hand within my dish the while,  
Like a lamb betrayed me vile.

*Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !*  
I placed him at my side  
And passed the dish to him;  
I shared and did provide  
The best unto the brim.  
His bargain rare and grim,—  
He sold Thy Son away,  
*Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !*  
The garden flowers were wet  
With the tears I shed thereon;  
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet  
With me had Judas gone;  
He gave unto Thy Son  
The kiss I'll not forget—  
*Trust not, Mother dear,  
Hearts ungrateful here !*

—Thomas Walsh.





*From a bust in the Hispanic Society of America*

Luis de Góngora





LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA  
(1561-1627)

## NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good family at Córdoba; he was educated at the University of Salamanca and received a benefice in 1577. In 1613 he removed to Madrid and became chaplain to the King. He returned to Córdoba in ill health and died there. His reputation as a poet was already established in 1600 at the publication of the *Romancero General*. His earlier poems are free from affectations, but in his later style he adopted the affectations known as *Marinism* in Italy, *Euphuism* in England and *Preciosité* in France, in this way establishing in Spain the School of Gongorism which afflicted Spanish literature for many generations. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vols. x, xvi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

*They are not all sweet nightingales  
That fill with songs the flowery vales;*

*But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells;  
Magic bells of gold in the grove,  
Forming a chorus for her I love.*

Think not the voices in the air  
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,  
Playing among the dewy trees  
Chanting their morning mysteries;  
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,  
To their music scattered o'er the dales,  
*They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.*

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art  
To charm—of nature to touch the heart;  
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which  
    played  
By passion fills the forest shade;  
No! 'tis music's diviner part  
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.  
*They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.*

In the eye of love, which all things sees,  
The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees—  
And the golden flowers—and the sloping  
    hill—  
And the ever melancholy rill—

Are full of holiest sympathies,  
And tell of love a thousand tales.  
*They are not all sweet nightingales,  
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;  
But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the wind in the smiling dells,  
Bells of gold in the secret grove,  
Making music for her I love.*

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

The loveliest girl in all our country-side,  
To-day forsaken, yesterday a bride,  
Seeing her love ride forth to join the wars,  
With breaking heart and trembling lips  
implores:

“My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,  
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!

“You told me, Mother, what too well I know,  
How grief is long, and joy is quick to go,  
But you have given him my heart that he  
Might hold it captive with love’s bitter  
key,—

My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"My eyes are dim, that once were full of  
grace,  
And ever bright with gazing on his face,  
But now the tears come hot and never cease,  
Since he is gone in whom my heart found  
peace,  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor yet  
To blame a sin my heart must needs forget;  
For though blame were spoken in good  
part,  
Yet speak it not, lest you should break my  
heart.  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"Sweet Mother mine, who would not weep  
to see  
The glad years of my youth so quickly flee,  
Although his heart were flint, his breast a  
stone?  
Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone,  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"And still may night avoid my lonely bed,  
Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is dead.

Since he is gone for whom they vigil keep,  
Too long is night, I have no heart for sleep.  
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,  
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

Let me go warm and merry still;  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let other muse on earthly things,—  
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,  
And those whose fame the world doth fill;  
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,  
And orange-punch in winter sways  
The merry sceptre of my days;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears,  
From golden plate a thousand cares  
Doth swallow as a gilded pill;  
On feasts like these I turn my back,  
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack  
Beside the chimney hiss and crack;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,  
And January's sleet and snows  
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,  
With one to tell a merry tale  
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,  
I sit, and care not for the gale;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands  
For silver mines and golden sands;  
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill  
Just where its bubbling fountain swells  
Do sit and gather stones and shells,  
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover  
The stormy Hellespont swam over;  
I cross without the fear of ill  
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides  
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,  
Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides;—  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,  
That Pyramus should die of love,  
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

My Thisbe be an apple-tart,  
 The sword I plunge into her heart  
 The tooth that bites the crust apart,—  
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.  
 —*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Today from the Aurora's bosom  
 A pink has fallen—a crimson blossom;  
 And oh, how glorious rests the hay  
 On which the fallen blossom lay!

When silence gently had unfurled  
 Her mantle over all below,  
 And crowned with winter's frost and snow,  
 Night swayed the sceptre of the world,  
 Amid the gloom descending slow,  
 Upon the monarch's frozen bosom  
 A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore  
 (Aurora fair) within her breast,  
 She gave to earth, yet still possessed  
 Her virgin blossom as before;  
 That hay that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom  
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 'twas given,  
Even amid wintry snows and cold,  
Within its fostering arms to fold  
The blushing flower that fell from heaven,  
Was as a canopy of gold,—  
A downy couch,—where on its bosom  
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.  
—H. W. Longfellow.

### LETRILLA

*Riches will serve for titles, too,  
That's true—that's true!  
And they love most who oftenest sigh,  
That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,  
That follies well on proud ones sit;  
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;  
While honors crown the great defaulter;  
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,  
No right, such worms as I and you—  
*That's true—that's true!*



To say a dull and sleepy warden  
Can guard a many-portal'd garden;  
That woes which darken many a day  
One moment's smile can charm away;  
To say you think that Celia's eye  
Speaks aught but trick and treachery,  
*That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That wisdom's bought and virtue sold;  
And that you can provide with gold  
For court a garter or a star,  
And valor fit for peace or war;  
And purchase knowledge at the U-  
Niversity for P. or Q.—  
*That's true—that's true!*

They must be gagged who go to court,  
And bless, beside, the gagger for 't;  
That rankless must be scourged, and thank  
The scourgers when they're men of rank;  
The humble, poor man's form and hue  
Deserve both shame and suffering too—  
*That's true—that's true!*

But wondrous favors to be done,  
And glorious prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,  
And thornless roses for our bed;  
From monarch's words—you'll trust and  
try,  
And risk your honor on the die—  
*That's a lie—that's a lie !*

That he who in the courts of law  
Defends his person or estate,  
Should have a privilege to draw  
Upon the mighty River Plate;  
And spite of all that he can do,  
He will be plucked and laughed at too—  
*That's true, that's true!*

To sow of pure and honest seeds,  
And gather nought but waste and weeds;  
And to pretend our care and toil  
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;  
And then on righteous heaven to cry,  
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—  
*That's a lie, that's a lie!*

—John Bowring.

"CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID  
ELEMENT"

Clear honor of the liquid element,  
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!  
Whose waters steal along the meadows  
green,

With gentle step and murmur of content!  
When she for whom I bear each fierce  
extreme,  
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth  
trace

The snow and crimson of that lovely face  
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.

Then, smoothly flow as now, and set not  
free

The crystal curb and undulating rain  
Which now thy current's headlong speed  
restrain;

Lest broken and confused the image rest  
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving  
breast

Of him who holds and sways the trident  
of the seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO  
(1562-1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan  
song



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Lope Felis de Vega Carpio



Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,  
Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree  
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long!  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;  
For Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;  
I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.  
Hear, Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art dying,  
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying,  
Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O NAVIS

Poor bark of Life, upon the billows hoarse  
Assailed by storms of envy and deceit,  
Across what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course!  
 My pen is dull; my sword of little force;  
     Thy side lies open to the wild waves' beat  
     As out from Favor's harbors we retreat,  
 Pursued by hopes deceived and vain  
     remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here below  
     How vain the joys that foolish hearts  
     desire!

    Here friendship dies and enmity keeps  
     true;

Here happy days have left thee long ago!  
     But seek not port, brave thou the tem-  
     pest's ire;  
     Until the end thy fated course pursue!

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care  
     Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou  
     did'st wait  
     Wet with unhealthy dews before my  
     gate,  
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?



Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven  
how lost  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy  
feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou  
shalt see  
How He persists to knock and wait for  
thee!"  
And oh, how often to that Voice of  
sorrow,  
"Tomorrow we will open," I replied,  
And when the morrow came I an-  
swered still "Tomorrow."  
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE  
ARGENSOLA  
(1564-1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was the younger of the Argensola brothers of Aragon, who resisted the influence of Gongorism and who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, tell me  
why,  
(Since Thou art just and good) dost  
Thou permit  
Successful fraud, securely throned, to  
sit  
While innocence, oppressed, stands weep-  
ing by?  
Why hast Thou nerved that strong arm to  
oppose  
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,



*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*  
Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola



While the meek man who served and  
reverenced Thee  
Lies at the feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

Why (said I, in despair) should vice con-  
found

All nature's harmony, and tower above  
In all the pomp, and pride, and power  
of state?

Then I looked upwards— and I heard a  
sound

As from an angel, smiling through  
heaven's gate,

“Is earth a spot for heaven-born souls to  
love?”

—*John Bowring.*

#### TO MARY MAGDALEN

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-  
hearted!

The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,  
In wonder and in scorn!

Thou weapest days of innocence departed;  
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power  
to move

The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy tollies is forgiven,  
Even for the least of all the tears that shine  
On that pale cheek of thine.  
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came  
from heaven,  
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise  
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom  
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir  
Distil Arabian myrrh;  
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,  
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the  
swain  
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren  
mountains  
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see  
Leaves on the dry dead tree.  
The perished plant, set out by living  
fountains,  
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches  
rise,  
Forever, to the skies.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## JUAN DE ARGUIJO

(1567-1623)

## THE TEMPEST AND THE CALM

JUAN DE ARGUIJO was a native of Seville where his abilities and character procured him a high position in the Sevillian school of letters. His sonnets are to be found in the edition of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

Sudden I saw the ruddy sun to turn  
In cloudy trouble and to disappear;  
Across his hidden face the lightning  
drear  
Upon the darkness then began to burn.  
Full soon the furious south-wind came to  
churn  
In fury and tormenting far and near;  
And where the shoulders of great Atlas  
rear,  
Olympus shook beneath the thunder  
stern.

But soon the heavy veil is swept away  
By rains, and clear again the morning  
shines  
With gladness full-renewed across the  
skies;  
Marking the freshened splendors of the  
day,  
I murmur—These perchance may be the  
signs  
Wherein the image of my fortune lies.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*



PEDRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA  
(1576-1609)

PASTORAL CHARMS

PEDRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA was born at Sanlúcar la Mayor, of a noble family belonging to Seville. He died at Granada in his thirty-third year. His *Remedios de Amor* was first published, together with the poems of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo, 1617. It is an original poem written around the general scheme of Ovid's work of the same title.

How happy he, his idle thoughts unreined,  
Who here arrayed in calmness forth can go  
With song amid his peaceful oxen trained  
And join his wearied flocks returning  
slow,  
Dragging the plough as evening's shadow  
falls  
And daylight all its broken host recalls.

Who when the earliest light of Phoebus  
warns

And earth awakes, is glad from out his bed  
Beneath the farm-house eaves, nor laboring  
scorns

To trim his vines and train the nodding  
head

Of elms upon the hillsides tall and slight  
Such as god Hymen takes for his delight.

Or through the heavy furrows wins his way  
With ponderous team, and scatters the  
glad grain

In token of the Golden Age and sway  
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silvanus' reign;  
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here disclose,  
And on her sacred altars sheaves repose.

Upon the earliest day the floods are free  
From icy bondage, there he lightly turns

To seek his Filomena lovingly

When the sun's waning light no longer  
burns,

And heifers bleat, and doves' compelling  
song

Is music to the ears attentive long.

Fresh hives the busy husbandman prepares  
The bees are out and soon the honey  
flows;  
Whereon with covered face and arms he  
dares  
'Mid smoke and fire invade their treasure  
close,  
And robs their gatherings of sunny hours,  
As they themselves have robbed the  
fragrant flowers.

Within their rangèd pastures graze the cows  
And flocks upon the sloping hills afar;  
Then in their yards, and folds, and cattle-  
house  
To their accustomed stalls they gathered  
are;  
And from their fragrant floods of milk arise  
The nectar and the cheeses that we prize.

The air that never blasphemy profanes  
Nor falsehood, blows an ample breath  
around;  
The fields induce repose for all our pains,  
And silence weaves its woof of balm  
profound,

Here where Astrea in her heavenward  
flight  
Left her last footprint ere she passed from  
sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms find  
Than this sweet solitude and bland con-  
tent?

Peace and no troubles for the weary mind,  
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blandish-  
ment;

Where high above the accidents of Fate  
Man lives and dies, without a fear or hate.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA  
(1577-1625)

## MADRIGAL

LUIS MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA was a native of Antequera. His education was obtained at the University of Osuna, and he was ordained a priest in 1598. His poems may be found in *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*, by Pedro Espinosa.

On the green margin of the land  
Where Guadalhorce winds his way  
My Lady lay.  
With golden key, Sleep's gentle hand  
Had closed her eyes so bright,—  
Her eyes, two suns of light,—  
And bade his balmy dews  
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.  
The River God in slumber saw her laid,  
He raised his dripping head  
With weeds o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approached the  
maid,  
And with cold kiss, like Death,  
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's  
breath.

The maiden felt that icy kiss;  
Her suns unclosed, their flame  
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.  
Amazed the bold intruder felt  
His frothy body melt,  
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;  
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,  
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

—*Robert Southey.*





*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Rodrigo Caro



## RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

## THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

RODRIGO CARO was the son of distinguished parents of Utrera. He was graduated at the University of Osuna in 1596, being later named *Visitador* of the Archepiscopal estates, and becoming famous as a lawyer. He formed part of the literary circle of Francisco Pacheco in Seville and is supposed to be represented in the portrait marked as that of the unknown poet. His *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared in 1634. He left some few sonnets beside his famous ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See the edition of his works published by the *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, 1883), and *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1915).

## I

Fabius, this region desolate and drear,  
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound  
Were once Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here  
His conquering colony, and now, o'er-  
thrown,  
Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone,  
Sad relics, sad and vain  
Of those invincible men  
Who held the region then.  
Funereal memories alone remain  
Where forms of high example walked of  
yore.  
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane—  
The eye beholds their places, and no more.  
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptu-  
ous baths,  
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the  
paths;  
Their towers that looked defiance at the sky,  
Fallen by their own vast weight, in frag-  
ments lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-weeds  
climb,  
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy  
The gods to whom its walls were piled so  
high,

Is now a tragic theatre, where Time  
Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that  
shows

Past grandeur's story and its dreary close.  
Why, round this desert pit,  
Shout not the applauding rows  
Where the great people sit?

Wild beasts are here, but where the combatants?

With his bare arms, the strong athlete  
where?

All have departed from this once gay haunt  
Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the  
air.

Yet on this spot, Time gives us to behold  
A spectacle as stern as those of old.  
As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise,  
From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

## 3

The terrible in war, the pride of Spain  
Trajan, his country's father, here was born;  
Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose  
reign  
Submitted the far regions, where the morn

Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose  
steeps  
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian  
deeps.  
Of mighty Adrian here,  
Of Theodosius, saint,  
Of Silius, Virgil's peer,  
Were rocked the cradles, rich in gold and  
quaint  
With ivory carvings, here were laurel-  
boughs  
And sprays of jasmine gathered for their  
brows  
From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.  
Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar,  
yawn  
Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards  
haste.  
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,  
And even the stones their names were  
graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey  
The long-dismantled streets, so thronged  
of old,

The broken marbles, arches in decay,  
Proud statues, toppled from their place  
and rolled

In dust when Nemesis, the avenger, came,  
And buried in forgetfulness profound,  
The owners and their fame.

Thus Troy, I deem must be,  
With many a mouldering mound;  
And thou, whose name alone belongs to  
thee,

Rome, of old gods and kings the native  
ground;

And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas,  
whom

Just laws redeemed not from the appointed  
doom—

The envy of earth's cities once wert thou—  
A weary solitude and ashes now!

For Fate and Death respect ye not; they  
strike

The mighty city and the wise alike.

## 5

But why goes forth the wandering thought  
to frame

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant  
lands?

Enough the example that before me stands;  
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and  
glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;  
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell  
On those who near it dwell.

And under night's still sky,  
As awe-struck peasants tell,  
A melancholy voice is heard to cry:

"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then  
Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.

The leafy alleys of the forest round  
Murmur "Itálica," and all around  
A troop of mighty shadows at the sound  
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call  
"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan  
Before the Thracian youth; ceased too  
the lyre  
Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

Ceased in their gentle sweetness to intone.  
Sisiphus, at hearing, rests his stone;

And Tantalus might have eased his  
hunger dire

With that elusive apple, and no ire  
Attend him from dread Radamanthus'  
Throne.

But see, Eurydice is passing through  
The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!  
They turn, he to his moan, she to her  
chains!

O Love, how good and ill are joined in you!  
In one poor lover how could you presume  
To give his voice such power,—his  
eyes such pains?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA

(1580-1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE  
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*  
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca; after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death,





*From the painting by "El Greco"*

Fray Hortensio  
(*F. de Paravicino y Arteaga*)



being entitled *Obras póstumas divinas y humanas* de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid, 1641).

Here all of Greco that can be confined  
Doth Piety lay; here buries, and here  
seals;

Gently dispose him, gently, so he feels  
No footsteps stir the part he left behind!  
His fame no silence upon earth shall bind  
Where men are born; though envy's  
breast be steel's

Against it; for no other star reveals  
Such radiant glow on our horizon blind.

The higher life he wrought,—not mere  
applause,—

Greater Apelles!—and the wonderment  
Of ages shall invoke his stranger  
ways!—

Crete gave him birth; the brush with which  
he draws,

Toledo;—and a better land is bent  
To grant him rest eternal to his days!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are  
Thy hands;  
Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;  
Thou hangest on the shameful tree of  
scorn;  
Thy woe my feeble sense half understands!  
You who love God and who would light the  
brands  
Of righteous vengeance 'gainst such  
outrage lorn,  
Look, these are things of wonder made  
to warn  
The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman  
lands!  
'Tis you have caused this anguish, of which  
you,  
Dishonest, are a witness, judge and part—  
Your sin against this innocence makes  
war!  
O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are due  
This silent victim—I would charge your  
heart  
With malice that against its God it  
bore. —*Thomas Walsh.*





*From "Pacheco's Album"*

Francisco Gómez Quevedo y Villegas





FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y  
VILLEGAS  
(1580-1645)

*LETRILLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS*

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS was born at Madrid, the son of good family. His education was received at Alcalá de Henares, but after a duel he fled to Italy and took service under the Duke of Osuna, in whose disgrace he was involved in 1618. Returning to Spain, he found no favor with Olivares, being accused of having lampooned that favorite. He was imprisoned for four years in the monastery of San Marcos of Leon. He died at Villanueva, leaving a great reputation as diplomat, scholar, and poet. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. 69). The *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* began the publication of his complete works at Seville in 1897.

*Over kings and priests and scholars  
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Mother, unto gold I yield me,  
He and I are ardent lovers;  
Pure affection now discovers  
How his sunny rays shall shield me!  
For a trifle more or less  
All his power will confess,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

In the Indies did they nurse him,  
While the world stood round admiring;  
And in Spain was his expiring;  
And in Genoa did they hearse him;  
And the ugliest at his side  
Shines with all of beauty's pride;  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

He's a gallant, he's a winner,  
Black or white be his complexion;  
He is brave without correction  
As a Moor or Christian sinner.  
He makes cross and medal bright,  
And he smashes laws of right,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Noble are his proud ancestors  
For his blood-veins are patrician;  
Royalties make the position  
Of his Orient investors;  
So they find themselves preferred  
To the duke or country herd,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars;  
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars!*

Of his standing who can question  
When there yields unto his rank, a  
Hight-Castillian Doña Blanca,  
If you follow the suggestion?—  
He that crowns the lowest stool,  
And to hero turns the fool,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars,  
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

On his shields are noble bearings;  
His emblazonments unfurling  
Show his arms of royal sterling  
All his high pretensions airing;  
And the credit of his miner  
Stands behind the proud refiner,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars  
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Contracts, bonds, and bills to render,  
Like his counsels most excelling,  
Are esteemed within the dwelling  
Of the banker and the lender.  
So is prudence overthrown,  
And the judge complaisant grown,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Such indeed his sovereign standing  
(With some discount in the order),  
Spite the tax, the cash-recorder  
Still his value fixed is branding.  
He keeps rank significant  
To the prince or man in want,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Never meets he dames ungracious  
To his smiles or his attention,  
How they glow but at the mention  
Of his promises capacious!  
And how bare-faced they become  
To the coin beneath his thumb!—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Mightier in peaceful season  
(And in this his wisdom showeth)  
Are his standards, than when bloweth  
War his haughty blasts and breeze on;  
In all foreign lands at home,  
Equal e'en in pauper's loam,—  
*Over kings and priests and scholars*  
*Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### ROME IN HER RUINS

Amidst these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st  
thou Rome!

Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is  
fled;

Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;  
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,  
Forsaken mourns where once it towered  
sublime;

Each mouldering medal now far less dis-  
plays

The triumphs won by Latium, than by  
Time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave  
That bathed her towers now murmurs by  
her grave,  
Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen  
fanes.  
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is  
past  
That seemed for years eternal framed to  
last,  
Nought but the wave, a fugitive—re-  
mains.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

#### SONNET: DEATH-WARNINGS

I saw the ramparts of my native land  
One time so strong, now dropping in  
decay,  
Their strength destroyed by this new  
age's way  
That has worn out and rotted what was  
grand.  
I went into the fields; there I could  
see  
The sun drink up the waters newly  
thawed;

And on the hills the moaning cattle  
pawed,  
Their miseries robbed the light of day for  
me.

I went into my house; I saw how spotted,  
Decaying things made that old home  
their prize;  
My withered walking-staff had come  
to bend.  
I felt the age had won; my sword was  
rotted;  
And there was nothing on which to set  
my eyes  
That was not a reminder of the end.  
—*John Masefield.*

## FRANCISCO DE BORJA

(1581-1658)

## CANCIÓN

FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esquilache, was partly of Italian origin. His verse is simple and natural with an occasional lapse into the Gongoristic style. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,  
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend  
your way  
From the flowerets flying,  
To rocks and caverns hieing;  
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace  
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

Whither is she going?—whither is she going?  
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she,  
our village-pride,—



Fresher than the daybreak,—lighter than  
the day,—

Whither is she going?

O she is gone to the greenest meadow's side,  
Where the sweet flowers are growing.

She gathers and she scatters sweet flowerets  
on her way;

Look! how the flowerets are blowing.

'Tis the Day of Saint John,—the Evangel-  
ist's Day,—

Whither is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

JUAN DE TASSIS  
(1582-1622)

TO A CLOISTRESS

JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villamediana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. While gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Bourbon, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated, it is said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). See also *El Conde de Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's enchanted  
bowers

In youth's gay spring, in beauty's  
glowing morn,

Leaving thy bright array, thy 'path of  
flowers,

For the rude convent-garb and couch  
of thorn;

Thou that escaping from a world of cares,  
Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane,  
As to the port the fearful bark repairs,  
To shun the midnight perils of the main;

Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture  
pour

While on thy soul the beams of glory  
rise!

For if the pilot hail the welcome shore  
With shouts of triumph swelling to the  
skies,

Oh, how should'st thou the exulting paeon  
raise

Now heaven's bright harbor opens to thy  
gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS  
(1589-1669)

SPRING-TIME

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born at Matute, where he practised law and was prosecuted by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the Gongorists and as a classical scholar. His *Eróticas*, edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared at Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring  
To gaze upon the wakening fields  
around;  
Birds in the thicket sing,  
Winds whisper, waters prattle, from the  
ground  
A thousand odors rise,  
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand  
dyes.

Shadowy and clear and cool,  
The pine and poplar keep their quiet  
nook;  
Forever fresh and full,  
Shines at their feet the thirst-inviting  
brook;  
And the soft herbage seems  
Spread for a place of banquets and of  
dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,  
And whom alone I love, art far away.  
Unless thy smile be there,  
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;  
I care not if the train  
Of leaves and flowers and zephyrs go again.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

I have seen a nightingale  
On a sprig of thyme bewail  
Seeing the dear nest which was  
Hers alone, borne off, alas!  
By a laborer. I heard,  
For this outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things  
To the wind which on its wings  
To the Guardian of the sky  
Bore her melancholy cry,  
Bore her tender tears. She spake  
As if her fond heart would break,  
One while in a sad, sweet note  
Gurgled from her straining throat,  
She enforced her piteous tale,  
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;  
One while, with the shrill dispute  
Quite outwearied, she was mute;  
Then afresh, for her dear brood  
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
Now she winged it round and round;  
Now she skimmed along the ground;  
Now from bough to bough, in haste,  
The delighted robber chased,  
And, alighting in his path,  
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath,  
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,  
Give me back my pretty brood,"—  
And I heard the rustic still  
Answer,—“That I never will.”—

—*Thomas Roscoe.*

## SAPPHIC ODE

Thou gracious dweller of the woodland green,  
Companion ever of the April flowers,  
And living breath of mother Venus's heart,  
O gentle zephyr!—

If thou dost know the sorrows of my love,—  
Thou that dost bear afar my sad lament,—  
Hear me and frankly say to her I love  
That here I perish!

Filis, who once my bitter yearnings knew,  
Filis, who once my bitter yearnings wept,  
Once did she love me, but, alas, I fear,  
I fear her anger!

So do the gods with their paternal breasts,  
So do the heavens with all their hearts benign  
Withdraw themselves, what time thy glad-  
some wing  
The snows uncover;

Never the dark clouds' burden, at the break  
Of morn along the lofty mountain chain,  
Bruises thy shoulders, nor their bitter hail  
Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS

(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS  
COQUETTE

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold  
that close

In glinting ringlets round my captive will,  
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose  
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.  
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn  
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;  
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt  
envied still,  
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.



The grace and wisdom, which as symbols  
stand

Of knowledge springing from the Source  
Divine,

Surrender to the far angelic sphere;  
And thus renounced the gifts of Nature's  
hand,

Behold, that which remains to thee is thine;  
To be ungrateful, cruel, vain, austere!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA

(Early Seventeenth Century)

## OPEN THE DOOR

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA was a Castilian poet who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He adhered to the methods of the old Spanish poets and left a number of songs, mostly devotional in character.

O porter, ope the door for me!  
I'm shivering in the cold and rain;  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!  
I and this poor old man have come  
Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,  
And here we stray without a home;  
His weariness o'erwhelms me more  
Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door  
To shelter us from cold and rain!—  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

The night is dark, and dull and cold;  
No inn is open on the road;  
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,  
And not a straggler walks abroad;  
We nought but solitude behold,  
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

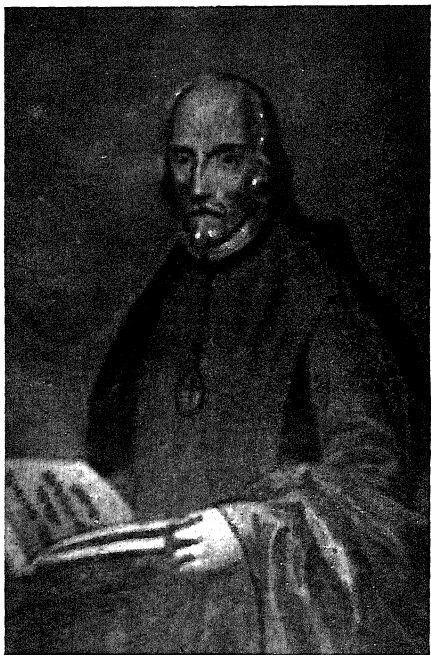
Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door  
Throw open for the love of heaven;  
We are but two—but two—no more,—  
I and my poor old husband, driven  
For refuge here; and we implore  
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—  
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Here give us welcome; thou wilt be  
Rewarded by God's grace, which can  
Shower unexpected joys; though he  
May be an old, defenceless man,  
Yet God has recompense for thee;  
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain;—  
Take pity on the stranger's pain.

Let us not tarry longer,—ope!  
We're chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!

Ope to the wanderers now, and hope  
They well thy kindness may repay;  
Time and eternity give scope  
For recompense. The wind and rain,  
Beat on,—relieve the stranger's pain!  
—*Anonymous.*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA  
(1600-1681)

## THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme poet of the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He became the favorite dramatist of Philip IV, who created him Knight of Santiago in 1637. He took part in the hostilities in Catalonia in 1640, and became a priest in 1651, which did not, however, interfere with his writing for the theatre until his death at Madrid. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superior lyrical gifts, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Poesías* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Werke* by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and *Calderon, His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trench (New York, 1856).

A dream it was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, then hailed me  
king,  
In a brave palace that was all my own,  
Within, and all without it, mine; until,  
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,  
Methought I towered so big and swelled  
so wide  
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble  
Which my ambition had about me blown  
And all again was darkness. Such a dream  
As this, in which I may be walking now,  
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,  
Who make believe to listen; but anon  
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume  
and steel,  
Ay, even with all your airy theatre,  
May flit into the air you seem to rend  
With acclamations, leaving me to wake  
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake  
From this that waking is; or this and that,  
Both waking and both dreaming; such a  
doubt  
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.  
But whether wake or dreaming, this I  
know  
How dreamwise human glories come and go;



Whose momentary tenure not to break,  
Walking as one who knows he soon may  
wake,  
So fairly carry the full cup, so well  
Disordered insolence and passion quell,  
That there be nothing after to upbraid  
Dreamer or doer in the part he played;  
Whether tomorrow's dawn shall break the  
spell,  
Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,  
When dreaming, with the night, shall pass  
away.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

FROM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

We live, while we see the sun,  
Where life and dreams are as one;  
And living has taught me this,  
Man dreams the life that is his,  
Until his living is done.  
The king dreams he is king, and he lives  
In the deceit of a king,  
Commanding and governing;  
And all the praise he receives  
Is written in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way  
When death ends all with a breath.  
Where then is the gain of a throne,  
That shall perish and not be known  
In the other dream that is death?  
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,  
The fears that his riches breed;  
The poor man dreams of his need,  
And all his sorrows and tears;  
Dreams he that prospers with years,  
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,  
Dreams he that rails on his foes;  
And in all the world, I see,  
Man dreams whatever he be,  
And his own dream no man knows.  
And I too dream and behold,  
I dream I am bound with chains,  
And I dreamed that these present pains  
Were fortunate ways of old.  
What is life? a tale that is told;  
What is life? a frenzy extreme,  
A shadow of things that seem;  
And the greatest good is but small,  
That all life is a dream to all,  
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

—*Arthur Symonds.*

## THE CROSS

Tree which heaven has willed to dower  
With that true fruit whence we live,  
As that other death did give;  
Of new Eden loveliest flower;  
Bow of light, that in worst hour  
Of the worst flood signal true  
O'er the world, of mercy threw;  
Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine;  
Of our David harp divine;  
Of our Moses tables new;  
Sinner am I, therefore I  
Claim upon thy mercies make;  
Since alone for sinners' sake  
God on thee endured to die.

—*R. C. Trench.*

## THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Honey in the lion's mouth,  
Emblem mystical, divine,  
How the sweet and strong combine;  
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;  
Treasure-house of golden grain  
By our Joseph laid in store,  
In his brethren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;  
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;  
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;  
Shew-bread laid in order meet,  
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,  
Though no rain in April fall;  
Horeb's manna freely given  
Showered in white dew from heaven,  
Marvelous, angelical;  
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;  
Cake to strengthen and sustain  
Through long days of desert pain;  
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—  
Thou the antidote shalt be  
Of my sickness and my sin,  
Consolation, medicine,  
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Trench.*





*From an old Painting*

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES  
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native of Belmonte near Calatayud. He became a Jesuit, and obtained great renown as a philosopher. In his poetry he follows and exceeds Góngora in extravagance of style.

After, in the celestial theatre  
The horseman of the day is seen to spur  
To the refulgent Bull, in his brave hold  
Shaking for darts his rays of burning gold.  
The beauteous spectacle of stars—a crowd  
Of lovely dames, his tricks applaud aloud;  
They, to enjoy the splendor of the fight,  
Remain on heaven's high balcony of light.  
Then is strange metamorphosis, with  
    spurs  
And crest of fire, red-throated Phoebus  
    stirs,

Like a proud cock amongst the hens divine  
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins that  
shine,  
Hens of the heavenly field.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*



SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO

(1601-1693)

“WHILE TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE  
GOING ”

SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and died in Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her profession as a Dominican sister. Her works are to be found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen, 1646) and in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos e humanos versos* (Lisbon, 1733).

While to Bethlehem we are going,  
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,  
Tell me why this lovely Infant  
Quitted His divine abode?—  
“From that world to bring to this  
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,  
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Wherefore from His throne exalted,  
Came He on His earth to dwell—

All His pomp an humble manger,  
All His court a narrow cell?—  
“From that world to bring to this  
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,  
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Why did He, the Lord eternal,  
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,  
He who fashioned for His glory  
Boundless immortality?—  
“From that world to bring to this  
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,  
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem,  
Thither let us haste and rest;  
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest  
Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.

—*John Bowring.*

#### THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair  
And full of wonder strange and new,  
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare  
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

*First.* I saw the trembling fire look wan.

*Second.* I saw the sun shed tears of blood

*Third.* I saw a God become a man.

*Fourth.* I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,

The bosom's awe and reverence move;

But who such prodigies has wrought?

What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas  
love!

What called from heaven that flame  
divine,

Which streams in glory from above;

And bade it o'er earth's bosom shine,

And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bade the glorious sun arrest

His course, and o'er heaven's concave  
move

In tears,—the saddest, loneliest

Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,

Even to the starry seats above,

That for our mortal progeny,

A man becomes a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light  
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;  
Led the great source of day—to night;  
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,  
The victories all,—beneath,—above,—  
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,  
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,  
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—  
The trembling fire that looked so wan,  
The weeping sun behind the cloud.  
A God—a God! becomes a man!  
A mortal man becomes a God!

—*John Bowring.*

## FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611-1667)

ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING  
TO A CONVENT

FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian and poet, was born of an illustrious family at Lisbon. His works may be found in *Obras métricas* (Lyons, 1665).

Pause not with lingering foot, O pilgrim,  
here,

Pierce the deep shadows of the moun-  
tain-side;

Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to  
fear,

To brighter worlds this thorny path will  
guide.

Soon shall thy foot approach the calm  
abode

So near the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road  
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,  
How many a fountain glitters down the  
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,  
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou  
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human  
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE  
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

## AMOR MYSTICUS

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX, a nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega Carpio. She is a famous figure among the religious mystical writers of the period following that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her principal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover  
That here I lie!  
The thing of His pleasure,—  
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him  
Only for love,  
And welcome are tortures  
My passion to prove.

Love giving gifts  
Is suspicious and cold;  
I have all, my Belovéd  
When Thee I hold.

Hope and devotion  
The good may gain;  
I am but worthy  
Of passion and pain.

So noble a Lord  
None serves in vain,  
For the pay of my love  
Is my love's sweet pain.

I love Thee, to love Thee,—  
No more I desire;  
By faith is nourished  
My love's strong fire.

I kiss Thy hands  
When I feel their blows;  
In the place of caresses  
Thou givest me woes.

But in Thy chastising  
Is joy and peace.



O Master and Love,  
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,  
With scorn is rife,  
But I know that Thou lovest me  
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,  
Lover of mine,  
Death can but make me  
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing  
Thy face to see;  
Oh! sweet is the anguish  
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"  
(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

*(Between the Asistente of Seville and the River Guadalquivir, the latter being very swollen at the time.)*

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a poet of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master here!

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor; what is your desire?

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no  
higher;

Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,  
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

How can I stem my floods your course to  
steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;  
He is your offspring and my chief su-  
preme,—

And you shall have a decoration  
high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—

I want it not, nor fear its hollow  
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,  
Which being but a stream of poor  
supply

Would stoop its shoulders unto any  
crime,

And take your decoration as sublime!

—*Thomas Walsh.*





*From the painting in the Convent of S. Jerónimo,  
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ  
(1651-1691)

## THE LOST LOVE

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ was born, Juana de Asbaje, at San Miguel de Nepantla in Mexico. From childhood she showed literary ability and some of her poems are considered the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her poems, see the edition by Juan Gamacho Gayna (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *Juana de Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid, 1910).

Ah! when shall I, my glory,  
Discern thy light in radiance shining,  
Thy presence illusory,  
To bring me sweet release from grief and  
pining?

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanting  
rapture,  
And yield thee mine, as tender capture?

When will thy voice awaken  
Mine ears with thrilling accents from their  
sadness,  
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken  
By the floods of its ineffable gladness,  
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after  
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee with  
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent  
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my being?  
And when shall I, indulgent,  
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and fleeing,  
No more bemoan the pangs of my past  
sorrow?

When thou shalt come, and glorify the  
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,  
Since fast through weariness my life is  
fading,  
And absence without measure;



Come then, lest, heeding not my soft  
persuading,  
Thou wound my love; e'en yet, despite  
mine anger,  
With tears of hope I will refresh my languor!  
—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## CAPRICE

Who thankless flees me, I with love pursue,  
Who loving follows me, I thankless flee;  
To him who spurns my love I bend the  
knee,  
His love who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;  
I find as diamond him I yearning woo,  
Myself a diamond when he yearns for me;  
Who slays my love I would victorious see,  
While slaying him who wills me blisses true.  
To favor this one is to lose desire,  
To crave that one, my virgin pride to tame;  
On either hand I face a prospect dire,  
Whatever path I tread, the goal the same:  
To be adored by him of whom I tire,  
Or else by him who scorns me brought to  
shame.

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

## ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN

Males perverse, schooled to condemn  
Women by your witless laws,  
Though forsooth you are prime cause  
Of that which you blame in them:

If with unexampled care  
You solicit their disdain,  
Will your fair words ease their pain,  
When you ruthless set the snare?

Their resistance you impugn,  
Then maintain with gravity  
That it was mere levity  
Made you dare to importune.

. . . . .

What more elevating sight  
Than of man with logic crass,  
Who with hot breath fogs the glass,  
Then laments it is not bright!

Scorn and favor, favor, scorn,  
What you will, result the same,  
Treat you ill, and earn your blame,  
Love you well, be left forlorn.

Scant regard will she possess  
Who with caution wends her way,—  
Is held thankless for her “nay,”  
And as wanton for her “yes.”  
.  
.  
.

What must be the rare caprice  
Of the quarry you engage:  
If she flees, she wakes your rage,  
If she yields, her charms surcease.  
.  
.  
.

Who shall bear the heavier blame,  
When remorse the twain enthralls,  
She, who for the asking, falls,  
He who, asking, brings to shame?

Whose the guilt, where to begin,  
Though both yield to passion's sway,  
She who weakly sins for pay,  
He who, strong, yet pays for sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove  
That the guilt lies at your gate?  
Either love those you create,  
Or create those you can love.

To solicitation truce,—

Then, sire, with some show of right  
You may mock the hapless plight  
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

#### TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment  
planned

With finest art and all the colored shows  
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose  
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned!  
Here where in constant flattery expand  
Excuses for the stains that old age knows,  
Pretexts against the years' advancing  
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis  
nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

SISTER GREGORIA FRANCISCA  
(1653-1736)

## ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD

SISTER GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gregoria Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, the daughter of wealthy parents half Spanish, half Flemish. At an early age she entered the convent and in 1669 became a professed nun of the Order of Carmelites founded by Saint Teresa in Seville. She rose to great eminence in her Order and left some precious mystical poetry to be found in the *Vida exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria Francisca de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego de Torres Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poesías* were published by A. de Latour (Paris, 1865). See also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria Francisca* by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

Envyng a little bird  
His flight to heaven my heart is stirred,

So hardy is the wing he finds  
To breast the bluster of the winds,  
So lightly pulsing doth he fare,  
Enamored of the sunset there—  
And swaying ever higher, higher,  
He mounts unto the realms of fire!  
Would I were with thee in thy flight,  
Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,  
And from thy heart such impulse know  
As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!  
I follow with a lover's sighs  
Impatient, where thou cleav'st the skies,  
Feeling my body's prison bars  
Withhold my spirit from the stars.  
For of the Sun supreme am I  
A love-delirious butterfly;  
By tender dawns I sip,—but claim  
The blossom of His noontide flame.  
O little bird, my dismal cell  
Reflects His sunlit splendors well—  
His glorious beauties are for me  
But shadowed in my misery!  
In envy of thy boundless flight  
But one desire can requite  
My heart,—a salamander's soul  
To brave His flames without control!—

Thy flight is joyous, little bird.  
While I in prison am interred;  
But seeing thee my soul is raised  
Unto the skies thou seek'st amazed;  
A lover and a captive bound  
Am I amid my darkness found;  
Would that some mighty power would rend  
My chains and my harsh durance end!  
O what a flight would then be mine,  
Could I this shackle-weight resign!  
With what warm impulse of the skies  
My wing against thine own would rise!  
Unto thy heart yon crimson tryst  
Of sunset glory hath sufficed;  
Thy spirit glad and free of care  
Doth to its golden lattice fare;  
But I who, knowing, love and pine  
For Him that is the Sphere Divine,  
Of griefs my only wings can make,  
And flights alone on sighings take!  
In His immensity of light  
I fall into annulling blight;  
In the vast clearness of His sphere  
My feeble senses disappear.  
His brilliance bids my wings expand  
To rapid flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond  
Denies me freedom for beyond!  
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing  
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,  
And breasting higher, higher, bear  
This message of my fond despair;  
Unto that Light and Sun to show  
How love doth wound me here below;  
Within the inaccessible sky  
To say how of my love I die,  
Since through my light of faith alone  
His radiant beauteousness is known;  
To say, the more His splendor shows  
The more my dismal blindness grows;  
And yet I glory in the dark  
His steps in passing by me mark;  
To say I wait the joyous hour  
When He shall break the mortal power  
That holds me prisoned here so long,  
And loose me for the wingéd throng,  
To say His rays through chink and bar  
But only added torments are;—  
That all the more His lights display  
The more my wounds and burns by day;  
That all the noons are full of Him,  
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—



That all my soul is in decline,  
Beholding thus His glory shine!  
Little bird, if thou of love  
Ever the sweet pain didst prove,  
Pity take upon my woes  
And mourn o'er what my breasts disclose.  
Speak to my sweet Lord on high,  
That He may grant me liberty,  
And lending thy fair wings the while  
That I may seek His distant isle,  
And from this prison dire be gone,  
From this captivity whereon  
So many a tear and groan I shed  
Unto my dark and exiled bed;  
Where gazing on thy happy flight  
I realize my bitter plight,—  
And love the more impatient glows  
As brighter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA  
(1748-1791)

SONG

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and who indulged in satires of local abuses, and in purely lyrical compositions. His *Poesías* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;  
The rifted crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountain's brim,  
And forest-walks can witness  
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame,

And tell him how I love him  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage;  
They cannot seek his hand.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

(1750-1791)

## THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).

This little fable heard,  
It good or ill may be;  
But it has just occurred  
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,  
Some fields adjoining me  
A big ass on his road  
Came accidentally.

And laid upon the spot,  
A Flute he chanced to see,  
Some shepherd had forgot  
There accidentally.

The animal in front  
To scan it nigh came he,  
And snuffing loud as wont,  
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around  
The pipe went passing free  
And thus the Flute a sound  
Gave accidentally.

"O then," exclaimed the Ass,  
"I know to play it fine;  
And who for bad shall class  
This music asinine?"

Without the rules of art,  
Even asses, we agree,  
May once succeed in part,  
Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

## JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

(1754-1817)

ODA

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at Ribera del Fresno, became a professor at Salamanca, and was patronized by Jovellanos. He is considered the leader of the Salamancan Gallic school; in the War of Independence he sided with the French, fleeing later to France where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías* were published at Madrid in 1785; and his *Life*, written by Quintana, may be found with his poems, in the edition of 1820. His poems are also to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss  
 Upon Nisé I pressed,  
 Paradise-grain and cassia  
 Her lovely breath confessed.  
 And on her smiling lips  
 Such luscious sweets I found

As never knew the hills  
Or bees of Hybla's ground.  
To purify its balm  
With love's essential dews,  
A thousand and a thousand times  
Each day her lips I choose;  
Until the sum and total  
Of all our score amount  
To kisses more than Venus  
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE  
MORATÍN  
(1760-1826)

ODE: THE DAY AT HOME

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!  
Just when I stay at home,  
To find that such a press  
Of visitors must come!  
Boy,—go bar the door;  
My neighbor now prepares





*From the painting by Goya*

Leandro Fernández de Moratín



With all her tribe and more  
To climb my private stairs!  
What then?—You cannot close—  
The guests are now too near?  
Doña Tecla and all those  
Girls of hers I hear!  
A coach has stopped below,  
I hear it at the door.  
'Tis Don Venancio  
Who comes—that famous bore!  
Then too comes in Don Luke  
With stately twists and bows;  
Don Mauro with his hook  
Out for mitres for his brows;  
Don Génaro, Don Zoile  
And Doña Basilissas  
And all their nurseries vile  
Of masters and of misses!  
What stupid compliments,  
What speeches they are aping!  
Be Mount Torozos bent  
To shield me in escaping!  
And now they settle down  
(And seats are not enough!)  
To nibble cakes and drown  
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

The Devil!—I, who lead  
A solitary life,  
A bachelor, indeed,  
Without a child or wife;  
I who of wedded bliss  
Resigned the calm delight,—  
Must I give way to this  
Invading insect blight?  
And must I too submit  
To this uproar and gabble,  
And here in patience sit  
Amid this endless rabble!—  
But see, they all arise  
And leave me in a hurry!—  
Each fan, each bonnet flies;  
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—  
Acknowledgments and thanks  
For this your cordial visit—  
Obliged—but should your ranks  
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—  
So they have peeped their measure,—  
And they have had a chance—  
Now if it be their pleasure  
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA

(1772-1856)

ODE TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-  
TION OF MARCH

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Madrid. He became in declared opposition to the French domination in Spain. On the return of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after holding many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego submitted, however, to all the French rules of composition, and he produced odes of great power on patriotic subjects. His best edition of *Obras* is that of Madrid, 1897. He is also represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

What nation, tell me, in the older day  
Proclaimed its destiny across the world,  
Through all the climes extending its broad  
    sway

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic swept  
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept  
And Africa's upon its boundary main.

The hardy sail upon its fickle course  
In vain would 'scape the reaches of its power;

All earth for mineral riches was its source,  
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bower.

Nor where the tempests raged the most  
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.

Now to the depths of shame reduced,  
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,  
Like some poor slave unto the market used  
To the vile whip and shackle basely borne!—

What desolation, God!—The plague re-  
spires

Its deadly breath of poison on the air  
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspires  
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus ope  
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast!

Thrice, but oh see, where even without a  
glance of hope  
The tutelary gods have passed,  
And on the sea and land have left us cast!  
Throughout thy spreading realms what hast  
thou seen,  
O Spain?—but bitter mourning spread,  
Sorrow and misery between  
Thy fruits of slavery full harvested?  
Thus the sail rends, the hulk is smashed,  
And broken goes the bark upon its way;  
With every wave a torment it is lashed;  
Its prows no more their garlands old display.  
Nor sign of hope nor of content appears;  
Its standard floats no more upon the air.  
The voyager's song is broken by his tears;  
The mariner's voice is hushed by weight  
of care,  
And dread of death comes ever on his heart,  
A dread of death in silence; there apart  
He drifts where the destroying shoals  
prepare.  
Then the fell moment! Reaching forth  
his hand  
The Tyrant threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames.  
As from the cloud the summer tempest  
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.  
His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;  
The anvils groan, the hammers fall,  
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou  
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is  
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery  
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they  
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?

Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,

And let her outraged ire

From the volcano of her bosom bound,

High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,

Where in their dread they hide,

And let the echoes learn

And all the banks of Tagus wide



Hear the great sound of rage outcried,—  
“Vengeance!”—Where, sacred river, where  
The titans who with pride and wrong  
Opposed our weal so long?  
Their glories are no more, while ours  
prepare;  
And thou so fierce and proud  
Seeing Castile and thy Castilians there  
Urgest thy ruddy waves in seaward pour,  
Crying aloud:—“The tyrants are no  
more!”  
Triumph! and glory! O celestial time!  
Would that my tongue might speak our  
country’s name  
Unto the very winds sublime!  
Gladly would I—but not on harp of gold—  
My song acclaim; not in the prison hold  
Where the inspired breast  
Grows weak and cold,  
With breathless lips opprest.  
Old Tyrteus’ lyre untomb,  
In the bright sun and the uplifting wind  
Of pineclad, rocky Fuenfría’s bloom!  
High be my flight consigned  
To noble singing that shall rouse the plain  
And wake Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!  
War, awful name and now sublime!  
The refuge and the sacred shield in time  
To stay the savage Attila's advance  
With fiery steed and lance!—  
War! War! O Spaniards, on the shore  
Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more  
Thy Ferdinand the Third's imposing  
brows!  
See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear!  
Behold the Cid with sword in mad carouse!  
And o'er the Pyrenees the form appear  
Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son!  
See how their stormy wraiths are interspun!  
How valor breathes from out their hollow  
tombs  
Where "War" upon the mighty echoes  
booms!  
And then! Canst thou with face serene  
Behold the fertile plains  
Where endless greed would glean  
Our heritage and gains,  
And to destruction cast? Awake,  
O hero-race, the moment is at hand  
When victory thou must take—  
Our glory owning thine more grand,—

Thy name a higher place than ours to  
take!—

It was no little day they raised  
Nor vain—the altar of our fathers grand;  
Swear then to keep its praise;  
Swear,—“Rather death than tyrants in the  
land!”—

Yea, I do swear it, Venerable Shades,  
And with the vow mine arm is stronger  
grown.

Give me the lance, tie on my helm and  
blades,

And to my vengeance bid me swift be gone!  
Let him despairing bow his coward head  
To dust and shame! Perchance the  
mighty flood

Of devastation on its course shall spread  
And bear me on? What matter? One  
can shed

But once his mortal blood!

Shall I not go to meet

Our mighty ones upon the field of old?

“Hail, warrior forefathers!” there to greet  
Their mighty “Hail.” Where hero-Spain  
Amid the horror and the carnage cold  
Lifts up her bleeding head again,

And turns anew from her unhappy reign,  
A Victress, her reconquered lands to  
sign

With golden sceptre and device divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO  
(1775-1841)

NIGHT

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO was born of English parents at Seville where he became Canon of the cathedral. Succumbing to religious doubts, he resigned his ecclesiastical post and retired to England where he joined nearly every religious organization in search of peace of mind. Cardinal Newman bears testimony to the excellence of his moral character. He wrote both in Spanish and English, but he lives in literature chiefly through his beautiful sonnet in English entitled *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de los heterodoxos en España*, III, lib. vii; and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White* (London, 1845).

Mysterious Night! when our first parent  
knew

Thou, from report divine, and heard thy  
name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely  
frame,—  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting  
flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness  
lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could  
find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood re-  
vealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
us blind!  
Why do we then shun death with anxious  
strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not  
life?

—*Anonymous.*

ANDRÉS BELLO  
(1781-1865)

## DIALOGUE

ANDRÉS BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and patriot was long considered the most important figure in South American letters. His *Obras completas* appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1881-1885; see also the work of M. L. Amunátegui (Santiago de Chile, 1882).

TIRCIS

How I should love thee, Cloris, but—

CLORIS

But why?—

TIRCIS

And wouldst thou have me tell thee?—

CLORIS

And why not?

TIRCIS

It might annoy thee.—

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last

Thou didst vow to love another lad that  
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round

Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses  
shows



All that each various climate grows,  
 Brought forth from out thy ground!—  
 In spring thou bindst her garlands of the  
     ears  
 Of richest corn; thou giv'st the grape  
 Unto the sopping cask; no form nor  
     shape  
 Of purple, red or yellow flower appears  
 Unknown to thy soft bowers;  
 The odors of thy thousand flowers  
 The wind's delight afford;  
 Across thy pasture sward  
 The countless flocks go grazing from the  
     plain,  
 Whose only boundary the horizon sets,  
 Unto the surging mountains, where  
 Lifting the snows into the inaccessible air  
 They hold their parapets.  
 Thou givest, too, the beauty of the cane  
 Where honey sweet is stored  
 That leaves the beehive in disdain;  
 Thou in thy coral urns bring'st forth the  
     bean  
 Which soon in chocolate in the cup is  
     poured;  
 With blaze of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;  
 Thy plant of indigo such hues afford  
 As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart  
     looked through.

Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores  
 To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine  
 The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming  
     pours

With solace when their hearts aweary pine.  
 Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,  
 Whose perfumes rare the savage rage  
     refine

And cool the Bacchic flush;  
 And for the children of thy land  
 The stately palm-tree's fronds are far  
     displayed

And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.  
 The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy  
     breads;

And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;  
 The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs  
 Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

. . . . .

Within thy hands the passiflower blooms  
 In branches of far-showing green;

And thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford  
Nectarean globes and striped flowers'  
perfumes.

For thee the maize, the haughty lord  
Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen;  
For thee the rich banana's heavy tree  
Displays its sweetest store—  
The proud banana, richest treasury  
That Providence in bounteousness could  
pour

With gracious hand on Ecuador!  
It asks no human culture for its aid,  
Ere its first fruits are displayed,  
Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it  
shares

The honorable harvest that it bears.  
Not even the slightest care it needs  
Of pious hands about it shed,  
And to its ripeness so it speeds  
That hardly is it harvested,  
Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.

. . . . .  
Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow  
Crowned with new laurels in the marveling  
West!

Give honor to the fields, the simple life  
endow,  
And hold the plains and modest farmer  
blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign  
Fair Liberty enshrined,  
Ambition modified, and Law composed,  
Thy people's paths immortal there to find  
Not fickle nor in vain!—

So emulous Time shall see disclosed  
New generations and new names of might,  
Blazing in highest light  
Beside your heroes old!

“These are my sons! Behold!”—

(You shall declare amain)—

“Sons of the fathers who did climb  
The Andes' peaks in years ago, —  
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon, —  
In Maipu and in Junín sublime, —  
On Apurima's glorious plain,  
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA  
(1787-1862)

## ANACREONTIC

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. He was among the first to introduce romanticism into Spanish literature. An edition of his *Poesías líricas* was published at Paris in 1847.

Let thunder burst,  
    Pour out and drink the wine!  
Thou never saw'st a thunderbolt  
    Strike the tender vine.

Vesuvius himself  
    To Bacchus tribute pays,  
And spares the vineyard flourishing  
    Where his lava sways.

In Italy in vain  
    I hero sought or sage;

Mine eyes but dusty ruins found,  
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce  
Remains to be portrayed;  
A tomb is Herculaneum,  
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,  
His nectar rich remained,  
And in memory of Horace  
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Kennedy.*

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA  
(1791-1865)

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

ÁNGEL DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a native of Cordoba, whose work marks the triumph of romanticism in Spain. He spent ten years in exile in France, England, and Italy after his participation in the War of Independence. He returned to hold high offices of state in Spain and died at Madrid. He is principally known as a dramatist; his works were published at Madrid in 1894-1904.

Black night enswathes the mighty world;  
The hurricane and cloud confuse  
With piling shadows measureless  
The sky, the sea, the land;  
But thou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,  
Wearing thy faithful crown of light,  
Like some old king of Chaos in the glow  
That shines for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks  
And shrinks to nought beneath thy feet,  
Seeking amid its seething foam  
The refuge of the port.  
Thou with thy tongue of flame declare'st:  
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the pilot  
who  
With pious eyes upon thee hails thy light  
As his divinity.—  
Or night is calm, against its royal robe  
The gentle zephyr rustling on its gold and  
stars  
Whereon the moon rolls forth!  
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,  
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,  
And lift'st thy diadem among the stars.  
The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding rocks  
And treacherous shoals beneath their  
shifting gleam  
Call to the passing ships;  
But thou, whose splendor overcomes  
All else,—but thou upon thy sturdy  
throne,—  
Thou art the star to warn them of the  
snare.  
Thus Reason's torch amid the raging flames



Of Passion or of Flattery's soft whine,  
 Before the straight gaze of the soul!  
 Down from the airy refuge of thy reign  
 So calm, O rescue me from angry Fate,  
 And grant thy peaceful hospitality  
 Unto my troubled soul!

Often and often with my cares I've come  
 To thee for sweet oblivion in thine arms,  
 Bowing before thee, lifting up mine eyes  
 To thy resplendent brows!

How often, ah! from off the raging seas  
 I've turned again to thee! With all in  
     absence long  
 From spouse and sons,—  
 With all the fugitives, the poor, the  
     scourged,  
 That seek asylum here afar where thou  
 Dost speak with light of welcoming!  
 Thou art the guiding star to nightly sails  
 That bear me from afar the news of wrongs  
 In letters writ of tears;  
 When first mine eyes beheld thee shine  
 Oh, how my breast upheaved with hopes  
 And happy omens!

From Latium's inhospitable shores  
 An exile coming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld  
That signaling divine;  
The mariners too beholding it on high  
Forgetting all their cares and frightened  
vows  
Amid the stormy darkness, murmured  
fond:  
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"—  
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines  
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks  
Afar for healing comfort!—  
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore!  
Thy splendor now would I alone ex-  
change,—  
Thou unforgettable bright king of night,  
Beneficent pure flame—  
For that fair light and those refulgent  
stars  
That shine reflected in the morning sun  
From off the gold Archangel on the dome  
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS  
HERREROS

(1796-1873)

SATIRICAL *LETRILLA*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a prolific author of the romantic period of the Spanish stage. His *Poesías* appeared at Madrid in 1883. See also *Bretón de los Herreros* by the Marqués de Molins (Madrid, 1883).

Whene'er Don Juan has a feast at home  
I am forgotten as if at Rome;  
But he will for funerals me invite,  
To kill me with the annoyance quite;  
Well, be it so!

Coeleste, with a thousand coy excuses  
Will sing the song that set she chooses,  
And all about her that environ,  
Though like an owl, call her a siren;  
Well, be it so!

A hundred bees, without reposing,

Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,  
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;  
Well, be it so!

Man to his like moves furious war,  
As if he were too numerous far;  
Alone the medical squadrons wait  
The world itself to depopulate;  
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain,  
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,  
And of vintners too, yet people still  
Talk about robbers in the hill;  
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try  
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply;  
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,  
Over a ball two thousand dollars;  
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching;  
A better time we wait for teaching;  
If vices in vain I try to brand,  
And find I only write on sand,  
Well, be it so!

—James Kennedy.





José María de Heredia

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA  
(1803-1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago de Cuba, whence he was exiled in 1823 for his participation in political conspiracies. He retired to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died at Toluca. There was an edition of his *Obras* published at New York in 1875. A convenient edition of his poems is that of E. Zerolo (Paris, 1893).

My lyre! Give me my lyre! My bosom  
finds

The glow of inspiration. Oh, how long  
Have I been left in darkness, since this  
light

Last visited my brow! Niagara!  
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore  
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush  
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside  
Those wide-involving shadows, that my  
eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy face!  
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,  
For from my very boyhood have I loved,  
Shunning the meaner track of common  
minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier moods.  
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,  
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,  
I have been touched with joy; and when the  
sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked my bark.  
and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved  
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.

But never yet the madness of the sea  
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves  
me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves  
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current  
then

Shoots onward like the irresistible course  
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—



The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My  
brain

Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze  
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight  
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge  
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-  
able

Meet there and madden,—waves innumer-  
able

Urge on and overtake the waves before,  
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap.—the abyss  
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.

A thousand rainbows arch them, and the  
woods

Are deafened with the roar. The violent  
shock

Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.

A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and  
heaves

The mighty pyramid of circling mist  
To heaven. The solitary hunter near  
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks thy restless eye? Why are  
not here,

About the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the  
plains

Of my own native Cuba spring and spread  
Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,  
And in the breathings of the ocean air,  
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted  
blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines  
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,  
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may  
grow

In gardens, and give out their fragrance  
there,  
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine  
it is

To do a nobler office. Generous minds  
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to  
rise

Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they  
partake

Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy  
name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen  
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,  
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw  
Their fellows deep into impiety;

And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face  
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here  
My heart doth open all itself to thee.

In this immensity of loneliness  
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear  
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings  
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.  
Dread torrent, that with wonder and with  
fear

Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks  
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—  
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who  
supplies,

Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?  
What power hath ordered, that when all  
thy weight

Descends into the deep, the swollen waves  
Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?  
The Lord has opened his omnipotent hand,  
Covered thy face with clouds, and given  
voice

To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt  
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.  
I see thy never-resting waters run  
And I bethink me how the tide of Time  
Sweeps by eternity. So pass, of man,—

Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossoming days,  
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—  
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow  
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.  
Never have I so deeply felt as now  
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,  
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!  
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart  
Be happy without love? I would that one  
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined  
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk  
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see  
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and become  
More beautiful from fear, and overspread  
With a faint smile, while clinging to my side.  
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me  
There is no country and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!  
 Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall  
     close  
 Over the bones of him who sings thee now  
 Thus feelingly. Would that this, my hum-  
     ble verse,  
 Might be, like thee, immortal! I, mean-  
     while,  
 Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,  
 Might raise my radiant forehead in the  
     clouds  
 To listen to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

I ord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,  
 I know thy breath in the burning sky!  
 And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,  
 For the coming of the hurricane!  
 And lo! on the wind of the heavy gales  
 Through the boundless arch of the heaven  
     he sails;  
 Silent and slow, and terribly strong,  
 The mighty shadow is borne along,  
 Like the dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and  
dumb,

Through the calm of the thick hot atmos-  
phere,

Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze

Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,

And he sends through the shade a funeral  
ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,

A beam that touches, with hues of death,

The clouds above and the earth beneath.

To its covert glides the silent bird

While the hurricane's distant voice is  
heard

Uplifted among the mountains round,

And the forests hear and answer the  
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled!

Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—

How his gray skirts toss in the whirling  
gale;

How his huge and writhing arms are bent

To clasp the zone of the firmament,

And fold at length in their dark embrace,  
From mountain to mountain the visible  
space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear  
The dust of the plains to the middle air.

And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-  
cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that  
start

From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,  
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,  
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'Tis the rain that  
breaks

In torrents away from the airy lakes,  
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground  
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah, well-known woods, and mountains, and  
skies,

With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my  
eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place  
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through  
space,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall  
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all,  
And I, cut off from the world, remain  
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*



## FELIPE PARDO

(1806-1886)

## OUR SOVEREIGN KING

Felipe Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of whose work may be found in the *Poesias y escritos en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo* (Paris, 1869).

A bit of topsy-turvy artifice

Goes wandering like a monarch through  
our streets,

A whiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that  
meets

To riot for whatever cause there is;

A wayward autocrat, whose services

To earth seem but the deadly plagues he  
heats;

A potentate of such ignoble feats

As nailed the Saviour to that cross of His.

A sultan whom no bond of law restrains,

From whose injustice there is no appeal;

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur stains.  
A red and white and black-faced Czar,  
whose heel  
America, our continent, profanes.—  
And called "The Sovereign People"—  
for his pains.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH

(1806-1880)

## TO CALDERÓN

Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic dramatist known principally as the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*. His *Poesías* may be found in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*, vol. I. (Madrid, 1887).

Thou who, in accent of disdain profound,  
Beholding man in all his littleness,  
Declared: "Life is a shade, a dream, no  
less  
For all the fantasy in living found!"  
When shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish  
ground,  
O Sun refulgent of our Stage, confess,  
Did any doubt of genius e'er oppress  
Thy mind of its own inspiration's bound?  
From Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,  
From Rhine to Andes, universal shrines

And homage to your masterpieces, show;  
Thy name to such eternity has grown,  
That it should teach thee to amend thy  
lines:

"All is a dream, *except my fame alone.*"

—*Thomas Walsh.*





José de Espronceda

## JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

## THE BEGGAR

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA was born at Pajares de la Vega, and educated at Madrid, whence, having engaged in political conspiracies, he was obliged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence to Paris. He returned in 1833 as a journalist and playwright and represented Almería in the *Cortes*. He died at Madrid. Many have considered him the leading Spanish poet of the nineteenth century, but it seems as though the current of criticism had set against him in later years. In his revolutionary and moral protestations he bore certain resemblances to Lord Byron, but it is not altogether fair to call him an imitator of the British poet. His *Obras poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1884. See also *Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus obras* by E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

*The world is mine; I am free as air;  
Let others work that I may eat;*

*All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—  
“An alms, for God’s sake, I entreat.”*

The cabin, the palace,  
Are my resort ;  
If the threat of the thunder  
Shall break from the mountain,  
Or the torrent’s quick fountain  
Shall drive me under,  
Within their shelter  
The shepherds make place,  
Lovingly asking me  
Food to grace;  
Or by the rich hearthstone  
I take my ease  
Fanned by the odors  
Of burning trees;  
With the luscious banquet  
And cushioned store,  
Upon the couch  
Of some proud *señor*.

And I say to myself:—  
“Let the breezes blow  
And the tempest rage



In the world without:  
Let the branches crack  
Where the high winds go,  
As I slumber with nothing to trouble about.  
*The world is mine; I am free as air! "*

All are my patrons,  
And for all I ask  
My God as I daily pray;  
From peasant and noble  
I get my pay,  
And I take their favors  
Both great and small.  
I never ask them  
Who they be,  
Nor stop to task them  
With thanks for fee.  
If they desire  
To give me alms,  
'Tis but their duty  
To tip my palms.  
Their wealth is sinful  
They must see;  
And a holy state  
Is my poverty,  
And he is a miser

Who would deny  
An alms, and a beggar  
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to note  
How I groan beneath my pain;  
They never see that their wealth is a mine  
Where I my treasures gain.  
*The world is mine; I am free as air!*

A rebel and a discontent  
Amid my rags am I;  
To satirise their ease I'm sent  
And with a sour-set eye  
I boldly stare at the potentate  
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid  
Of a thousand scents  
In her joy arrayed  
With her love-locks blent—  
'Tis she I follow  
Till she turns around,  
And my evil smells  
Her sense astound.  
At the feasts and spreads  
My voice is heard

And they bow their heads  
At my merest word.  
Their joy and revel  
I come to stay,  
At the sight of my rags  
And my voice's brags  
Their music dies away.  
Showing how near  
Dwell pain and joy;  
No joy without tear  
No pain *sans* glad alloy.  
*The world is mine; I am free as air!*

For me no morrow  
Nor yesterday;  
I forget the sorrow  
And the welladay.  
There's nought to trouble  
Or weary me here,—  
It's a palace tomorrow  
Or a hospital's cheer.  
I live a stranger  
To thoughts of care;  
Let others seek glory  
Or riches rare!  
My one concern

Is to pass today;  
 Let the laws prevail  
 Where the monarchs sway!  
 For I am a beggar  
 And a poor man proud;  
 'Tis through fear of me  
 There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum  
 Where'er it be,  
 And a hospital bed  
 Will be ready for me;  
 And a cosy ditch  
 Where my bones shall lie  
 Will cover me over  
 When I die.

*The world is mine; I am free as air;  
 Let others work that I may eat!  
 All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:—  
 "An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"  
 —Thomas Walsh.*

#### CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,  
 Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

She does not cut the sea, but fly,  
 A swiftly sailing brigantine;  
 A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,  
 For her surpassing boldness famed,  
 On every sea well-known and shore,  
 From side to side their boundaries o'er.  
 The moon in streaks the waves illumes  
 Hoarse groans the wind the rigging  
     through;  
 In gentle motion raised assumes  
 The sea a silvery shade with blue;  
 Whilst singing gaily on the poop  
 The pirate Captain, in a group,  
 Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,  
 And Stamboul in the front arise.

"Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;  
 Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,  
 Shall make thee yield in thy career  
 Or turn thee from thy course.  
 Despite the English cruisers fleet  
 We have full twenty prizes made;  
 And see their flags beneath my feet  
 A hundred nations laid.  
*My treasure is my gallant bark,*  
*My only God is liberty;*

*My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

“There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,

For palms of land, when here I hold  
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,  
Whate’er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate’er,  
Or banner proud, but of my might  
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,  
And made to feel my right.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

“Look when a ship our signals ring,  
Full sail to fly how quick she’s veered!  
For of the sea I am the king,  
My fury’s to be feared;  
But equally with all I share  
Whate’er the wealth we take supplies;  
I only seek the matchless fair,  
My portion of the prize.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

"I am condemned to die !—I laugh;  
For, if my fates are kindly sped,  
My doomer from his own ship's staff  
Perhaps I'll hang instead.

And if I fall, why what is life?

For lost I gave it then as due,  
When from slavery's yoke in strife  
A rover! I withdrew.

*My treasure is my gallant bark;  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.*

"My music is the Northwind's roar;  
The noise when round the cable runs,  
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,  
And rolling of my guns.

And as the thunders loudly sound,  
And furious the tempests rave,  
I calmly rest in sleep profound,  
So rocked upon the wave.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea."*

*—James Kennedy.*



GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN  
VALDÉZ

(1809-1844)

## PRAYER TO GOD

GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (*Plácido*) was the son of a Spanish dancer and a mulatto hair-dresser in Cuba, who was reared in the asylum from which he takes his name. He developed a great love for liberty, and with the education which he managed to obtain, he followed a roving literary career until he was accused of taking part in a negro conspiracy. He is said to have recited the "Prayer to God" on his way to his execution. His *Poesías* were published at Palma de Mallorca in 1847.

O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme!  
In overwhelming grief to thee I fly.  
Rending this veil of hateful calumny,  
Oh, let thine arms of might my fame redeem!

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God and mine,  
Thou only art my sure and strong defence.  
The polar snows, the tropic fires intense,  
The shaded sea, the air, the light are thine;  
The life of leaves, the water's changeful tide,  
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,  
And fails or flows obedient to thy breath;  
Without thee all is nought; in endless death  
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing worth.  
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and from nought  
By thy dread word the living man was wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee deceive?  
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!  
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,  
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.

Send forth thine hosts of truth and set her  
free!

Stay thou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

Forbid it, Lord, by that most free out-  
pouring

Of thine own precious blood for every  
brother

Of our lost race, and by thy Holy Mother,  
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,  
Who clothed in sorrow followed thee afar,  
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

But if this lot thy love ordains to me,  
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,  
To die and leave my poor and senseless dust  
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity;  
Speak thou, and then thy purposes fulfill;  
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—*Anonymous.*

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE  
AVELLANEDA

(1814-1873)

## TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she removed to Spain, where in 1841 she published her poems. She was twice married, dying at Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain; her early influences were of the French school but in her later work she reveals native Spanish influences. Her *Obras literarias* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold,—for all that held are  
broken;

So heaven ordained,—and blessed be its  
name!

The bitter chalice I have drained in token,  
And now is peace with nothing more to  
claim.

I loved thee—but no more—not even in  
fancy;

Never, if I have erred, the truth be said;  
O'er all the dreary years in necromancy  
I throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

Thou hast made riot there with breast  
unsparing,

Struck down my pride beneath thy blows  
insane,

But never turned my lips reproaches bear-  
ing

To bring a charge against thy tyrant  
reign.

Of weighty faults, a scourge in venging  
hour

Thou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst  
it not?—

Not thine was all the irresistible power

Which left my forces conquered and  
forgot.

'Twas God I sought,—unto His name be  
glory!—

For all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was thy  
story;  
I see and fear thee not, nor seek thy  
death!

Thy sceptre fallen and thy sword-blade  
rusted,

Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—  
I made a world of thee, in thee I trusted,—  
Now life around me is an empty plain.  
Be happy thou! If thou shouldst e'er  
discover

This poor adieu that I address to thee,—  
Know that the breast wherein thou once  
wert lover

Holds pardon for thee and sweet charity.

—*Thomas Walsh.*





*From a print in the Hispanic Society of America*

José Zorilla



JOSÉ ZORILLA  
(1817-1893)

## THE SPRINGLET

JOSÉ ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early in life he achieved reputation as a poet of high lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico but returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is still one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y líricas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1894).

Hasting on, the springlet flows,  
Licking up its dark brown bed;  
More and more its crystal grows  
As its course is sped.  
Stirs the grasses, moistens the sand,  
Plays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned  
With laughter light and gay.  
Couch of down it lends the vale;  
Cool its fan the birch-trees find;  
Reeds its quiet pathway trail  
To rest and shade resigned.  
Bursts it on the open sky!  
What was all its running for,  
If beneath the cliff it die  
Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE BULL AND THE *PICADOR*

Pawing the earth, and snorting in his  
rage  
The Bull is tossing up the torrid sand;  
The while the horseman's eye serene  
and bland  
Seeks out a point for his red lance to gauge.  
Steadied to take the charge, the fight to  
wage,  
The picador holds his impatient stand;  
His face, for all its blackness, whiter  
fanned  
To anger as the bull obstructs the stage.

He hesitates; the Spaniard jeers at him;  
 He shakes his hornéd front; he tears the  
 earth,  
 Heaving great breaths and straining every  
 limb;  
 The taunter urges him to prove his  
 worth;  
 Sudden he charges, fails, and bellows grim,  
 His shoulder bleeding, the great crowd in  
 mirth!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

No more the jousts and tourneys,  
 No more the Moorish songs,  
 No more dark battlements with throngs  
 Of hidden Moslem blades;  
 Today without their lattices,  
 Their terraces and glades,  
 No dance, no fair sultana  
 Glads with the old *pavana*  
 Her Sultan's garden shades.

No more the golden chambers  
 In the palaces of kings;

Nor hidden halls of pleasurings  
Of Orient devise;  
Nor are there dark-eyed women  
On the velvet couches lain,  
Where the Faithful may obtain  
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds  
In their cages made of gold  
Fill the air as once of old  
With the color of their songs;  
While within his bath reclining,  
Half-asleep, with odors shining,  
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure  
Like the Moorish days gone by;  
Age no rival can supply,  
Two alike could hardly be;  
But beneath the Gothic spire  
Of the Christian temple hangs  
A great bell whose mighty clangs  
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing  
On its hundred Gothic piles;

Crosses, altars in its aisles,  
And a creed of holiness;  
There's a people bending low,  
Lifting unto God its prayer  
In the light that's burning there  
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard  
Mid the foldings of the blast;  
The earth trembles at His word,  
And the future mocks the past.  
The mere cipher of His name  
On the sinful hearts of men,  
Was adored of old the same  
Through the Arab darkness then.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR

(1817-1891)

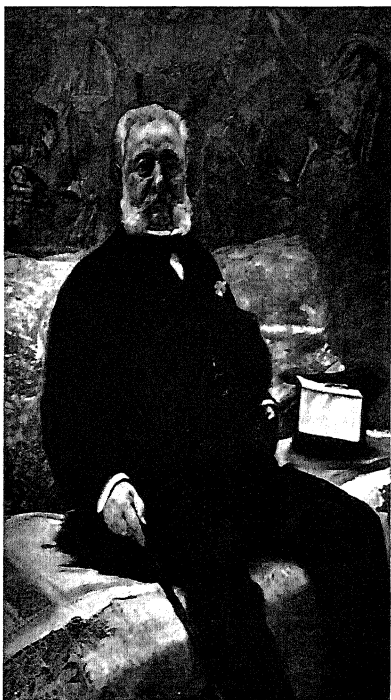
## TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at Navia. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and, later, devoting himself exclusively to poetry and politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1901.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze  
At forty years of age,  
And find myself so worn with days  
I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and peer  
Across my mirrored soul;  
And see within my conscience clear  
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth—  
I see my mortal curse!—



*From the painting by Sala in the Hispanic Society of  
America*

Ramón de Campoamor





Within my mirror—evil truth;  
And in my conscience—worse!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

## I

Please, Señor Cura, write a line for me—  
I know for whom; and so you needn't  
tell.

You know, because of that dark night when  
he

And I encountered you together.—Well!

Excuse us but—I did not find it strange;  
It was the night,—a chance for everyone.  
Hand me the pen and paper. Thanks.

Arrange

Yourself while I begin—“*My dear  
Ramón*”—

My dear?—You have it down in black and  
white?—

But not if you object!—Yes, yes, I  
vow!—

“*How sad I am*”—Does that not put it  
right?—

It does. "*How sad I am without you now!*"

"*There is an anguish gnawing in my heart*"—

How do you know the sorrow that I feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part  
And show as though a crystal did reveal!

"*What is this world without you?—Vale of tears!*

*And at your side?—An earthly Paradise!*"

Be sure the writing there so clear appears  
'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to his eyes!

"*The kiss I gave you when you went away*"—

But come, who then has told you all you know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or makes his stay,

Together—no offence—'tis always so.

"*And if your love delays you from my sight  
You do not know the sorrow it will cost!*"

Sorrow?—no more?—No, Señor Cura,  
write,

*With pain my very life will soon be lost!*

Your life—and know you not you mock at  
heaven?—

Yes, yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—  
I shall not write it.—Man be unforgiven,—  
If I could only write, myself and sign!—

2

O Señor Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly  
Will all your efforts to oblige me prove,  
If in your writing you will not state plainly  
All that I feel and all the power of love!

For God's sake, write him that my very  
spirit

Can hardly in my mortal body keep,  
That every day new sorrows I inherit,  
That I can nothing do but sigh and  
weep!—

That my poor lips, whereon his breath  
found roses

I nowadays can hardly open more;

That they forget to smile, so pain opposes  
The joy my heart was cherishing of  
yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he found so  
tender,  
Are clouded over with such weight of  
pain,  
That as they find no other eyes to render  
Their loving glance they always close  
again;

That of the many griefs with which I  
languish,  
His absence is the very worst of all—  
That in my ears there sounds the ceaseless  
anguish  
Of echoes that his voice in vain recall.

And such my state because of him, with  
blighting  
My soul is falling into grief's decline;  
My God!—the things my pen would be  
inditing,  
If I could only write, myself, and  
sign!

## EPILOGUE

That's fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the  
addressing,

“*To Don Ramón*”—Ah, me, how such a  
call

Shows me the uselessness of my professing  
To know my Greek, and Latin, after all!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## TRADITIONS

I marked a cross upon a lonely spot

One day when in the country I took air;

A passer told me—“A base robber shot  
And killed a soldier there.”

O false tradition!—once again I passed

The site upon that lonely plain;

Another stranger told me, as the last—

“A robber here was by a soldier slain.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO

(1817-1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF THE  
INCAS

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of his country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a poet of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,  
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee,  
Like the sun a wanderer, like the sun  
    afame,  
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! Manco's  
    throne  
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

Profaned; exalting thee alone I pray,  
Alone but free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! A slave  
before  
The nations of the world I'll not agree  
To bear the mark. To slay myself I come,  
To die though free.

Today Thou wilt perceive me, when afar  
Thou dost begin to sink into the sea,  
Singing Thy hymns on the volcano's top,  
Singing and free.

Tomorrow though, alas! when once again  
Thy crown throughout the east will shining  
be,  
Its golden splendor on my tomb will fall,  
My tomb though free.

Upon my tomb the condor will descend  
From heaven, the condor, bird of liberty,  
And building there its nest, will hatch its  
young,  
Unknown and free

—*Alfred Coester.*

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS  
(1818-1848)

CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of musical appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
Spreading o'er the hill and plain  
Her green mantle—Hope is found!  
There is sighing of the breeze,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
And the cloud that swiftly flees  
Shows the blue vault—Hope is found!  
From its blossom laughs the flower,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—



And the murmur of its power  
Shows the streamlet—Hope is found!  
Blue-birds' trill is on the air,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
Open to the swallow, there  
He comes winging—Hope is found!  
Sweetheart, little sweetheart mine,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
May is stealing through the vine,  
With her promise—Hope is found!  
Love is over all the land—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
To its breath our hearts expand,  
Where it rises—Hope is found!  
All the world is budding green,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
And the budding leaves between,  
Crops are growing—Hope is found!  
Murmur, odor, color grow—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
Into hymns of love to show  
What is stirring—Hope is found!  
Soon the lightsome spring will die,—  
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—  
Every year the meadows nigh  
Change her mantle—Hope is found!

Dear old days of innocence—

Hush the bagpipe—dance no more—

Lost, they never re-commence,—

Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

## RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE

(1821-1886)

## A VIRGIN'S SMILE

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasionarias* which secured him a lasting hold upon appreciation at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a literary *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty permitted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

Purer than the early breeze,  
Or the faint perfume of flowers,  
Maiden! through thine angel hours  
Pass the thoughts of love;  
Purer than the tender thought  
On the morning's gentle face,

On thy lips of maiden grace  
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,  
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,  
On thy gracious forehead brighten  
Flashes from above;  
Flower-like thy breathings are,  
Free thy dreams from sinful strife.  
And the sunlight of thy life  
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,  
Thy spring garland from thy brow.  
Through life's flowery fields, as now,  
Wander careless still  
Sweetly sing and gaily run,  
Drinking in the morning air,  
Free and happy everywhere,  
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,  
Bitter grief and miseries,  
Withered leaves, which every breeze  
Tosses at its will;  
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,  
Blessing life till life shall cease,  
With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## THE BROOK

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and  
tree!

Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of the  
morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
Although where'er thy devious current  
strays

The lap of earth with gold and silver  
teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter  
seems.

Than golden sands, that charm each  
shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all trans-  
parent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round  
pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides  
thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!  
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to  
dwell in limpid fount!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

## CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque provinces, won popularity through his pictures of the life of his own people and his own time. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared at Madrid in 1852.

Ancient groves from hardy days,  
Sweeping rivers, fountains clear,  
Breezes from high mountain ways,  
Little valleys green and dear;  
Houses white and turrets black,  
Seas that ever heave and tumble,  
Peace and joy in every track,  
Holy dews on foreheads humble,—  
This is what inspires my song,  
This is my Cantabria fair!—  
If you lose me, seek me long  
'Twixt Higuera and Finisterre.

—Thomas Walsh.

## NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising  
Behind its lattice far,  
Serene the air surprising  
As where holy spirits are.  
Calm is the sea untroubled,  
And calm the azure skies.  
Lord,—when at peace of evening  
Our soul to seek Thee flies  
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—  
Oh, what despairing morrows,  
If nought to us replies!—  
—*Thomas Walsh.*



JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO

(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native of Lorca who was prominent in Madrid as a journalist and editor. He enjoyed a great reputation during his lifetime. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending  
 To kiss her brow,  
 Sang unending—  
 "Come with us now."

The child replying,  
 The angels drew  
 To her cradle lying:—  
 "I'll go with you."

The angel faces  
 'Mid wings of gold,

Took her embraces  
Within their hold.

And with the breaking  
Of pallid day,  
The crib forsaking,  
They flew away.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RICARDO CARRASQUILLA

(1827-1887)

## SPAIN AND AMERICA

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. He early in life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Her race, her language, laws and creed  
Spain on America bestowed;  
Full soon the younger country showed  
That she was of a ripened breed.

With Liberty her one desire,  
Full soon the battle volleys roared,  
When great Bolivar drew the sword  
And rose triumphant o'er the fire.

And wherefore, valiant from the start,  
Hath Spain beheld her power decay?—

Because herself hath taught the way  
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,  
And all her old traditions gave;  
In her we glory with the brave;  
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

## MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

## SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became very prominent in the literary circles of Madrid where he published many books of verse and prose.

Oft the confession of my changeless love  
Your close-drawn lattice in the night  
must hear:  
The moon, befriending hearts bereft of  
cheer,  
Knows well my longing as she gleams above:  
Your name is cooed to me by that wild dove  
Whose haunts I visit when the eve is  
near:  
At morn my madrigals glad-voiced and  
clear  
Fill with their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never,  
Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell the  
tale  
Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor.  
Perchance for all time shall its message  
fail,  
As falls unheard where Ocean throbs forever  
The rill's faint call that tinkles down the  
vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

RICARDO PALMA  
(1833-1920)

## SUN AND DUST

RICARDO PALMA is a native of Peru, who, banished from his country, produced in 1853 at Paris a volume of poems entitled *Armonías: Libro de un desterrado*. It was peculiarly successful on account of the number of *cantorcillos* which anticipated the author's best work among the traditions and history of Peru. This may be found in his *Papeletas lexicográficas*. His remarkable wit does not minimize the historical value of the material with which he deals.

In a swift whirlwind rises to the sky  
A mighty cloud of dust, confused and dun;  
It covers with its wings the glowing disc  
Of the far-shining sun.  
It says with mockery,—“Go upon your  
course!”

I have made dim your beams of topaz  
bright,  
King of the sphere, I have brought low  
your pride,  
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind  
will fall  
You will become base mire, despised and  
dumb,  
While I light up the heavens and the  
earth,—

Today,—and days to come!"  
So stupid envy, insolent and false,  
The laurel crown of genius fain would  
blight.

It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun—  
Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



## RAFAEL POMBO

(1833-1912)

## OUR MADONNA AT HOME

RAFAEL POMBO, son of a family of mixed Irish and Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He took part in the political upheavals of 1854 and later came on diplomatic service to the United States. Here his brilliance as a poet of romantic love came to its fullness. He returned to Bogotá where he passed his final years in honor. *Our Madonna at Home* was written originally in English and was much admired by William Cullen Bryant.

Couldst thou portray that face whose  
holy spell

Still sheds its peace o'er all the loved at  
home?

'Tis mine so long in other lands to roam  
That her smile only I remember well.

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness on me  
fell

In childhood, suppliant thou didst  
kneel, my mother,

And I saw both smile, weep, embrace  
each other,

And which the sweeter was I could not  
tell.

When memory now in manhood would  
recall

Her features who with thee doth share  
my heart,

Her half-forgotten face seems like to  
thine;

And both are still to me the source of all  
That's best in me of poesy and art,—

Nor either mother could my soul  
resign.

#### AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee!—once again I know  
Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone by,  
Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast,  
Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless power;

Eternally the same, Niagara!  
 Eternal in thine ecstasy, awake  
 In thy tremendous sway,—unwearying  
 Ever of thyself, as man untired  
 Of gazing upon thee.—How couldst thou  
 tire?

Beauty, alive forever, acts and lives  
 In purity and cannot fail!—O thou,  
 The perfect daughter without human  
 touch

Of His high Fiat, that perpetuates  
 The laws inviolable in their course,—  
 Fond sister of the skies, the light, the air!—  
 Guest unexpelled of Eden that we lost,  
 Thy beauty is creation's constant work,  
 Transcending even its high Creator's  
 breath.

Here, something tells us, here is God!  
 Nectar of rapture, and of balm that sprang  
 In times of old; today beholding thee  
 There wake within our breast the seeds  
 divine;

The ardent soul to Nature's wonder  
 swells;

The warming love of family grips the heart  
 Eternal and indissoluble; thus

As to the sea the drop released from  
earth,—  
Thus for the mother's breast the babe  
inclines,—  
Dumb in our intimate delight we turn  
To this communion with eternity.  
Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things that  
cloy  
There is a deadly, fatal principle,  
Inertia, the germ of death at war  
With God, the gangrene of a soul apart  
From His restoring floods—But where, O  
mind,  
Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,  
And in thy image let me see, the boast  
Of souls victorious, behold sublime  
The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze  
Upon the genius calm amid his powers!  
Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast  
Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!  
O sea, without a depth despite thy waves,—  
White colonnade some great Alcides reared  
From out Olympus, here between the twain  
Mediterranean oceans of the world!  
Live on, eccentric giant, to delight  
In solitary, immemorial mood

Of madness of the gods! Unchained fling  
forth

Thine ocean floods along the sloping gorge,  
And lost in rapture, drunken with the joys  
Of thine own strength, mind not that man  
has marked

Thy Titan play among the solitudes,—  
No more than where the ant lifts up its  
head

To join itself with thee—What difference?  
The earth cannot contain thee, in a burst  
Thou surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

From the globe's confines ultimate, men  
come

To visit thee, to raise themselves on high  
With contemplation of thy matchless  
charms.

A thousand tongues along thy banks  
acclaim

In Thee the grandeur of their God, the boast  
Of nature's purest triumph over all.  
Heredia came and paid his tribute here,  
Hailing Niagara in his soul, in dread  
More of himself than thee, for all thy  
floods!

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to prove  
Unto the world that he is lord of thee,  
Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge,  
Embracing thee as with an iron hand,  
In sign that man (the insect of the hour,  
The dizzying hour!) proclaims his reign  
abroad!

'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath thy  
feet

These angel pillows colored for the spheres;  
And for one bridge, hers are a thousand  
round,-

To art of man opposing that of heaven,  
Hangs tremulous here, as though the smile  
of peace

Amid the heavy breathings about death,  
Her tranquil bow amidst the wild abyss!

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring  
Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual  
Of man's deep wonder. What can I for  
thee,

Save but to add my little name to thine?  
I am the trifling shadow at the gates,  
A day to hover silent, a light breath  
In silence moving through thine icy mist—

If to the surge volcanic of thy breast  
The earth, thy trembling cradle, hears the  
wind

Groan through its stony hollows in reply,—  
I know not, for my heart is hushed, nor  
stirs

Within my soul the ardent flame of song.  
But what is this to thee, who, changelessly  
Assert'st thy majesty and pomp,—while I  
In years of exile stand and weariness  
Of soul? Today I gaze on thee with eyes  
Of sadness, Amphitheatre divine!—  
Where 'mid thy gusts and mists eternal  
strifes

Of crags and whirlpools rage. In me there  
stirs

No combat; nay, thy presence, rather than  
Thy lofty beauty wakes my wonderment,  
Inspires prostration,—yea, and chills my  
soul!

This milky lake asleep beneath my feet,  
These curdling waves of emerald that cloak  
As in a mantle's fold thy rocky bed  
Where floods are gasping—all unknowing  
where

Their destinies are urging; the dread pool

And maelstrom that awaits them where in  
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and lift  
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled  
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised  
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is  
With me; such is the mortuary sea  
Of my existence, where the hidden plan  
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, drowning  
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look  
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou  
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes  
Grew pale and trembled here unto their  
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here  
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps  
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call  
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!  
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul  
With dread; her very worst is but a boon.  
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.  
She is a child, forever innocent  
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom  
heaven



In goodness gave to man.—

To man, the asp,  
The monster (O Heredia, how well  
Thou knewst!) whose contact is affright to  
me;

The asp that poisons soul and body both;  
Satan eternal of our brothers' lives,  
As well as of our own; disturber born  
Of every Paradise that Nature yields,  
Of every scene with ordered peace that  
brings

His mind the memory of heaven,  
His wasted destiny! Mankind, the link  
Between the angel and the fiend, the foe  
Of all who would ascend the heavenly stair  
Toward the high model of Divinity!—  
Away, abortion!—Here is Nature, here!  
But at the sight of this vast, thunderous  
stream,—

This splendid comet of the waterways—  
I would not seek its arms, like that light  
bow

That trembles o'er its radiant gates,—nor  
yield

My thoughts nor feelings!—

Thou art so supreme,

Niagara, so irresistible  
Thy witchery and majesty combined,  
That hapless man, amid his little day,  
Can but adore thee; God grant happy death  
To him who vainly turns to thee to ease  
His overpowering woes!—

O mother mine,  
Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon! 'Tis  
today  
At home, that once was happy, we make  
feast  
In honor of thy name. I now implore  
On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault of  
thine  
That I should owe to thee my hapless life.  
Today once more canst save me; once again  
Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy son  
Revived anew, makes offering anew  
Of freshened vigor—

Here, through custom old,  
Come first the wedded from their nuptial  
shrine;  
Here is their second nave and altar-place  
Of love; here are their seats beyond the  
world  
Within the Love-God's arms of clemency.

Ah, may He bless them, casting on the surge  
The pure white jasmine blossom of their  
wreaths!—

Rest, rest! chaste visioning! Unto the  
sound

Niagara thy parent rocks thee, rest!  
Faithful shall be thy lullaby, O rest!  
Until across thy garlands come the voice  
Of the great requiem he chants for thee.  
Let thy soul take my blessing upon thee,—  
Keep it as benediction in thy heart;  
Blesséd because thou lov'st; more blesséd  
still

When thou no more art woman, when thou  
die'st,

And disappear'st and fallest to repose—  
My soul grows weary o'er thy silent  
grave!—

All is accomplished—all with perfectness,  
As God decrees; today the absent turns  
His way again to thee; again as one  
We stand together,—thou within thy tomb,  
Ah, dead, they say!—And I perchance,  
more dead

Than thou—surviving mine own heart!—  
Peace! Peace!

Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest!  
Yet easier would it be, Niagara,  
To speak across the tumult of thy falls!—

Thy waters seem like the beginning world  
That leaps from out the hand of the  
Divine,

Inaugurating its eternal course  
Throughout the ether deeps! Thou art  
like heaven

That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds  
Half-veiling here the majesty of God.

Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep;

Forever fertile, and magnificent,

The vital spring of mother Nature's  
breasts

Shining with healthful savors,—thou dost  
show

Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high  
From thine abyss the hymn of praise and  
life.

But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;

My world has finished, and my soul is  
dead;

In my desire to sing speaks but the rime  
Of hate, or *De profundis* as of death.

It is to lighten weary days,  
 Niagara, my steps I hither press;  
 To turn indifferent shoulders to thy ways,  
 My brows immersed amid thine icy sprays,  
 Rendering back to thee—forgetfulness.  
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

## GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

## THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

## MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling  
Reared at Philip Second's will  
The world's wonderment to fill—  
All his mighty story telling,  
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling



Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce





Out the history painfully  
Of his vanished majesty,  
Giving like some giant writhing  
'Neath the mountain, the last tithing  
That his ruined glories see.  
From the Guadarramas waking  
The chill winds have left their caves,  
Breasting on the architraves  
Of the shrine and ceaseless breaking.  
All the stars above are shaking  
With a red and sullen flame,  
And at times in sorrow's name  
Speaks the echo-starting bell  
That lugubrious would tell  
That the convent prays the same.  
While the church morose and sombre  
Slumbers in its vast repose,  
In its icy silence close  
As a tomb the ages cumber;  
And the cresset lamps in umber  
With uncertain gleam afar  
Show the figures now that are  
Half advancing, half retreating,  
Mingling like the ghoc-forms meeting  
In a child's or old man's slumber.  
Sudden from the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,  
And an awesome form of fear  
Lifts above the dust and crosses.  
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses  
Back the clamping funeral stone,  
And with face all fleshless grown,  
Rises horrid from the mosses.  
Striking hard his bony forehead,  
As from lethargy so deep  
He would shake his mind from sleep  
And disperse his nightmare horrid.  
And he stared upon the florid  
Burial place so still and lone  
Where there towered his funeral stone.  
Forth he from the tomb advanced  
And took his stand and never glanced  
Where his ragged shroud was shown.  
“Hark ye!—” cried his warlike voice  
In the tone the whole world knew  
When the ancient ages threw  
At his feet its trembling choice;—  
“Throw back your sepulchre’s dark walls,  
Ye glories of Imperial days,  
Ye heroes of immortal rays,  
Ye flames of old-time glory,  
And from your places mortuary.

Come forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that  
calls!"—

And answering the haughty word  
The very depths with rumor stirred,  
And from their marbles surged  
Spectres half unpurged;  
And the graves opened wide;  
And in a line dead kings began  
To file before him, each one wan  
And soiled with years, though every man  
Still wore his crown of pride.

Grave, solemn, and remote  
Came Philip Second, from his wars  
Scourged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;  
His son beside him grim did float;  
And then the King, the all devout,  
His humbleness beyond a doubt,  
Who saw great Spain, the victim, torn  
Like some great granite mountain, scorn  
Of earthquakes, blotted out.

Then came the monarch of the blight,  
Whose reign did shame employ  
All our grandeur to destroy,  
And shaking still with fever's might—  
Oh, the dread conspiracy  
That the eye might still remark

'Twixt that monarch of the dark  
And his wasted monarchy!—  
With a terrible confusion  
Silently they herd along,  
Kings now dead who once were strong!—  
Teeming with the grave's profusion.  
And the vanished embers start  
Gleaming in those brows' dead part,  
Throwing uncertain lights upon  
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,  
And empty skulls that grieve the heart.  
And following their monarchs after,  
In answer to the mighty call  
As though the very hours fall  
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,  
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,  
Through the cloistered corridors,  
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,  
Prelates, friars, warriors,  
Favorites and counselors,  
Theologues and Inquisitors.  
Then with Charles's mandate shaking  
From the scepter that he bore,  
To the organ tottered o'er  
A poor skeleton all quaking;  
Bony hands the keyboard waking

Stirred a torrent of accord  
Till the giant music poured  
Litanies and requiems making.  
And the voices all in one,  
From the dead a holy chant,  
At the shrine hierophant  
To their God and Maker ran.  
And the broken echoes, won  
From the victims of the tomb,  
Swelled and stirred the startled gloom,  
And to such a fervor rose  
That it seemed the very close  
Of a world whose days were done.  
“We were as the mighty stream  
Of a river that is dry;  
None the source can now espy;  
Dry and parched the channels gleam!  
Yea, O God, our little power  
Was extinguished in an hour—  
*Miserere!*  
Curséd, curséd the device,  
Portent over land and sea,  
That spreads the word of life so free  
And gives ideas wings of price,  
The printed words that all suffice  
And wound to death our Sovereignty.—

*Miserere!*

Curséd be the wire that starts  
All lands and peoples into one,  
By which to prayers and hopes are spun  
All the world's pulsating hearts.  
Nought in silence can be done;  
No injustice lurks or darts—

*Miserere!*

Now no more each people thrives  
In solitary state alone;  
To chains of iron they have grown  
The bonds where human nature strives;  
No more are isolation's gyves  
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—

*Miserere!*

A bitter and a brutal blow  
Delivered with unsparing hand  
Upon the shoulders of our band  
Of priest and king, they did bestow.  
And nought there is that we can know  
To heal the wound their rage has fanned—

*Miserere!*

And see, alas, how human pride  
Upon the heavens is placing hands!  
In arrogance the haughty lands  
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

Let not their voice blaspheming guide  
To peace nor to contentment's strands—

*Miserere!*

Yet not in hostile turmoil caught,  
Nor in their dismal pit of woe  
Let Thy world perish, ere it know  
That in itself its wrong was fraught.  
Unpitying they ceaseless brought  
Our death to us—they die also!—

*Miserere!*

O Life, thou great and mighty river  
That hurries onward to the main,  
Behold, our channels dust-heaps vain,  
Where once did rushing streams deliver!  
Let not the impious rule forever—  
Nor evil have an endless reign—

*Miserere!"*

Then suddenly the organ ceased  
Its mighty rumble, and the light  
Fell swiftly off the throng of blight,  
And all to darkness was released.  
While in a vast and solemn feast  
Of dread and tears the silence grew  
And from the eyeless skulls poured through  
A flood of weeping never ceased.  
Meanwhile the light was fading out

Mysterious and vague, and all  
The rumors died along the wall,  
And the great vision shrank to doubt.  
With daylight breaking from without,  
The white procession paled away  
And through the scattering mists of day  
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER  
(1836-1870)

## "THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at Seville. As a student of painting, he began a poverty-stricken career at Madrid, where, after an unhappy marriage, he died.

His *Obras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer, who influenced greatly by Hoffmann and Heine, possessed one of the most original talents in Spanish literature. He is sometimes considered the founder of the modern Spanish school of poetry. His works have passed through many editions.

They closed her eyes  
That were still open;  
They hid her face  
With a white linen,  
And, some sobbing  
Others in silence,

From the sad bedroom  
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish  
Burned on the floor;  
It threw on the wall  
The bed's shadow,  
And in that shadow  
One saw sometime  
Drawn in sharp line  
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.  
At its first whiteness  
With its thousand noises  
The town awoke.  
Before that contrast  
Of light and darkness,  
Of life and strangeness  
I thought a moment.  
*My God, how lonely*  
*The dead are!*

On the shoulders of men  
To church they bore her,  
And in a chapel  
They left her bier.

There they surrounded  
Her pale body  
With yellow candles  
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke  
Of the ringing for the Souls,  
An old crone finished  
Her last prayers.  
She crossed the narrow nave,  
The doors moaned,  
And the holy place  
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard  
The measured ticking,  
And from a candle  
The guttering.  
All things there  
Were so dark and mournful,  
So cold and rigid,  
That I thought a moment:  
*My God, how lonely*  
*The dead are!*

From the high belfry  
The tongue of iron

Clanged, giving out  
A last farewell.  
Crape on their clothes,  
Her friends and kindred  
Passed in a line  
In homage to her.

In the last vault  
Dark and narrow,  
The pickaxe opened  
A niche at one end;  
They laid her away there.  
Soon they bricked the place up,  
And with a gesture  
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder  
The gravedigger,  
Singing between his teeth,  
Passed out of sight.  
The night came down,  
It was all silent.  
Alone in the darkness  
I thought a moment,—  
*My God, how lonely*  
*The dead are!*

In the dark nights  
Of bitter winter,  
When the wind makes  
The rafter creak,  
When the violent rain  
Lashes the windows,  
Lonely I remember  
That poor girl.

There falls the rain  
With its noise eternal,  
There the northwind  
Fights with the rain.  
Stretched in the hollow  
Of the damp bricks,  
Perhaps her bones  
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?  
Does the soul fly to heaven?  
Or is all vile matter,  
Rottenness, filthiness?  
I know not, but  
There is something—something—  
Something which gives me  
Loathing, terror,—

To leave the dead  
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Masefield.*

#### THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room,  
Perchance forgotten by its owner now,  
Silent beneath its covering of dust,

The harp was seen.

How many a song was slumbering in its  
strings,

As in some bird-breast sleeping on the  
boughs,

Waiting the snowy hand whose master touch  
Shall waken it!

Alas, methought—how often genius halts  
And drowns thus within the bosom's  
depth,

Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus,  
To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### SONG

“I am a passion; I am a flame;  
I am a symbol of loves that go,

I am that desire which transcends shame—  
Is it I you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

"My brow is pale, my hair is gold;  
I can make your dreams come true.  
Treasures of tenderness I hold—  
Is it I you call?"

"No: not you!"

"I am a mystery; I am a dream;  
A fleeting phantom of light and gloom;  
A mist; a shadow; not what I seem,—  
I cannot love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

### RIMAS

The very atoms of the air  
Seem warmed and stirring everywhere;  
The sky with golden light suffused:  
The earth grown bright with dawn unused;  
I hear in waves of carolings  
The sound of kisses, sweep of wings;  
I close mine eyes,—what happens there?—  
—The passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

## ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

## THE CARILLON

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken

As the winds their notes prolong,  
Like the murmur of a fountain,  
Like a lambkin's distant song,

Like the birds serenely winging  
On their way across the skies,  
At the break of daylight soaring  
To salute it with their cries.





Rosalía de Castro



In their voices saying ever  
O'er the plain and mountain peak  
Something that is frank and candid,  
That a soothing charm would speak.

Should their voices cease forever,  
What a sorrow for the air!  
What a silence in the belfries!  
And the dead—how strangely bare!  
—*Garrett Strange.*

OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE  
(1838-1883)

*ATLÁNTIDA*

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.  
But Plato saw it dimly when beside  
The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows  
Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,  
And spake mysterious words with restless  
waves  
That groaned beneath his feet. He knew  
the name  
Of this last child of Time, destined to be

The Future's bride, where dwells eternal  
spring;  
And called it fair Atlantis.  
But God thought best to give the mighty  
task  
To Latin men, the race that tamed the  
world,  
And fought its greatest battles.

And when the hour was struck, Columbus  
came  
Upon a ship that bore the fate of Man,  
And westward made his way.  
The wild tumultuous Ocean hurled against  
The tiny Latin ship the black north  
wind,  
While whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode  
astride  
The lightning's blood-red steed.  
Forward the vessel moved, and broke the  
seal  
Of Mystery; and fair Atlantis woke  
At last, to find her in a dreamer's arms!

Often the victor over thrones and  
crowns,

The restless spirit of the ancient race  
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,—  
Abundant space and light in distant  
zones!

With armor newly forged, nor dragging  
now

The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead  
past,

Nor weighted down by blackest memories,  
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest  
Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.  
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic  
skies,

And bathed in the white light of rising  
dawn,

The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered  
birds

That utter plaintive cries,  
And dry their snowy wings that they may  
fly

To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,  
A granite tower that even yet would seem

To spy the Spanish fleet as it draws near  
Across the Aztec gulf;  
And over there Colombia, lulled to sleep  
By the deep roar of Tequendama's fall,  
Within its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

Hail, happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted  
land,  
Belovéd child of the creative sun  
And teeming home of animated life,  
The birthplace of the great Bolívar,—hail!  
In thee, Venezuela, all is great:  
The flashing stars that light thee from above;  
Thy genius and thy noble heroism,  
Which with volcanic force and deafening  
crash  
Burst forth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

Outstretched below the Andes' mighty  
chain,  
Like one who weeps above an open grave,  
The Incas' Rome doth lie.  
Its sword was broken in the bloody strife,  
And in obscurity its face was sunk.  
But still Peru doth live!  
For in a virile race

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.  
And when propitious toil, which heals all  
wounds,  
Shall come to thee at last,  
And when the sun of justice shines again  
After long days of weeping and of shame,  
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers  
of gold  
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder  
floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born  
At Mount Avila's foot,  
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant  
heart,  
With which to face the storm and stress of  
life.  
It dreams of war today; but also dreams  
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless  
guns,  
The engines made of steel  
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the  
hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in  
toil,



Hangs its avenging arms upon the wall,  
Convinced that victory by brutal strength  
Is vain and empty if it be not right.

And Uruguay, although too fond of strife,  
The sweet caress of progress ever seeks;  
Brazil, which feels the Atlantic's noisy  
kiss,

With greater freedom were a greater state;  
And now the blessed land,  
The bride of glory, which the Plata bathes  
And which the Andean range alone doth  
bound!

Let all arise, for 'tis our native land,  
Our own, our native land, which ever sought  
Sublime ideals. Our youthful race was  
lulled

E'en in the cradle by immortal hymns,  
And now it calls, to share its opulence,  
All those who worship sacred liberty,  
The fair handmaid of science, progress,  
art. . . .

Our country turns its back on savage war,  
And casts away the fratricidal sword,  
That it may bind upon its haughty brow  
A wreath of yellow wheat,

Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . .  
The sun of ultimate redemption shines  
On our belovéd land, which strides ahead  
To meet the future, and with noble mien  
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup  
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO was born and died in Mexico. He was known for his dramas, as well as for his lyrical poetry of a simple domestic kind. His fables have been much appreciated.

A dext'rous spider chose  
The delicate blossom of a garden rose  
Whereon to plant and bind  
The net he framed to take the insect kind.  
And when his task was done  
Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun,  
He said, "I take my stand  
Close by my work, and watch what I have  
planned.  
And now, if heaven should bless  
My labors with but moderate success,  
No fly shall pass this way,

Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey."  
He spoke, when from the sky  
A strong wind swooped, and whirling,  
hurried by,  
And far before the blast  
Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes  
were cast.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain  
On soaring winds, a mountain height  
And envied him, and crawled with pain  
To where he saw the bird alight.  
So fickle fortune oftentimes  
Befriends the cunning and the base,  
And many a groveling reptile climbs  
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

#### THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a  
day  
A caterpillar to a butterfly.

The wingéd creature looked another way,  
 And made this proud reply:  
 "No friend of worms am I."  
 The insulted caterpillar heard  
 And answered thus the taunting word.  
 "And what wert thou, I pray,  
 Ere God bestowed on thee that brave  
     array?  
 Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?  
 Art thou then nobly born?  
 What art thou, madam, at the best?  
 A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

516	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="342 420 829 462">JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA</p> <p data-bbox="503 470 664 508">(1839- ? )</p> <p data-bbox="456 530 715 568">IN THE NIGHT</p> <p data-bbox="283 598 891 946">JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem <i>Rusticatio mexicana</i> by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's <i>Grandeza mexicana</i>, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.</p> <p data-bbox="283 991 891 1256">It seems like noon, so bright the lustre  shed  On the damp forest by the moon's white  glow.  The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to  and fro,  That mid a thousand others rears its head.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

O'er Zempoala, on an azure bed,  
The evening star rests just above the snow,  
And dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow  
Shows like a silver ribbon far outspread.

The heavens shine; the hoopoe's note of  
pain

Sounds on the mountain, and the echoes  
send

Its wail across the broad plains plaintively.  
Phyllis, come follow me, for I would fain  
Enjoy this night; shut up the cot, my  
friend;

Upon the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

#### TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun descends at fall of night,  
And rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;  
The mist upon the distant mountains shed  
Turns to a rain of gold and silver light.

The evening star shines tremulous and  
bright

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds  
o'erhead  
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft they  
spread,  
And break the blue of heaven's azure  
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the west  
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue  
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plains  
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest  
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,  
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



## ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840-1888)

## THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the Cuban patriot and poet Francisco Sellén, was born at Santiago de Cuba. He became prominent in the periodical literature of the Cuban revolutionary period, publishing with his brother, *Estudios poéticos* (1882), and during his residence in New York *Cuatro poemas de Lord Byron* (New York, 1877).

Poor branch that broken from the tree  
Is at the mercy of the wave—  
How swift your flight, how rapidly,  
It sweeps you to your grave!—

A moment in the angry pool  
You struggle with its might in vain—  
Amid the fury of its rule  
How useless to complain!—

What matters it to me should tide  
Arise and gulp me down below—  
A withered branch and lone, beside  
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane  
The branches leafless sad and bare,  
And lorn they strive against the strain—  
What poor dried bough proves sturdy  
there?

The branch that severs from the tree  
From which it took its parent birth  
Is a soul that in its misery  
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Strange.*

## DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

## JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in Cuba. He passed some years in the United States endeavoring to organize a socialist party to figure in the Revolution of 1895. His *Ramo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

"Another kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—

Another, nay, another thousand more!—"

She holds him back with her adoring spell;

Careless of all, her ardent kisses pour.

O secret transports what mere words can tell!—

O hour of love with all its promised store!—

Through the still chamber how the quick sighs spell

The ecstasies their hearts have thirsted for!

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning  
breaks

Across the casement panes. The lover  
flies

Before the coming of the ancient day,  
Down the high balcony where lightly  
shakes

His ladder,—where the swallows' punc-  
tual cries,

And swift and polished wings begin to  
play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion  
brings,

And still I dream of thee!

Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,

Yet still thy face I see!

But if thou haply hast not died as yet—

To-morrow—shalt thou live?

Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set

When Death the end can give.

Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,

Shalt thou his rigor know;

Thou wert my all of glory,—now my  
thought

Shall be my love to show!

Throughout the lonely world by night and  
day

Shalt thou with me remain;

Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may

Death unto thee attain!

And longer still with me shalt live until

In God I seek thee far;

Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil

And light our double star.

Despite the moans my broken accents  
raise—

“Where art thou, Mother, now?—”

Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and  
stays,—

O Mother, dead art thou?—

To adoration of my inmost breast

Thy memoried form shall glow.

The world may lay the mothers to Death’s  
rest,

But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-  
STRAUCH

(1851- )

OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna, Sevilla, La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla, Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we  
did know—

But who can trace the leaves at midnight  
torn

From off the storm-swept branches as they  
go

Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

"And where abide ye?"—In the refuse  
heap,  
Our walls and rafters rotting in the  
dust,—

Dust watered only by the tears we weep—  
Tears bitter with our need and broken  
trust.

"Had ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt of  
fame  
And scorned the thrifty hoardings of the  
heart,—

He whom the midnight fever overcame  
To sit, his brows with laurel crowned,  
apart.

"What seek ye now?"—His legacy de-  
creed,

The dreamer's treasure buried in the sod;  
We are the children of the poet's breed—  
Refuse us not an alms, for love of God!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

Night closes fast my gloomy door,  
The hour when I must make account

Of how the world has paid me for  
My toilsome day, and what amount.

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,  
And friendship's smirking likelihood,  
And promises no deeds sustain,  
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,  
And tears that are so prone to course,—  
But O what blessing in my heart!  
I carry home no grim remorse!

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way  
Will quench his thirst at any spring  
Whose cooling waters chance to stray  
Beside his road of wandering.

Then on upon his way he goes  
Without another thought or glance  
Upon the fountain that bestows  
Its all of joy and sustenance.



And so 'tis with the ingrate's heart;  
 Who once he can his need obtain  
 Will on his journey lightly start  
 And never turn his cheek again.  
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!  
 Come the shouts and flutter white  
 Of the programmes they are selling  
 To the experts of the fight.  
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!  
 Murmur, touching glass to glass,  
 All the patrons of the cafés  
 While the weekly journals pass.  
 Bulls in Seville! is the whisper  
 Of the damsel in her best;  
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!  
 Says the *grande dame* with the rest.  
 Bulls in Seville! is the rumor  
 Of the palace and the slum;  
 Child and man and woman murmur  
 That the noisy feasts have come.  
 And the brilliant sun of Maytime  
 And the gentle airs of spring,

The aroma of the flowers  
And the orange breaths that fling,  
O'er the gracious Guadalquivir  
Where the crystal waters shine  
And the shadows from the Tower  
On the surface rest benign.  
Then the joyous festivation  
Of the lofty bells is heard,  
And Giralda, the most lovely,  
Speaks the loudest, highest word  
And it seems as if the message  
"Bulls in Seville" is refrain  
Of the very winds ablowing  
Through the length and breadth of Spain.

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,  
Ties his double sash around,  
Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!"  
Breathless hurries to the ground.  
With her light shawl of Manilla  
Mariquita makes her fair;  
Puts a spray or two of flowers  
To give scent and deck her hair,  
And she murmurs,— "To the Bull-ring!"

As she hurries from her door,  
Down the crowded streets and plazas,  
In her gladness brimming o'er.  
All the city's throng is hasting  
Through the quarter on its way;  
Every breast a bursting brasier  
With the gladness of the day.  
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"  
Every tear is brushed and dried.  
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—  
The to-morrows put aside!

3

In the shining blue of heaven  
Not the slightest cloud is seen;  
Spring with every dower is filling  
All the world with joys serene.  
All the great arena glitters  
'Mid the crowds awaiting there,  
Like a mighty bee-hive buzzing  
For the sport that would prepare.  
All the women in the boxes  
With their shining shawls of white;  
And their raven hair a gleaming  
With carnations red and bright.

Here are all Triana's neighbors,  
And from Macarena too;  
Many from San Roqué's parish,  
And Calzada's not a few.  
Here within the shade, awaiting  
As in faculty of state,  
All the bachelors and doctors  
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.  
All the bachelors and doctors  
Who hold professorial seat  
On the street where the Sierpes  
And the proud Campaña meet.  
Friends are they to the bull-fighters;  
They the fates to-day can spell;  
When the others shout, they're hissing;  
When the others hiss, they yell.  
And the peddlars hurry calling,  
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—  
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—  
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"  
The President gives salutation;  
The gates of entry fling ajar;  
See, the cavaliers are coming,  
With their coats that shine afar!  
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,  
Formal license to obtain,

Then return where their companions  
 Wait to start with all their train.  
 All the air with noise is ringing,  
 As the entrance march is heard,  
 And the bull-fighters are sighted  
 Through the gateway at the word.  
 "Blesséd be thy mother, brave one!"—  
 "Mezquita, hail!" "Giralda hail!"—  
 "Let us see thee, Manuelo!"—  
 "Rafael, long may you prevail!"—  
 First of all the gallant cohort  
 You the matadors behold,  
 Covered with their silken mantles  
 And their garments wrought in gold.  
 Two by two, their distance keeping,  
*Banderilleros* then advance  
 In their little capes distinguished  
 By the people at a glance.  
 Then upon their Baviecas  
 Come the picadors along,  
 With their monkey-like retainers  
 And their badges in a throng.  
 And the mules are driven after,  
 Gay with all their fringe and bells;  
 Red and yellow in their ribbons,—  
 Nought their sorry duty tells.

Then the sounding of the trumpets,  
Warns that the great bull arrives;  
Bellowing the mighty monster  
Down the sandy circle drives.  
Lighter than the snake or lizard  
Through the ranks of lads he goes,  
While the crowd is growing frantic,—  
“Let them catch him!” shouts arose.—  
“Good for that *verónica*, bully!”—  
“Bravo, that *navarra*’s fine!”  
“Hurra for the Rondeña method.—  
Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—”  
Picadorès! Picadorès!  
To your work, the bull is hot!  
Good defence! But hold you steady!  
He has not discharged his shot!  
“On the sand a fighter’s lying!”—  
“Is he injured?”—“Not at all!”  
Picadorès! Picadorès!  
“There’s another!—God, we call!”—  
“Señor President, I offer  
Toasts for you and all the band!  
Toasts for all the strangers present!  
Toasts for all from Seville grand!  
Toasts for those who die in Cuba,  
Fighting there the war for Spain!

Toasts for all the lovely ladies!  
And the gentlemen again!"—  
Then the matador arises,  
Seeks the bull at last grown still;  
Fixes 'twixt the horns and forehead  
His red point designed to kill.  
*Altos* three, two *naturals*  
One *de pecho* that's for grace,  
Muttering,—“Here's to your worships!”  
Stabs the blade unto its place.  
And the bull in anguish rocking,  
Hears the victor shouts around,  
Mingling with the burst of music  
And the clapping hands that sound.  
While the public in its frenzy  
Flings both hat and parasol,  
Walking-stick and cloak and jacket,  
To the matador's control.—  
Then another bull, another,  
Other horses, other cries!  
On the sands a fresher blood-stain,  
On the benches other sighs!  
For the afternoon is closing  
And the hollow night is near;  
All the joy of day is over,  
And the plaza dark and drear.

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—  
Gaily Hope doth make reply.  
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!  
Sad reality doth sigh.  
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—  
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

(1853- )

## TO PITY

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of Vera Cruz, showing force and originality in thought, and expression. Rubén Darío paid tribute to his greatness in his *Azul*. His only acknowledged work is entitled *Lascas* (Xalapa, 1906).

You come to me in pride of gentle beauty.

What various forms hath pride! It  
shows to view

In the strong lion, rough mane and mighty  
roaring,

And in the dove, soft note and changeful  
hue.

A heavenly power comes with you to my  
sorrow;

It dawns upon the cavern's darksome  
night,

And enters in and spreads there like a  
music,  
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining  
light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,  
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your  
graces,  
I bless the wound because of its pure  
balsam;  
I love the desert for its green oasis!  
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not  
love me,  
Gazing upon me with an angel's air,  
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and  
pallid,  
In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.  
'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not con-  
sole me.  
We are a world apart, in naught the same.  
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not  
freeze me?

Why do I melt thee not, if I am flame?  
Thine hand, so spiritual and transparent,  
When it caresses my submissive head,  
Is but the snow-cap crowning the volcano,  
Whose burning lava-depths beneath it  
spread!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES

(1854-1914)

## THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted  
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deed;  
For constancy at last shall gain its meed,  
And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride,  
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed;  
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed;  
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;  
For should the Cavalier of the White  
Moon

With arms 'gainst thine in combat dare  
appear,

Although by adverse fate thou art o'er-  
thrown,—

Of Dulcinea even in death's hour swear  
That she will always be the only fair!

—*Alfred Coester.*

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853- )

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at Seville, where for many years he has acted as editor of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the pen-name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theater. His works include *El puñado*, and *Cuentos y trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man  
So deftly painted on your fan,  
That when you smile, you'd press its tips  
To school the laughter of your lips;  
And I the secret kiss might hear  
And mock at them who think it queer  
That you with pictured rivals try us  
And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas Walsh.

## JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

## A SONG OF HANDS

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi in the State of Durango, Mexico. He passed most of his life in Mexico City where he founded the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of which most of his poems made their first appearance.

Hands—like soft blossoming buds—  
Of children that search for the breast,  
In the calm sea of love's gaze  
Cradled and sweetly caressed!  
Small hands of Jesus the Christ,  
In glory ineffably bright;  
Hands like soft blossoming buds,  
Hands bathed in milk and in light.

Fairy hands, nimble and fair,  
O'er the piano that stray  
Like a vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away!  
The winged expression are ye  
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,  
Floating in infinite space,  
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,  
In the shade of the mantle obscure  
Brightening prayer with their gleams  
Gentle and starlike and pure!  
Through their whiteness have passed all the  
woes  
That ever humanity knew,  
With the rosary's beads, one by one—  
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,  
Which to the hungry by night  
Carry forth comfort and food,  
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!  
Noble, mysterious hands,  
Of kindness unending, sincere!  
Brothers are we, one and all,  
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead  
For love or as martyrs who died!



Leaves of one lily are ye,  
Hands that were clasped or spread wide;  
Hands full of questions, desires,  
Aspirations and yearnings unsaid—  
Hands to the heavens outstretched,  
O pale, perished hands of the dead!

Hands with the sword in their grasp,  
That by warfare a sceptre have won,  
And fill the whole world with the flood  
Of rivers of blood that o'errun!  
Hands of the common folk, armed  
When quarrels or battles have birth—  
Hands with the sword in their grasp,  
Red hands of the great of the earth! . . .

Hands that are bleeding and hard,  
That plough up the stern, arid soil,  
And scarce feel the flight of the hours,  
So heavy and cruel the toil;  
Hands in the workshop that sweat,  
That set up the type in all lands,  
Hands that meet death in the mines—  
Hard, rough, and blood-spotted hands!

Hands that are wonted to toil,  
Strong hands of the brave and the free!

When on the heights, in the depths,  
Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,  
Stirring the world from its roots,  
The anger of justice on fire—  
Hands that are wonted to toil,  
You shall that day hold the lyre!  
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*





*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society  
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

## MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856-1912)

ROME

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the great literary scholar of modern Spain. Much of his prose work may be considered pure poetry, as well as history and philosophy. His marked humanistic bent comes out clearly in his metrical work, which may be found in *Odas, epístolas y tragedias* (Madrid, 1883).

Age with devouring fingers spareth  
naught,—

Nor populous realm, nor consecrated  
laws;

See, now an alien flock to pasture draws  
Within the shade where once the Tribunes  
taught;

No more, behind triumphant chariots  
caught,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's  
cause;  
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the  
pause  
Move toward the altar pompously en-  
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,  
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;  
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!  
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—  
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future  
say,  
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?  
—*Roderick Gill.*

## MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

## THE RIVER

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN was a Mexican poet famous for his studies of nature in poems arranged for the most part in sonnet-sequences. The best known of these is the *Noche rústica de Walpurgis*.

With graceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;  
Uplift your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;  
And you, loquacious babbings, day and  
night,  
Hold converse with the wind and leaves  
in glee!  
O'er the deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.  
And rend yourselves to foamy tatters  
white,  
And dash on boulders curved and rocks  
upright,  
Golconda's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair  
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean sky  
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep along.  
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;  
Transparent mosses for my beard have I;  
The laughter of the Naiads' is my song.  
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



## MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

(1859-1895)

## OUT OF DOORS

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican precursor of the modernist movement in Spanish poetry, endeavored to amalgamate French spirit and Spanish form and so produce a type of poetry with the qualities of intellectual music. He was one of the founders of *La Revista Azul* and is generally considered one of the greatest of Mexican poets.

The Gardenia pleaded—"See how white  
am I!"—

"White, but not so white as She!"—Was  
my reply.

"My light is of the heavens!"—said Sirius  
afar;

"But not so Parađisiac as hers!"—I told  
the star.

The swallow twittered in the boughs,  
 To nightingale amid the flowers,  
 Singing in a glad carouse  
 As I listened through the hours.  
 "What a pair of tuneless voices  
 When compared to notes of hers!  
 Nor is there a star rejoices  
 With the glow her soft glance stirs,  
 Simply telling me—I love thee.  
 Take away, O God, the light,  
 The scents, the birds, the stars above me!—  
 Take away all beauty bright,  
 But leave her to my sight!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more  
 white?  
 More pure than the mystic wax taper so  
 bright?  
 More chaste than the orange-flower,  
 tender and fair?  
 Than the light mist more virginal—holier  
 too

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA	553
<p>Than the stone where the eucharist stands,  ever new,  In the Lord's House of Prayer?</p> <p>By the flight of white doves all the air now  is cloven;  A white robe, from strands of the morning  mist woven,  Enwraps in the distance the feudal  round tower.</p> <p>The trembling acacia, most graceful of  trees,  Stands up in the orchard and waves in the  breeze  Her soft, snowy flower.</p> <p>See you not on the mountain the white of  the snow?  The white tower stands high o'er the village  below;  The gentle sheep gambol and play, pass-  ing by.</p> <p>Swans pure and unspotted now cover the  lake;  The straight lily sways as the breezes  awake;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted on  
high.

Let us enter the church: shines the eucharist  
there;

And of snow seems to be the old pastor's  
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his frail form is  
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robed in  
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fresh  
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant  
and glad.

Let us go to the choir; to the novice's  
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;

The white marble Christ on the crucifix  
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers  
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and so  
light,

Which the day-dawn already shines  
through from the skies.

Now let us go down to the field. Foaming  
white,

The stream seems a tumult of feathers in  
flight,

As its waters run, foaming and singing in  
glee.

In its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale

The mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's  
lateen sail,

Glides out and is lost to our sight on the  
sea.

The lovely young woman now springs from  
her bed,

On her goddess-like shoulders fresh water  
to shed,

On her fair, polished arms and her  
beautiful neck.

Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her  
gown;

Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair  
shaken down,

Her comb of Arabian ivory deck.

O marble! O snows! O vast, wonderful  
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere sheds its  
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vowed!  
In the statue of beauty eternal are you;  
From your soft robe is purity born, ever  
new;  
You give angels wings, and give mortals a  
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is yet  
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden whose  
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment that  
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermine, O  
queens!

The cradle how white, where the fond  
mother leans!

How white, my beloved, how spotless  
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold with  
delight

The towers of a church rising white in my  
sight,  
And a home, hid in lilies, that opens to  
me;  
And a bridal veil hung on your forehead so  
fair,  
Like a filmy cloud, floating down slow  
through the air,  
Till it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to  
see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

O Lord! O Lord!—how are the seas of  
thought  
Tonight with waves of direst tempest  
torn!—  
My spirit is in darkness terror-caught  
Like Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

The waves are cleaving so my little bark  
That to its last destruction it seems nigh;  
Thou who didst shed Thy light on blindness  
dark,  
Oh, let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world  
That lightly mocks the weakness of my  
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes are  
furled;

Our eyes are closing 'mid the dread  
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!—  
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone we  
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garment white  
Appease the waves where there was  
tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## LOLA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO

(1859- )

## MIST

LOLA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO is a distinguished figure in the history and literature of the Antilles. She was born in Puerto Rico, but has passed many years of her life in Habana. Her several volumes of poems have enjoyed great appreciation.

O faint remembrances of vanished days  
That stole away on such a velvet wing  
O'er meads and groves, o'er plains and  
mountain ways,  
What grief and sorrow to my heart you  
bring!

Come back without the shadow of your  
care,  
Come back in silence and without a  
moan,

As the birds cross the unregarding air  
Till none may tell the whence or whither  
flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon  
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,  
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon  
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal  
tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that  
made  
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;  
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that  
played  
Around the peaks that saw my cradle  
shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,  
So sweet and joyous to my inmost  
heart;  
O faint remembrances two breasts should  
hold,  
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to  
part!

What matter if a sigh steals through the  
dream

That shows the withered vine in flower  
again?—

So that remembrances in singing seem,  
O tremulous lyre, to speak my endless  
pain!

—*Roderick Gill.*

## ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1861- )

## THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born at Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see *Desde mi huerta* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighboring  
grove

As black as is the image of my pain;  
Whose topmost branches in the moon  
attain

Such aspect as some ghostly world would  
prove.

Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would  
move,

Transforming all the woodland scene  
again;

Where yesterday a lawn, now sand-  
wastes reign;  
Where was a wood, today a road would  
rove.

Alone it stands, resisting every change!—  
And I, in agony from life's dire wound,  
Gaze on its heights and all my moan is  
hushed;  
Learning that,—memory or hope!—there  
range  
To grow within my life's own garden  
ground  
High things that man nor wind hath ever  
crushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863-1893)

## TO MY MOTHER

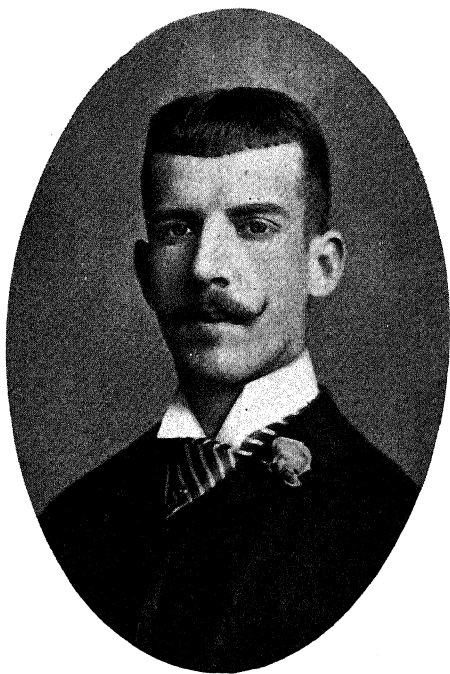
JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Greece as well as Paris, but never visited either. An early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Bustos y rimas* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me  
You were in truth. You gave me birth  
and died,

But Oh! my mother when you left my side  
God kissed an angel in eternity.

Today when in my dreams methinks I see  
Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride,  
And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have  
sighed,

While tears I shed when I remember thee.



Julián del Casal





And should we never, never meet again  
How sad 'twould be, but I shall always  
keep

Your image in my heart, and not complain;  
For something tells me that you lie asleep  
Because my suff'ring would have caused  
you pain—

Because my weeping would have made  
you weep.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

MY LOVES—SONNET A LA POMPA-  
DOUR

My loves are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,  
Windows aglow like jewelled treasures,  
Hangings of florid, golden argosies,  
And salvers brilliant with Venetian stains.  
My loves are damosels of ancient reigns,  
The old world's troubadour sweet  
harmonies,

The steed that bounds to Arabic caprice,  
The German ballad with its tear refrains,

The ivory-carved piano-keys afloat,  
The sounding horn within the forest  
glade,

The soft aroma from the censer fumed,  
The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-wood,  
Where virgin loveliness at last is laid,  
A broken flower of innocence entombed.

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### CONFIDENCES

Why weepest thou, my sweetheart pale,  
Why bendest down thy lovely head?—  
A dread idea doth assail  
My mind and turn my heart to lead.—

Tell me: have they not loved thee well?—  
Never!—Come, tell the truth to me.—  
Ah, then; one lover only I can tell  
Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl  
That the depths of earth were guarding  
As an offering divine

From the hands of the Eternal,  
Were two birds of rapine set  
With their eyes upon its gleaming,  
One with plumage all of gold,  
One with plumage black as jet.

Seeing that the pearl was bursting  
In its shell within the slime,  
They made ready with their beaks  
To dissect its broken pieces,—  
These two birds of rapine set  
With their eyes upon its gleaming,  
One with plumage all of gold,  
One with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863~ )

## THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways  
A harp aeolian none remembers more;—  
Who cares, or listens what it says  
In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance  
Alone its notes unechoed wake;  
Think you the flower of beauty's glance  
Through its dim tones could break?

With none to hearken, all alone  
Its breathings fugitive it keeps;  
When the wind strikes a listless tone  
It either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## OLAVO BILAC

(1865-1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

OLAVO BILAC was born at R  o de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brasileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of  
heaven

Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness  
riven

By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on  
high.

His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in  
the lighted space,

The wraith of a smile hovers and passes  
over his face;  
Fernan Dias opens his arms to earth and  
sky.

In a green heaven the stars break into  
flames of green;  
In the green forest glade green flowers  
dance between  
Emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on  
grassy floors;  
Lightning flashing green all the still heaven  
fills,  
The sullen flood of the river breaks into  
emerald rills;  
Green from out green skies a rain of  
emeralds pours.

Now as a man from death raised by the  
hands of a lover,  
Resurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover  
Sight for the vision that tells again of his  
seven-year seeking;  
Life in his veins flows new; his eager senses  
rejoice,

And to his hearing comes the sound of a  
clarion Voice,  
Clear in the hush of the night, from that  
bright glory speaking:

“Die! As in thine hands, the stones that  
thou hast sought

Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned  
to nought;

What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep,  
for thy toil is ended!

Link after link, over plain and on rugged  
mountain slope

As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining  
pledge of hope,

Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy  
heart are extended.

“Their hands in Fortune’s hands, linked to  
what whim of hers,

Marched from the camp each dawn thy  
band of wanderers;

North and south sought they, through  
plain and forest maze,

Shelter and surcease of care. Now on  
each wild hillside,



The walls of a homestead stand erect with a  
victor's pride,  
And the beacon light of a hearth on the  
desert sheds its rays.

"In all thy wandering, adventure compass-  
less,  
Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of  
fruitfulness;  
Behind each weary step lay a highway for  
man's tread;  
Victory hailed thy name by every charted  
stream;  
And as thou wanderedst on, dreaming  
thy selfish dream,  
As stirred by the step of a god, the desert  
blossomèd.

"Die! From each drop of sweat, from the  
fount of each burning tear,  
Fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer  
year;  
Fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and  
thy fast.  
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall  
ripening lie,

Under the kiss of love thy race shall  
multiply,

And the land whereon thou liest shall  
burgeon. Then at last

“In the voice of the plough thou shalt  
sing, in the bell’s daily song

In the tumult of crowded streets, in the  
midst of the laughing throng,

In hymns of blessed peace, in the clamour  
of man’s endeavour;

Through veiling mists of time shall rise thy  
bright renown,

Thou ravisher of the desert, thou planter  
of many a town!

In the heart of thy fatherland thy name  
shall live forever.”

The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth  
hushes:

The fair high-sailing moon her silver fingers  
pushes

Through the sleeping leaves of the forest  
majesties;

In the maternal arms of Earth, content,  
enwrapped,

In the eternal peace of the starry spaces  
lapped,  
Forever free from questing, Fernan Dias  
dies.

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

## MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865- )

## DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

## I

When shades of night have come  
And all my house is sleeping,  
The silent peace of home  
Its arms about them keeping,  
And the only sound I hear  
Is my children's measured breathing,—  
Then my dream sees life appear  
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

Then their breathing seems a prayer  
Through their voice of dream repeating,  
While their consciousness is bare  
In their God the Father meeting.  
Dream, O Dream, thou art the sign  
Of the life that knows no ending,  
Of that stainless life divine  
On this present life attending!

## 2

Look not upon me with such eyes, my son;  
I would not have thee read my secret clear,  
Nor would I so deceive my little one  
That poison through thy fragile veins  
should sear.

Never, O never, may thy father's gloom  
Obstruct thee from the joy and glow of  
day—

To speak of joy does voice presume?—

I do not wish thee joy,

For on this earth

To live in mirth

One must be saint or fool;—

And fool,—God save thee, boy!—

And saint—I know not of the school.

## 3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;  
The fire is growing cold.  
How brief today the sun has smiled!  
To think the orb that you behold  
One day shall cinder turn,  
And God's great brow, the heavens, enfold  
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled many of his reforms on the practice of Edgar Allan Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were published in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano in 1913.

I planned one time to perpetrate a song,  
One of the new kind, pulsing, free and  
strong.

I balanced subjects tragic and grotesque,  
Conjuring all the rhythms unto my desk;

And then the skittish metres gathered  
round

Joining in shadowy swing and leap and  
bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,  
Some with the shock of arms, some, bird-  
songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well as  
North,  
Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,  
Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.

And opening up amid the gallant ring,  
Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.

And all began to sing—Among the rabble  
There rose the spirit of a charming gabble.

One pointed strophe wakened my desire  
With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride  
Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.



And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,  
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and  
terse—  
Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added  
Soft lisps with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music  
rare  
Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound  
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast  
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like  
heavy veils,  
With midnight masks of satin, velvet  
trails;—

And in the background intertwining,  
wound  
The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there  
Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth  
rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,  
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## NOCTURNE

One night,  
One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes  
and the brush of wings,  
Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there  
shone fantastic fireflies,  
Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and  
pale,  
As though with infinite presentiment of  
woe  
Your very depths of being were troubled,—  
By the path of flowers that led across the  
plain,

You came treading,  
And the rounded moon  
Through heaven's blue and infinite pro-  
found was shedding whiteness.

And your shadow  
Languid, delicate;  
And my shadow,  
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray  
Upon the solemn sands  
Of the path, were joined together,  
As one together,  
As one together,  
As one together in a great single shadow,  
As one together in a great single shadow,  
As one together in a great single shadow.—

Another night  
Alone—all my soul  
Suffused with infinite woes and agonies of  
death,  
Parted from you, by time, by the tomb  
and estrangement,  
By the infinite gloom  
Through which our voices fail to pierce,

Silent and lonely,  
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the  
moon,  
At the pale-faced moon,  
And the croaking  
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on  
your bed  
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your  
adorable hands,  
Between the snowy whiteness  
Of your mortuary sheets;  
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of  
death,  
The frost of nothingness.—  
And my shadow  
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,  
Went on alone,  
Went on alone,  
Went on alone over the solitary wastes;  
And your shadow, slender and light,  
Languid, delicate,

As on that soft night of your springtime  
 death,  
 As on that night filled with murmurs, with  
 perfumes and the brush of wings,  
 Came near and walked with me,  
 Came near and walked with me,  
 Came near and walked with me—Oh,  
 shadows interlaced!—  
 Oh, shadows of the bodies joining in shadow  
 of the souls!—  
 Oh, shadows running each to each in the  
 nights of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

The street is deserted, the night is cold,  
 The moon glides veiled amid cloud-banks  
 dun;  
 The lattice above is tightly closed,  
 And the notes ring clearly one by one  
 Under his fingers light and strong,  
 While the voice that sings tells tender  
 things,  
 As the player strikes on his sweet guitar  
 The fragile strings.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,  
A cloud has covered the moon from sight.  
The lattice above is tightly closed,  
And the notes are growing more soft and  
light.

Perhaps the sound of the serenade  
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and  
waits,  
As the swallows seek eaves to build their  
nests  
When they come in spring with their  
gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,  
The moon shines out from the clouds aloft;  
The lattice above is opened now  
And the notes are growing more low, more  
soft.

The singer with fingers light and strong  
Clings to the ancient window's bar,  
And a moan is breathed from the fragile  
strings  
Of the sweet guitar.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865-1916)

TO HER

LUIS MUÑOS RIVERA was a native of Puerto Rico, who became prominent at the time that island became part of the United States. He was editor of *La Democracia* and served as Commissioner of Puerto Rico to the United States Government. His poems, under the title of *Tropicales*, were published in New York in 1902.

When on my lyre I touch the strings apart  
 In search of melody serene and rare,  
 Her memory comes stealing o'er my heart  
 And gentle thoughts in thousands gather  
 there.

Her image floats before me in a glance  
 Of golden wonder hovering at my eyes;  
 An atmosphere delirious would entrance  
 My soul with perfumes out of Paradise.

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame  
The hearth-place of the inmost of my  
soul;  
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;  
The chant begins and swells beyond  
control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,  
As melts afar some white cloud full of  
dew,  
My verses through my mind begin to play,  
And on the page my pen would catch a  
few.

—*Roderick Gill.*



## FABIO FIALLO

(1865- )

## NOSTALGIA

FABIO FIALLO is a native of San Domingo, one of the leaders of the *modernista* movement, and known widely for his writings in prose and verse.

There we were and the good St. Peter  
Who came to God on high—  
A dauntless fellow of a crusader,  
A pretty maid, and I.

The soldier prayed that he might ever  
Fight as on earth he fought:  
And St. Michael gave his own picked legion  
As the boon he sought.

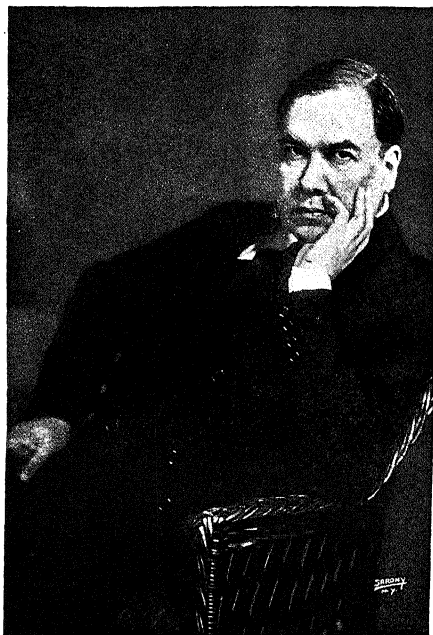
The maid sobbed out a stammering prayer  
To return to her lover's sight,  
And she became the kiss of dawn by day,  
A ray of the moon by night.

My turn next; and God said blandly,  
"Already I know your will;  
You desire the harp of My singer David!"  
—My pride leapt up—but still—

"Oh, no, Lord; another thing!  
To be a tree on the tropic shore  
Watered by my own Ozama,  
And there, deep-rooted, to live once  
more!"

—*Muna Lee.*





Rubén Darío

## RUBÉN DARÍO

(1867-1916)

## TO ROOSEVELT

RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up his residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are *Azul* (1888), *Prosas profanas*, and *Cantos de vida y esperanza* (1896), *El canto errante* (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death there.

## I

'Tis only with the Bible or with Walt  
Whitman's verse,  
That you, the mighty hunter, are reached  
by other men.

596	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>           You're primitive and modern, you're simple            and complex,—            A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash-            ington.            You are the United States;            You are the future foe            Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,            That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in            Spanish still            You are a fine example of a strong and            haughty race;            You're learned and you're clever; to Tol-            stoy you're opposed;            And whether taming horses or slaying            savage beasts,            You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadnezzar too.            (As madmen today are wont to say,            You're a great professor of energy.)            You seem to be persuaded            That life is but combustion,            That progress is eruption,            And where you send the bullet            You bring the future.         </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

## 2

The United States are rich, they're powerful and great  
(They join the cult of Mammon to that of Hercules),  
And when they stir and roar, the very Andes shake. . . .

But our America, which since the ancient times . . .

Has had its native poets; which lives on fire and light,

On perfumes and on love; our vast America,  
The land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty realm,

Of Christopher Columbus the fair America,  
America the Spanish, the Roman Catholic, . . .

O men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric soul,

This land still lives and dreams, and loves and stirs!

Take care!

The daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land,  
doth live!

And from the Spanish lion a thousand  
whelps have sprung!

'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you be God  
himself . . .

Before you hold us fast in your grasping,  
iron claws.

And though you count on all, one thing is  
lacking: God!

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

#### SONATINA

The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess  
sighing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter  
dying?

Why does she droop upon her chair of  
gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bower;

Beside her in a vase; a single flower

Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters,  
Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;



Without, the peacock's regal plumage  
gleams.

The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts  
are veering

Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight  
and hearing,

Where she pursues the phantoms of her  
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her,

Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her

But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?—

He of the island realms of fragrant roses,

Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards  
discloses,

And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur-  
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow,

To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow

The ray of light that climbs into the sun;

To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime  
wonder,

To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder

Of ocean waves where monstrous billows  
run.

600	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor,  Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor,  The swans that drift like snow across the  lake,  The lotus in the garden pool—are mourning;  The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning  The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.</p> <p>Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances!  A hundred negroes with a hundred lances,  A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her  gates.</p> <p>There in the marble of her palace prison  The little Princess of the roving vision,  Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams  and waits.</p> <p>“Oh” (sighs the Princess), “Oh, to leave  behind me  My marble cage, the golden chains that  bind me,  The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes!  To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling—  O radiant vision past all mortal telling,  Brighter than April, or the day that  breaks!”</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

"Hush, little Princess," whispers the good  
fairy,

"With sword and goshawk; on his charger  
airy,

The Prince draws near—the lover without  
blame.

Upon his wingéd steed the Prince is  
fleeting,

The conqueror of Death, to bring you  
greeting,

And with his kiss to touch your lips to  
flame!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

#### NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS

There is twilight grey and gloomy

Where the sea its velvet trails;

Out across the heavens roomy

Draw the veils.

Bitter and sonorous rises

The complaint from out the deeps,

And the wave the wind surprises

Weeps.

Viols there amid the gloaming  
 Hail the sun that dies,  
 And the white spray in its foaming  
 "Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,  
 And the breeze is lifting free  
 To the chanting of the races  
 Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling  
 Strike a symphony most rare,  
 As if mountain voices calling  
 Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,  
 As though awesome echoes bore  
 On the distant breeze's quaking  
 The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-  
 TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
 Unreturning ye pass by!—

Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears—I know not why!—

My poor heart hath been divided  
In its days celestial here;  
There was a gentle maid, unguided  
Through this world's affliction drear;

Like the white dawn was her vision;  
Like the flower her gentle smile;  
And her dusky locks elysian  
Seemed of night and grief the style.

I was but a lad unknowing,—  
She, as natural, would play  
Through my love's fond ermine, showing  
Herodias and Salomé.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—  
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears,—I know not why!—

There was another then, more tender,  
More sensitive, more subtly kind,  
More soothing, more delight to render  
Than ever I had thought to find;

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing  
A violent passion was concealed  
And through her filmy robe releasing,  
A wild Bacchante was revealed.

To breast she took my young ideal,  
And nursed it softly as a child;  
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,  
Of all its light and trust defiled.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—  
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses  
To be the casket of her flame;  
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,—  
Her teeth against my heart-strings came!

Amid the maddest of her passion  
She looked across with wilful eyes,—  
As though our fond embrace could fashion  
The essence of eternal skies;

As though our fragile flesh were tying  
The boughs of endless Edens here;  
Unmindful that with Springtime dying  
The joys of body disappear.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
Unreturning ye pass by!—  
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—  
Then my tears—I know not why!—

And all the others! In how many  
Lands and climes,—they ever were'  
Pretexts for a rhyme,—or any  
Notion in my heart astir!—

Vain my search for that high lady  
For whom I have awaited long.  
But life is hard and grim and shady,—  
There was no princess, save in song!

In spite of Time's unyielding measure,  
My thirst for love has never died,—  
My gray head bends to scent with pleasure  
The roses of the garden-side—

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,  
 Unreturning ye pass by!—  
 Would I weep—no tears I measure;—  
 Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!—  
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

## PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by  
 The verse azulean and the chant profane,  
 Across whose nights a rossignol would cry  
 And prove himself a lark at morn again.

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,  
 The heaping roses and swan-haunted  
 brakes;  
 Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,  
 Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old  
 And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;  
 Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,  
 And thirsting for illusions infinite.



From infancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;  
My youth—was ever youth my own  
indeed?—

Its roses still their perfume round me strew,  
Their perfume of a melancholy seed—

A reinless colt, my instinct galloped free,  
My youth bestrode a colt without a rein;  
Drunken I went, a belted blade with me;  
If I fell not—'twas God who did sustain—

Within my garden stood a statue fair,  
Of marble seeming yet of flesh and bone,  
A gentle spirit was incarnate there  
Of sensitive and sentimental tone.

So timid of the world, it fain would hide  
And from its walls of silence issue not,  
Save when the spring released upon its tide  
The hour of melody it had begot—

The hour of sunset and the hidden kiss;  
The hour of gloaming twilight and  
retreat;  
The hour of madrigal, the hour of bliss,  
Of "I adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, per-  
chance,

Would come a ripple of crystal mysteries  
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance  
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense  
That on the statue suddenly were born  
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and  
immense  
And on the brows the satyr's pair of  
horn.

As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine  
The fair marquise of Verlaine captured  
me;  
And so unto the passion half divine  
Was joined a human sensuality;

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense  
And natural vigor; and without a  
sign  
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—  
If there was ever soul sincere—'twas  
mine.

The ivory tower awakened my desire;  
I longed to enclose myself in selfish bliss,  
Yet hungered after space, my thirst on  
fire  
For heaven, from out the shades of my  
abyss.

As with the sponge the salt sea saturates  
Below the oozing wave, so was my heart  
Tender and soft, bedrenched with bitter  
fates  
That world and flesh and devil here  
impart.

But, through the grace of God, my con-  
science  
Elected unto good its better part;  
If there were hardness left in any sense,  
It melted soft beneath the touch of Art.

My intellect was freed from baser thought,  
My soul was bathed in the Castalian  
flood,  
My heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught  
The harmony from out the sacred wood.

O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound  
Stirs from the sacred woodland's heart  
divine!

O plenteous fountain in whose power is  
wound  
And overcome our destiny malign!

Grove of ideals, where the real halts,  
Where flesh is flame alive, and Psyche  
floats;

The while the satyr makes his old assaults,  
Let Philomel loose her azure-drunken  
throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous  
A-down the green and flowering laurel  
tops;

Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth buss  
And the faun's mouth the tender  
stalkings crops.

There, where the god pursues the flying  
maid,  
Where springs the reed of Pan from out  
the mire,

The Life Eternal hath its furrows laid  
And wakens the All-Father's mystic  
choir.

The soul that enters there, disrobed should  
go  
A-tremble with desire and longing pure,  
Over the wounding spine and thorn  
below,—  
So should it dream, be stirred, and sing  
secure.

Life, Light, and Truth, as in a triple  
flame  
Produce the inner radiance infinite;  
Art, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim:  
*"I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the  
Light!"*

The Life is mystery; the Light is blind;  
The Truth beyond our reach both daunts  
and fades;  
The sheer perfection nowhere do we  
find;  
The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.  
Bare as it is what glitter hath the star;  
The water tells the fountain's soul in song  
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure  
To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,  
With horror of the thing called literature—  
And mad with madness of the gloam and  
dawn.

From the blue twilight such as gives the  
word  
Which the celestial ecstasies inspire,  
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be  
heard!  
Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound,  
lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;  
Let pass, should hands of violence point  
the dart.  
The stone from out the sling is for the  
waves a thing,  
Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;  
The fire interior burneth well and high;  
The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;  
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes  
by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIÑ G. URBINA

(1867- )

## THE MOONBEAM

LUIÑ G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel*.

Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome guest.

'Tis long since I have seen thy silver flame.

Although I left the casement open wide,  
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the same—

The beam transparent, gliding through the night,



The beauteous gleam of splendor from on  
high,  
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

Come in! She is not here; naught canst  
thou spy.  
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indis-  
creet,  
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch  
Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear  
and sweet.

O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain,  
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,  
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,  
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and un-  
kempt;  
The heart is chilled to view their mournful  
air.  
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage  
hangs  
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not  
there.

See'st thou, around the railing rough the  
vine

Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we  
spy

Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now  
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are  
dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven  
above!

She loved thee in the past: I love thee now.  
How often have I seen thy glimmering  
light

Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—  
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam,  
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed,  
"It is the smile of God within our home!"

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I  
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole:  
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis-  
creet!

If thou would'st see her, come into my soul!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

(1868- )

## AT PARTING

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (Paris, 1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Bolívar the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—  
I kissed, and I pressed to me  
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,  
Beside a lyric sea.

618 .	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="319 258 762 409">           "Think of me; never forget,            No matter where I may be!"            —And I saw a shooting star            Fall suddenly into the sea.         </p> <p data-bbox="669 417 857 447">—<i>Muna Lee.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

## ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

(1869- )

## EYES

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of *Rafael Pombo* (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of *Miguel Antonio Caro* (Bogotá, 1918).

There are eyes so full of dreams  
That they show us scenes of yore;  
Eyes whose pensive glances pour  
Light of other skies and streams;  
Eyes of grief that nourish themes  
Dimly seen, as from the shore  
Halcyon wings that wander o'er  
Broken waves and clouded gleams.

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair  
Teach oblivion from the skies  
To the hearts whose cross is there;  
Eyes that sweet old gladness prize,  
Whose ethereal cloudings bear  
Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath a sky  
Inclement as of Africa, there lifts  
Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled rifts  
Crowned with the belfries of the long gone-  
by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye  
To take siesta 'mid the Orient wifts;  
Only from out the forge the rumor drifts  
Where on the sword-blade still the armorers  
ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms, behind  
The Gothic lattices, there bends in  
prayer  
A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind  
 The garlanded carnations burning there  
 Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs  
 enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

### THE GENERALIFE

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,  
 The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;  
 And should Boabdil, its old lord, come  
 still,

His grief would find an equal in its rust.  
 The sweet Granada spring herself doth  
 trust

Ungrudging here, and her green charms  
 fulfil;

The fountains play, and dream would  
 have its will

Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,  
 Could muse an hour upon the languid  
 charm

Of beauty and the smiling thought of  
 love,

And find not through his drowsy senses  
float

Another voice that sounds the soft alarm  
Of tears, as in the nightingale's full  
throat?

—*Thomas Walsh.*



JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN  
(1870-1908)

TO A RICH MAN

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at Frades de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He gave his life to school-teaching and farming. He enjoys great popularity among the Spanish peoples for his sincere and powerful singing of the simpler things of life. His *Obras completas* (Madrid-Sevilla, 1909) have gone into several editions.

Where did you get this money and estate?

'Twas by your labor honestly acquired,  
Or left you when your relatives expired,  
Else it is robber's booty, miser's bait.  
That which you give the beggar at your  
gate

Is noble if your arms to get it tired;  
If 'twas a legacy, 'tis nobly squired,  
If 'twas a theft—good sir, your pride abate!

I once beheld a wolf that from his feast  
 Unto a starving cur the bones released  
     When he himself was gorged and sated  
         through;  
 So thou, rich glutton, drop the leavings  
     there,  
 And let the pauper have the mongrel's  
     share,—  
     Unless the wolf be kinder still than  
     you—?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE LORD

In the name of God—who shall open—  
     I close the doors of my ancestral dwell-  
         ing—  
     closing my life out from the horizons,  
     closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,  
     blood of hyenas, and a breast of steel,  
     to speak the farewells that in my throat  
     are struggling from my brooding breast.

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips  
     to meet today

the icy chalice trembling in my hold  
beneath my clouded eyes of hope.—

Now is the house deserted;  
the elders silently have stolen forth;  
alone it is for me to seek the loving  
Christ,  
there with His arms stretched wide—  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## AMADO NERVO

(1870-1919)

## TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas negras* and *Misticas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patriotic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know  
What a pensive soul is?—Sad,  
But with that cool  
Melancholy  
Of all soft  
Translucencies.—All that exists,  
Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.

A Sabine pilgrim  
Beholds in the quick  
Transparencies of the voicy water



Amado Nervo



All the fugitive  
Changes of his hair—  
O Sabine pilgrim!

A cloud, making a twin of its image, a  
cloud  
Floats on the fountains, rises on high.

God, in deep silences, God  
Sees Himself in the mirror of Himself—

Life knocks at the door  
Like a wild woman who wastes her  
nights:  
—"Open to me! It is time!  
You singers, listen  
To the external noises!"  
"Open and listen  
To the external voices! . . ."

My soul does not hear her, my senses are  
asleep,  
My soul and my senses are slumbering  
deep.

The river's sin is in its flowing;  
Quietness, my soul,  
Is the wisdom  
Of the fountain.  
The stars fear  
To be shipwrecked in the perennial turmoil  
Of water curling in spirals:  
When the wave is in ecstasy, the stars  
    people its crystals.

Conscience, .  
Be clear;  
But with that rare  
Inconsistency  
Of all projections on a mirror.  
To importunate Life, return  
Only a reflection  
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight.

Soul, become deep;  
That flower and foliage  
May print on you their fugitive trace;  
That star and hirsute cloud  
May mistake their route  
And in your clear stretches find  
A divine prolonging of their own abyss.



So, by the virtue of a singular fortune,  
The infinite and you will be the same.

—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

## THE CORTÉGE

I march in a cortége perpetual—  
I, part of the cortége;—my footsteps fall  
Behind the Sacrament that leads ahead  
Into the temple. Are our minds at  
one—?

Or individual—; Does the same sun  
Light all?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers  
we said!—

I march in a cortége perpetual,—  
Not knowing if my death shall end it all.  
Or if through other cycles I am led;  
Where with an exile's footsteps I shall go  
Through dusty roads forever,—or shall  
know,  
O humble pilgrim, at the end, instead,  
Thy grateful shoulder bending low  
Where my last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal  
With your profiles angular  
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,  
Ye whose glances lie afar,  
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,  
Vessels of love's meted grace,  
Vessels full of sorrows found,

Ye who gaze with vision wide,  
Ye whose Christ is in your face,  
Ye in tangled locks enwound,—

My Muse—a maid marmoreal  
Who seeks oblivion as her star,  
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,  
Amid your glance that lies afar,  
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that doth your spirits trace  
Behind the incense's rising tide,  
Within the nave's calm shadow ground,

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,  
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,  
Hath loved your tangled locks en-  
wound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

*ALLEGRO VIVACE*

Listen, O child of woe,  
What is the band below  
Starting to play?  
Where the great halls aglow  
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,  
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—  
Madame, the pleasure?—  
In the mad whirl to prance  
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,  
In lovely beginning  
To twirl to the brink;

With a kiss at the inn  
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—  
Thine too, Francesca, be  
Clear in my mind;  
Wild be our dance and free,  
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,  
In lovely beginning  
To twirl to the brink;  
With a kiss for our sinning  
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870- )

## MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of Colima, Mexico. He was one of the favorite contributors to the *Revista Azul* and entered the diplomatic career, serving as secretary of the Mexican embassy at Washington, London, and Lisbon. He has translated much of the poetry of the Greeks, and English, German, and Italian poets.

The azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow  
Upon thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy  
cheek

With wondrous texture of white lilies,—  
show

Where for his honey my soul's bee may  
seek.

Thy smile with all the fulness of its grace,  
Its witchery benign and generous,—

The silvery fall thy laughter's courses  
trace,

In sweeping pearl and crystal tremu-  
lous,—

Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss,  
Thine humbleness before my passion's  
claim,—

What glory can life give me more than this,  
My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ  
QUINTERO

(1871- )

(1873- )

*PATRIA CHICA* OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!  
I hail from the opulent region  
Of wine and of sun!  
To build me a castle of fancy  
I but need a cigar;  
To take for a day to my pillow,  
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer  
 Without cannon or frays;  
 I plan every winning maneuver  
 While I sit in *cafés*.  
 I'm a Turk with my wine without water—  
 But Inquisitor too;  
 I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*  
 When the sermons are through.  
 “*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—  
 As I thump at my breast;  
 “*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,  
 'Gainst this bull I protest!”—  
 There's no time for repining,  
 For of Spain I'm the Don!  
 I hail from the opulent region  
 Where they barter and barter forever,  
     for seats in the shade and the sun!  
                     —*Thomas Walsh*.

## AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,  
     And there a lattice wears a garden smile;  
     There is a rose behind its grate, the while  
 A faithful gallant makes his court outside.



The happy pair lets not a thought divide  
The love that holds them in its honeyed  
wile;

She at the grating joys without a guile;  
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried.

Night spreads her veil o'er both; with  
chatter bright

And laughter free they pass the hours  
away,

Breathing in love their mutual delight;

If to that lover you, perchance, would  
say:

"I give you heaven for your place tonight,"  
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here I  
stay!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

*ABANICO*

Thy fan is as a butterfly

Upon thy fingers lighted

Since nowhere else it could espy

A rose to take its loving eye

Until thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

640	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="305 427 881 465">ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ</p> <p data-bbox="508 480 667 515">(1871- )</p> <p data-bbox="405 551 778 582">THROTTLE THE SWAN</p> <p data-bbox="285 622 891 938">ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.</p> <p data-bbox="285 990 891 1256"> Wring the neck of the lying-feathered  swan  That gives a white note to the fountain's  blue:  Its prettiness is well enough, but on  The soul of things it can't say much to  you. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Make away with every speech and every  
fashion  
In which deep life's latent rhythm does  
not live;  
Only Life itself adore with passion,  
And make Life feel the homage that you  
give.

Observe the sober owl that takes his flight  
From the Olympian refuge Pallas made,  
And gets himself in silence to that tree.  
Although he has no swan's grace, you can  
see  
His restless profile sharp against the shade,  
Interpreting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lcc.*

#### THE PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

Lord, round my brow the winds of heaven  
are hurled,  
Under the burning sun I bend my head;  
The cloud that passes, like a bird is  
sped  
Forth to another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and  
sting,  
The long monotony of Summer rain;  
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in  
vain  
The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,  
No singing streams of water, running  
bright  
Through beds of moss and drowsy  
flowers, invite  
The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,  
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,  
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide  
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,  
My feet are chained; my hope soars to  
the sky.  
Men know me not, like strangers they  
pass by  
My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,  
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing  
stream,  
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and  
scream  
Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,  
As in a symbol, that exalted mood  
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude  
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871- )

## PRE-RAPHAELITISM

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1904), *El sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a book of  
hours

Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum  
fair;

Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers

Your figure shines in holy windows rare.  
Your parted locks are radiance round your  
brow;

White hosts and lilies are upon your  
cheek;

Your forehead bears the starlight's crown-  
ing glow;  
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor  
speak.

Your hands two lilies fold upon your  
breast

Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden  
flowers;

Cherubs with timbrels round your feet are  
pressed,

And angels lost amid their viol's powers.

Thus as in some mysterious triptych  
framed,

Your face adown from other ages shines;  
Thus 'mid the gleam of some mosaic,  
flamed

With gold and purples, rise your beauty's  
shrines.

Soaring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires

Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on  
high,

Surge from my dream the old Chartreuse's  
choirs

Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn,  
My hands grew anxious for the brush  
and paint;  
Light from my ogive windowed cell was  
borne;  
The halls with laurel shadows were  
acquaint.  
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred  
hour  
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell  
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower  
With the vague sadness of its evening  
spell,  
  
I painted in a fever mystical  
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;  
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,  
Forming your face of hosts and roses  
whole.  
And as I worked upon your gentle smile  
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter  
words,  
From out a cornice spoke to me the  
while  
The singing voices of Saint Francis'  
birds.



Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!  
 My heavenly blues, my lilies all in  
 flower!—  
 This loneliness for that old Chartreuse  
 choir  
 Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's  
 power!—  
 Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!  
 From off the friar's palette light hath  
 fled,  
 Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy  
 remain;  
 The bitter etching of his grief hath fed  
 Upon the red blood of his heart's last  
 vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL

(1872-1909)

## JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai  
saw  
Mid rolling thunders trace the road of  
Right,  
Clear carven on the tables of the Law,—  
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and  
night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,  
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye  
crave,

To hear the prayers of those who grace  
implore,  
Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore;  
Yea, dying on the Cross the world to  
save.

Behold the King of whom the Prophet  
told!  
The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me.  
I quench the flame and quiet down the  
sea,  
I guide the child and help the weak and  
old!

If to a stiffened corpse my cry “Arise  
And live again” be spoken,  
Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,  
And death’s cold seal upon the tomb is  
broken.

No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre  
bear;  
No haughty frontlet can My brows endure;  
Love and the lowly heart My treasures  
rare;  
My law, the law of all the good and pure.—

Mine is the army of the worn and sad,  
Beaten by sun and wind,  
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,  
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of  
worth  
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:  
Strike down the things of evil at their  
birth,  
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;  
Their snow-white innocence shall be  
The garb of those who mount to Heaven  
with Me.  
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;  
Vengeance is His who rules the realms  
above,  
Give good for evil that your foe has  
wrought;  
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of  
Love!

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,  
Without vainglorious show,  
So that of which your right hand knows the  
cost,  
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door  
Of God's great temple in the heavenly  
mead;  
Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,  
To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungred, poor;  
The fishes have their homes beneath the  
waves,  
The birdling holds his downy nest secure,  
The wild things of the forest have their  
caves,  
The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone  
Who comes from sin to bring release  
And free man's life from dread,  
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,  
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone  
Whereon to lay His head!

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

## GUILLERMO VALENCIA

(1872- )

## SURSUM

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36).

A pallid taper its long prayer recites  
Before the altar, where the censers  
spread  
Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out  
their dread,  
In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.  
There—like the poor Assisian—invites

A cloistered form the peace All-Hal-  
lowéd;  
Against the dismal portals of the dead  
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly  
flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine;  
Grant me the ancient parchments' ruddy  
sign

Of holy psalmody to read and prize!  
For I would mount the heights immortal  
crowned,  
Where the dark night is 'mid the glories  
drowned,  
And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

# THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis  
malitia nequitia mulieris.*—Ecclesiastes.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that  
subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's  
tread,  
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the  
red  
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.  
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word  
A vase of lurking essence harvested;  
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;  
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian  
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows  
ran  
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's  
glow;  
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,  
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,  
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,  
So Israel's daughter for the deed pre-  
pared;  
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury  
bared,  
She clave the head from the great form  
supine.



In floods, as from some broken jar of wine,  
The sudden stream broke round her, as  
she dared,

A murderess amid the crimson snared,  
To raise on high her haggard countersign.

In the blank eyes, the bloodless cheek,  
the beard

Entangled in the blackened moist that  
clung

In baleful knots of shadow where the  
white

Steel bit the ripened pomegranate as it  
seared,—

The trunkless head amid the darkness  
hung,

A rose unhallowed in the bowers of night.

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

A woman and a serpent formed in one,  
The dancer Salomé swung round and  
round

Lasciviously unto the crotals' sound,  
Her body bared in perfumed unison.

All of the Orient through her dance was  
    spun,  
    Pacings that fire the sleeping blood to  
    bound,  
Or bow to earth the human despot  
    crowned,  
And leave life flowerless and the soul  
    undone.

His eyes inflamed within his parchment  
    face,  
The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from his  
    place  
    Upon the fair one, murmuring in his  
    greed:  
"For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiades!"—  
And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on my  
    knees  
    Grant me the Esenian's head mine eyes  
    to feed!"

As the swift wind amid an ancient wood,  
    So passion through the aged Tyrant  
    played;  
His eyes gave signal; the great slave  
    obeyed

Whose gleaming sword against his muscles  
stood.

Vast was the silence as the Just Man's  
blood

Burst in a scarlet stream beneath the  
blade;

Then Antipas signed to have the salver  
laid

Before the siren in her bestial mood.

A light immortal gleaming from afar

Lit with the radiance of a dying star

The martyr's pallid lips and marble  
brows;

And like the foam of some death-brooding  
deep,

The holy head all bloodless seemed to keep

The breath of myrrh as from the censer  
blows.

#### THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

When Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate

The soul and body of all Bible lore)

My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for  
The thought he from the Inspired Text  
would state.

“To womankind,” he said, “trust not your  
fate;

She breedeth madness; she is mandra-  
gore;

Drink of her cup, your conscience lives  
no more,

Your songs are done, your roads are deso-  
late!”

And more he added, “Yet withhold your  
fear;

Woman, man’s ancient enemy, is here

Among us flaming like a comet dread;  
She cleanses earth from love that is but vice,  
And makes—to ease her burning thirst—  
suffice

The very dewes the wounds of martyrs  
shed.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MANUEL MACHADO

(1874- )

## THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and *Cantares* (1907).

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compté  
And Portugal he made his twelve  
campaigns;

Now he is forty, and in all the Spains  
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.  
Retired with honors, now he passes through  
The arches of the plaza, solemnly,  
The sunlight shedding native glory due  
Unto his medals—stately champion he!—

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still  
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;—  
His daughter's hand refusing haughtily

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;—  
 Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll  
 To Olivares for the pension roll.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### ADELFO

I am like all who from my country hail—  
 Of Moorish blood, close ancients of the  
 sun,—

Who have gained all and losing all have  
 failed.

Firm is the soul we Arab-Spaniards  
 won.

My longings died one night beneath the  
 moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream or  
 love;

My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;—  
 And now and then a woman's kiss to  
 prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,  
 There are no labyrinths; my passion's  
 rose

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite  
Without a perfume, form, nor colored  
shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?—  
What belongs.

Their atmosphere be my full breath  
awake!

Let the waves drive or draw me in their  
thongs,—

But never force me any path to take!

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know  
not.

I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude.

Mine was a vague desire for art—now half-  
forgot.

No vice controls me, though I seek not  
good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;

One gains not, one inherits blazon-  
ment;

But the devise ancestral is rubbed out

To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath  
sent.

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor would  
hate;

Letting you pass, pray do for me the  
same.

Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;  
As for myself, I shall not take the  
blame.

My longings died one night beneath the  
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream or  
love.

From time to time a kiss—a simple boon  
Of generous lips—that seek no more to  
prove!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879- )

## COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper  
tide—

As on the coast a bark—then part with-  
out a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory for  
bride;

For life is long and art a plaything there.  
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide,

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side  
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874- )

## HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of the *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jardín*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from  
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling up-  
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon the  
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain of  
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose  
peak is like a lance,

Submerged in dawnlight when the sun,  
with eye of blazing gold,  
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven  
to explore

The moveless host of granite rocks, far  
stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the  
home of storms,

White like a pillow vast whereon the  
age-long dreams repose  
Of countless generations—he lifted up his  
voice,

And all the world around him heard; the  
sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights the  
wind wakes deep laments,

The green plains, wrinkled over with  
cattle where they spread.

In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand  
years to speak,

He called to Chimborazo: "Be on the  
watch!" he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of  
conquered faiths,

The vanquished, lost religions, that  
hoary grandsire now  
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar  
of the sky,  
Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent  
brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his  
shoulders broad,  
And in his beard the condors nest, and  
rear their fledgings there.

In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with  
its wild, fierce hand  
At the enormous cataract of his white-  
flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides;  
the sunsets and the dawns  
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride  
their colors delicate.

That summit in the distance was terrible  
to see!

When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he  
seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around  
him were his thoughts.

The tempests talked to him, the winds  
hurled at him insults deep,  
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon  
him smiled.

The giant kept the silence of disdain.  
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the  
mountains far and near,

He lifted from his eyes their veil of  
hoary lashes white;

He looked and saw the glaciers of the  
mighty mountain chain

All flushed and shining, gilded with an  
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just  
breaking, diamond clear;

The caravans of trees far off, outlined  
o'er vale and hill;

And yonder, almost at his feet, the great  
- fire of the sun.

All things were swimming in its light,  
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines  
of their backs

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon  
a long march led.  
The sky its cup inverted above the picture  
fair—  
And to the stern, steep mountain the  
lofty mountain said:  
“I hear a sudden tempest approaching  
through the vales;  
It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem  
the sea is drawing nigh!  
The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast  
rise from the troubled plains;  
Black, shapeless masses surge along, a  
torrent wild and high.”  
The other mountain answered and said,  
“It is the wind.”  
Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled  
among the clouds once more.  
But Tupungato reared his head far up-  
wards to behold  
The cause of that broad galloping the  
mountain echoes bore.  
Higher it came, all streaked with flame,  
that sparkled in the sun.

The mountain on his shoulder huge  
    lifted the arching sky;  
He saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.  
    He fancies that in vain!"  
He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who  
    passes by!

"No, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel  
    have crowned her brow with stars.  
The flashes glitter keen and bright, far  
    shining in the sun!"  
Then Chimborazo raised his voice above  
    the deep abyss,  
And, with a crash of breaking rocks,  
    replied, "The two are one!"  
    —*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## THE GIFT OF DAY

Amid the glory of the sun, the world  
    A-tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue  
Melodious architraves, with towers un-  
    furled  
Like festal banners to the daylight's  
    view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud call  
Hierophant before the gates of light;  
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all  
His emerald plumage in its joyous might.

And every little pebble shines with gold;  
The harvest fields exhale their fragrant  
heat;  
Swept are the woods with waves of  
shadows old;—  
Day is like bread, a blessing clean and  
sweet.

—*Garret Strangc.*



JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875- )

THE MAGNOLIA

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison on account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the  
daughter,  
Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;  
White as a flake of foam upon still  
water,  
White as soft fleece upon rough brambles  
torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have  
fashioned

Of Grecian marble in an age remote.

Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,  
As when a woman bares her rounded  
throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,  
Holds her enchanted by some magic  
spell;

Something about a dove that broods above  
her,

Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,  
Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:  
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory  
Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless  
snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

#### ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,

I stand and greet you from the trembling  
sea

That like some white-haired slave before a  
queen,

With all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.

I greet you from the sea above whose  
combers

Your heavy perfumes break upon the  
wind;

Behind them tower your mutilated trunks  
And beckon me to the Americas.

I greet you from the sea that woos you  
still,

Like some wild chieftain with disheveled  
locks,

Knowing that from your undeciphered  
heart

Is born the hollow ship that scars its face  
And mocks its depths with straining keel  
and sail,

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,  
I stand and greet you from the shining sea.

I turn to you and feel my soul set free:  
Forgotten is the stress of modern ways.

I have become for very sight of you,  
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,  
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,  
And drank the milk of goats and ate their  
bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,  
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees  
Recall to me how centuries ago  
With twice ten thousand archers at my  
heels,

I led the way to where the mountains  
smoke

And lift their craters from the shores of  
lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to the  
realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,  
Following him upon the mountain tops,  
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,  
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,  
Because the centuries have marked me out  
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns  
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns  
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

Legends of Aztec Emperors and songs  
Of bold Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos,  
Vanished like Babylon from off this earth.

Here in your presence, with your savage  
spell  
Leaping in all my veins, the centuries  
Lift like a vision from the abyss of time  
And pass before me in unfading youth.  
So I evoke the ages still unformed  
That saw your first tree burst its bonds of  
stone,  
And all the others headlong on its track,  
With the ordained disorder of the stars.  
So I evoke the endless chain of time,  
Of creeping growth and slow monotony,  
That passed before your roots were fired  
with sap,  
And all your trunks took form beneath  
their bark;  
And all the knots of every branch were  
loosed,  
To join the hymn of your primeval Spring.  
And now your flowering branches are a  
cage  
For singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,

Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird  
Pours its strange song; and only one is  
mute:

The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence flaunts  
His rainbow plumage with heraldic pomp  
Above the tombs of a departed race.

Your countless blue and rosy butterflies  
Flutter and fan themselves coquettishly;  
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun,  
Glimmer and glow like gems and talismans  
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swords.  
Your crickets scold, and when the day is  
spent,  
And fire-flies light your depths, where  
beasts of prey  
Stalk in the gloom, as through a nightmare  
gleam  
The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes.

Yours is the tapir, that in mountain  
pools  
Mirrors the shape of his deformity,  
And rends the jungle with his monstrous  
head;  
Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrobat,

That from the branches darts upon his  
 prey;  
 And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,  
 With gums of plush and alabaster fang.  
 The crocodile is yours, that venerable  
 Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,  
 Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy  
 caves;  
 And yours the boa, that seems a mighty  
 arm  
 Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,  
 Of tropic growth, you suck each living  
 thing—  
 The strength of muscles and the blood of  
 veins—  
 There to beget in your exuberance  
 The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,  
 Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone  
 day,  
 The tribes grown weary with long pilgrim-  
 age.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree  
 Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs  
 Counseling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the  
tree  
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,  
Whose fragrant wood in European courts  
The cunning craftsman polishes and  
shapes  
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of  
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,  
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs  
bowed,  
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this  
prayer:  
That with the night, the close approaching  
night,  
You may entomb me in your sacred  
dusk  
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,  
And that, to fire my eyes with savage  
light  
And wild reflection of your revelry,  
To burn upon the tip of every tree  
That points into the night, you set a  
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*



SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam  
bright

Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful  
fair

Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—  
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's  
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my  
sight

Shed brightness all around her in the air—  
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,  
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

O flood of gold and silver, full and free!  
You make my heart with gladness overrun.  
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I  
be,

In my child's curls I always have the  
sun,

The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,  
The night was mad with lightning; I be-  
strode  
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.  
And, crunching onward, like a monster's  
jaws,  
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm  
kept,  
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,  
Where hidden waters slept.  
A million buzzing insects in the air  
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,  
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding  
thought,  
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps  
Among the branches caught.  
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh  
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with  
eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood  
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

Until there came to me, upon the night,  
A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet—  
A voice as of a woman singing, and her  
song

Dropped like soft music winging, at my  
feet,  
And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit  
blending,  
Lengthened and lengthened out, and had  
no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night,  
And through the quiet of the hills, I  
heard

That music, and the sounds the night wind  
bore me,

Like spirit voices from an unseen world  
Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might  
say:

“At night they come, and they are gone by  
day—”

And then another voice, with low refrain,  
And untold tenderness, took up the strain:  
“Oh love is but an inn upon life's way”;

"At night they come, and they are gone by  
day—"

Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my  
length

Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent  
Upon that mystery within the wood,  
My eyes grew heavy, and my strength  
was spent.

And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak.  
And now, when by untrodden paths I go,  
Through the dim forest, no repose I know  
At any inn at nightfall, but apart  
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my  
heart

Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:

"At night they come, and they are gone by  
day,

And love is but an inn upon life's way."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

## JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875-1909)

## THE CURA

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction, which however did not preserve him from a bitter end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and only the first collection, *Los peregrinos de piedra*, has yet made its appearance.

He is the Cura—Long the silent peaks  
Have watched him breast his hardships  
on his knees,—  
Risking the passes when the winters  
freeze,—  
Taking the lonely routes the midnight  
seeks.—  
As though by magic, 'neath his blessing  
hand  
A plenteous harvest its responses speaks;

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks  
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook  
He turns in readiness to drain his brook  
Of mountain gold to deck his altar  
rude;

His preaching through a breath of basil  
sounds,—

A nephew is his only turpitude—  
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the place;  
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their  
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wire,  
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.  
A marble yawn the dried-up font would  
trace;

There sneezes an old woman in the  
choir;

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their  
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;  
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence  
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms are  
going;

Then here and there her feather-duster  
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come  
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallant  
crowing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere  
The dusky smithy strikes its morning  
lay,—

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his  
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on the  
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;  
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray  
The ploughman mutters rustic curses  
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The  
jet  
Through its old marble speaks the foun-  
tain's soul;  
And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is  
set,  
Waking the lone path's yearning for its  
goal  
Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll  
From tinkling carts the daybreaks  
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## JULIO FLORES

(1875- )

## " GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.

## HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly  
Whose great and tenuous wings  
Their gold and rose spread high;  
Thou that in ample heaven's sight  
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings  
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,  
O butterfly divine, dost race?—  
What heavenly branch or vine

Gives thee sustaining wine?—  
Perchance the gardens of the night  
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease  
Thine infinite thirst?  
Perchance the golden leas  
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—  
Perchance the bright horizons filled  
With glorious rays  
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled  
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,  
Come on my breast to lie;  
From thy transcendant sphere  
Seek out our poor world here,  
Ere thee in winging turn  
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875- )

## MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of her brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost  
In a scene of gaiety.  
Where are you, mother mine?  
Not there—that is not she—

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,  
How can I search? I do not know  
Which you are! Vainly seeking,  
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child  
I weep in misery.  
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?  
Or fair to see?

This is not you, nor that. . . .  
Where are you, Mother mine?  
To lighten my dark soul  
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,  
Gentle with tenderness;  
Your lips must drip honey  
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be  
Oblivion of grief;  
You must be, O Mother,  
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be  
A vivifying breath,  
And your caresses  
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?  
To each woman I pray  
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing  
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## THE RENDEZVOUS

She will come? She will not come?

The passing cloud declares she will;  
The quiet tree, no longer dumb,  
Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

The sunlit paths with promise thrill  
And file away; but waters drum  
Across the lake—No, wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?

My heart is resolute she will;  
But, hush, these murmurs troublesome—  
She will not come—Await her still.  
—*Garret Strange.*

## FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877- )

## THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darío in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine  
And golden garden shining in mine eyes,  
Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine  
Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?  
So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine  
Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.  
To seek this garden—destiny is thine,  
But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone  
Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,  
The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

In vain thine arid eye its gates would find;  
The prose of life is all too near the mind,—  
And far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER *LAS ÁNIMAS*

The aged castellan beside the fire  
Bends o'er his parchment leaves, in his desire  
To learn the wise old proverbs of the past  
That speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild  
cast;

The chatelaine her rosary unwinds  
In sleepy fingers; and the buffoon binds  
His bells in imitation, for a laugh,  
Shaking his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

In silence the fair damsel draws the threads  
Of silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds  
Her glances on the ruddy page who stands  
Below her daïs smiling half in glee,  
The while he plucks the hound's ear  
aimlessly,  
Until a hollow growl sounds 'neath his  
hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS

## I

## ANONYMOUS

## THE CANDLE

That I might read my page, I lit thee.  
Sought thy light  
To bring to my dark room, and to my  
inner sight,  
Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Im-  
mersed in dreaming  
I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no  
other gleaming.  
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the  
still night given,  
Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a passion,  
driven  
Upwards in strength and might, seeking  
heaven with its fire,  
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine  
own desire!



Here is the page immortal knowledge  
holding,  
The book of books all ancient lore enfold-  
ing;  
Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ  
anointed,—  
To that true light is my small flaming  
pointed.”

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

## II

## FAQUNDES VARELLA

## LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

The rocking of a hammock, a cosey  
fire  
Under a humble roof of thatch,  
A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar;  
A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

A robust horse, pacing more lightly  
Than the wind blowing from the plains,  
With a black mane and eyes of fire;

His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.

And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl

Of gentle gestures, kindly words;

A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free—

A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the open sky;

Gay laughter, light gossip;

A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks

And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!

Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross,

Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory;

Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## III

## BULHAO PATO

## THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.

One entered, full of radiant joy,  
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms

Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,

Also carried a child, but this poor mother  
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—

She who bore in her happy arms

The child of her love;

The other, bathed in tears,

Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment

It was the happy mother from whose eyes

Tears broke, while the stricken woman  
Who had lost her child—  
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her  
grief,  
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

SAMUEL A. LILLO	699
<p data-bbox="283 427 605 458">SAMUEL A. LILLO</p> <p data-bbox="185 489 700 524">TO VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA</p> <p data-bbox="137 553 752 686">SAMUEL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose volumes, <i>Canciones de Arauca</i> and <i>Chile heroico</i>, are vivid pictures of nature and primitive life in his country.</p> <p data-bbox="137 722 752 1259">             If in the night a herd of savage buffaloes              Suddenly plunge into a quiet backwater              Beating there into ripples the sleeping                  water              With their great bodies,              And blot out all the shining reflection              Of the great moon, trembling and luminous,              That lies like a silver flower upon the                  water,              Then the once peaceful pool turns ferocious              Restless and troubled, leaping and tossing;              But when the herd has passed on its way              Once more the heavens gently send              The moon's shimmering image,           </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Unstable as the faint hue announcing  
A pallid dawn,  
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity  
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or  
perverse

Men may pass, troubling the even current  
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero  
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no  
longer

The sounds of the caravan are heard in the  
distance,

Then in the calm waters of history,  
Like the silver flower from the feet of the  
herd

There rises, pellucid and bright,  
The illustrious memory once lost  
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,  
In this fair land of Columbus  
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,  
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!  
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant  
face,

Sent to thy grave by envy, because thou  
gavest

Splendor and kingdoms to Spain,  
And because, conqueror in terrible con-  
flicts,

Thy sovereign courage drew from the  
depths

Of the mysteries of earth a great ocean,  
That doubled the size of the world.

His was a spirit audacious, adventurous,  
Given the wings of the condor, the eyes of  
the kite,

A mixture of bully and knight  
With a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879-1903)

## AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poesías líricas* (Santiago, Valparaíso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,  
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—  
Now my hopes are few, and older  
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry  
On the road where the far years carry;  
Mine, it seems, by age were frightened,—  
For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-  
head!

—Thomas Walsh.



## THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling,  
Softly, gently, on the plains;  
And through the drops a grief is calling,—  
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious  
Where I my bed of weakness keep,  
There's naught to fight my grief voracious,  
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me  
With choking hold upon my veins;  
I wake from out the sleep that bound me—  
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,  
Before the landscape's mighty brink,  
Amid the mists that fall and languish,  
I think.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880- )

## HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

## I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different  
We spent it in our native town at home!  
Where everybody still and pious went  
And hushed as though beneath some  
convent dome.  
The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,  
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;  
The entrance to the village church was  
filled  
With pious folk grown anxious for their  
soul.

The women had put off their colored  
dress

And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to confess  
In mourning garb their Jesus' death and  
loss;

The men suspending labor now attend,  
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end  
"The Seven Last Words" and "Stations  
of the Cross."

## 2

Then the procession—from the crowded  
nave—

Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude,  
With sacred hymns and attitudes most  
grave

As though with mystic powers it were  
imbued.

Saint Antony's Sodality is there—

Old women who have made the church  
their home;

Each "Child of Mary" and each urchin  
bare—

How many in God's honor thither come!

The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense  
files

Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles  
By parish notables with airs that brag;  
But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,  
In brodered coat pre-eminently there,  
Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

## 3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile  
As though some sweetheart saw her love  
appear;

Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful  
while

The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is  
near!—

The linen sheet across the chantry parts—  
“*Gloria in excelsis*”—scarce the priest has  
prayed,

When the high belfry's jubilation starts,  
The organ roars—the “Royal March”  
is played.

At once the rattle of old musketry,  
The sounds of children shouting in their glee

To chase old Judas down the crowded  
way!—  
Life seethes in alleys that before were bare,  
Anew the shopkeepers display their ware,  
And each heart patters—"Resurrection  
Day!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880- )

## HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was  
dying,

Children bend above their books, their  
mother at her toil;

And on the little table within the lamplight  
lying

There was set a spray of lilies snowy  
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwell-  
ing,—

“Here there is no touch of life upon its  
troubled way!”—

So the snowy lilies, fresh and pure are  
telling,

This is what their subtle perfume to  
young hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CALLING

LORD, Thou dost know with what implacable  
hand

Life cut its wound across my inmost  
breast:

How I was lost amid the worldly band—

How I have suffered where its blade was  
pressed!

Lord, Thou dost know how from all healing  
banned,

No cure I found in all the world possest;  
How I in gloom would walk, and trembling  
stand

Before Thy mystery with doubt confest!

Thy words came then unto mine ear—so  
sweet,—

Yea, sweeter far than mother's lullaby.

Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my  
feet;

My wounded wing against Thy breast  
did fly,

And there, as in predestined grief's retreat,  
Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880- )

RIVER-FOLK

LUIS C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

THE VILLAGE BARBER

The village barber, in his old straw hat,  
 And dancing pumps and waistcoat of  
 piqué,  
 Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones  
 squat  
 Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all  
 day.

712	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>An "old subscriber" to <i>El Liberal</i>  He works and sparkles like a merry  glass  Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall  Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.</p> <p>With mayor and veterinary, pious folk  Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke  Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;  A tavern champion, and a cock-pit sage,  Amid the scissors' clip, his wars he'll  wage,  Sparkling like muscatel the light has  caught.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE VILLAGE MAYOR</p> <p>The village mayor, in a soiled panama  With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,  Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose eclát,  Glitters with bull-dog face across the  town.  A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,  His dagger's point his only signature,—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

When at the night the garlic soup will  
flow,

He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing,  
Holds him as in an iron fastening,

Cheering herself the while with Paul de  
Kock;

Decked in glass-beads, her eyebrows  
painted clear,—

The while her spouse through the back-  
town will steer

With stomach jewels and a face of rock.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof

Of the church, in the tropical calm

To be saluted by him who has been out all  
night,

To be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,

O moon, who in your silence have laughed  
at

All things! In your sidereal silence

When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the  
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,  
With what eloquence in mute space  
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken  
brawl

Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,  
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

## EMILIO CARRÉRE

(1881- )

## THE MANTILLA

EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are *El caballero de la muerte*, *Románticas*, *El divino amor humano*, and *Dietario sentimental*.

*Black*

As though it were a very breath that  
blows

From Madrilenian shadows, in its play  
And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows

The street-girl duchesses of Goya's day.  
In the light carts by Manzanares' tide

The black mantilla held its gallant reign;  
In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride  
Amid her patios and her orange train.

To the blue-shadowed eyes of maids distressed

As their own heart-songs, its soft folds  
brought rest

In the infuriate passion of their love;  
Under its midnight was a lurid glow  
Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch to show  
Like a red rose, a gloomy heart above.

*White*

Silken mantilla, in whose snowy woof  
Lurk the dark lashes, with their Moorish  
spell,

Of eyes whose midnight gives a deeper proof  
When the bull's bloodstains on the plaza  
tell.

Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blossoming  
Of snow and swan and silver sails that  
shine,—

White flowers of Holy Thursday in a ring  
About the Seven-Colored Virgin's shrine!

Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped mantilla,  
With graceful ripples of the seguidilla,  
Blason of Goya's festivals of old,

Song, clear and joyous as the vanished  
strains

That shower from silver orange groves like  
rains

Upon our beauties with the flesh of gold!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881- )

## ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escojidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread  
    Their misty marvels through the with-  
        ered flowers,  
The windows, by the moonlight pierced,  
    would shed  
    Their trembling garlands pale across the  
        bowers.



The balconies looked over to the South;  
The night was one immortal and serene;  
From fields afar the newborn springtime's  
mouth

Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the  
scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral  
moan

Among the shadowy roses of the sward;  
Love was a fable—shadows overthrown  
Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's  
ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had  
died—

The azure stars in languor having known  
The sorrows all the centuries provide,  
With silver crowned me there, remote  
and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;  
A grimmer phantom grows my old re-  
morse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth  
 To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody  
 course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,  
 Is as a mountain sad and drear,  
 Where clouds are black illusions heaping;  
 Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal—  
 To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;  
 With peace at twilight, and the mortal  
 Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### FROM ETERNIDADES

Let me draw rein,  
 Let me put a curb upon  
 The steed of dawn;  
 And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—  
 The mad  
 Flowers of all my dreamings,  
 Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

My weeping and the starlight  
Together met, and joining swift,  
Became as though one tear,  
Became as though one star.

And I grew blind,—and heaven  
Grew blind of love—And all the world  
Was nothing more than sorrow  
Of a star, and glitter of a tear,  
—*Thomas Walsh.*

## THE PARK

The ancient spiderwebs of all the halls  
Reflect the twilight fires of amethyst;  
Each balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls  
In faded hues some story time has missed.

It seems as though a dance of long ago  
Would waken in this twilight lone and  
fair;  
The soil is wet; from the chill branch  
below  
There sounds the muffled sob of love's  
despair.

A hush—the scent of trampled roses—  
    night,  
    Wherein the golden lustres gleaming  
    throng;  
Down the long avenue there fades from  
    sight  
An old coach bearing off—alas!—what  
    song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883- )

## BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906), *El derrotero* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,  
Plays the violin in the sun  
For a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples  
A Spanish roundelay  
Or some Slavic song.  
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun  
To fill his shabby sack  
To get a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair  
When he plays the violin,  
Comes out to seek the sun  
As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy  
Died playing the violin.  
What of it? He came to his end  
With a drink of rum  
And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun  
Clasping his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

#### THE RETURN

I have come back to the old home—  
therein  
To weep my childhood gone, my father laid  
in death;  
Days, months and years have passed  
upon their way,  
And all the house in ruin lies, from roof  
To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er all,—  
How everything I knew has met decay!

I come again in weeping for the hours  
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings filled  
with dreams

And slumberous afternoons!) I once have  
known,

Where "he who has returned to us so  
changed

With rounded shoulders and his hair like  
snow"—

Seems now so different from his young  
days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,

We are not quite surprised; we feel his kiss

Upon our foreheads as in days of old;

My mother sighs; the grave domestics gaze

With reverent mien, and the old dog  
begins

His barking as if back the years had  
rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh how  
long!—

And in my years away, how many drouths,

How many mountain glooms and fogs  
of dread!—

A silence falls; it seems each other reads  
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,  
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every  
head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how  
long!—

Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home,  
With all surrounding me, I bid them  
tell,

If I look older?—They reply to me;

“Yes, father dear, we find you very  
changed.”

And I:—“Poor children, you are changed  
as well.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*



## ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883- )

## MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,

With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;

The nerves upon his flanks in network throng,

His beauty has a strange and curious note.

The blooded stock to which his sires belong  
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;

He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

And sniffs eternities in breaths that  
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high  
His crest of light goes singing toward the  
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,  
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;  
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown  
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884- )

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES**(To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.)*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in prose shows extraordinary imaginative and dramatic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment.  
I am the pain of that white form  
the time you wrapped yourself in your  
cloak  
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,  
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and  
maims,

I am the first night of the nuptials  
of the soul, to which none ever came.

I launch my glances like falcons  
to all those virgin souls  
that give easy prey to women.  
I am she who smiles on the balconies  
full of the moon, in the outskirts,  
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine,  
white as the flower of the lemon tree  
and when you brushed my hand  
you gave me more than a body entire.

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be  
sure  
that if you kissed it, it was only once  
astride the wall  
and I so closely wrapped against the moon  
that when I saw you go you went drunk,  
forehead high, in your smile a prayer  
and you kissed the air; and you went  
blinded by me as by a light shining in all  
things.

Students, you whom Honduras  
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala  
and who mingle dreams and penury  
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths  
half bohemians and half singers  
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,  
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup  
and stand two months in your landlord's  
debt;

I am that golden-haired school girl  
who, with a kiss which she left on your  
mouth,  
pinned a wing to your shoulders  
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams.*

' THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO  
PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various  
disguises,  
Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza  
writes verses.

His bearing is the dominie and his speech  
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric  
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar  
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,  
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the  
*estrambote*  
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the  
insane Don Quixoté  
opens a new trail into unknown lands  
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably  
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes  
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and  
upon highways:

"Praise with me all those who renew the  
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young."

Never could I tell by what strange accord-  
ances

Behind a madman always walk a hundred  
sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic  
prudence

and I cannot deny that you have in  
abundance

a sense of life which laughs at madness,  
and which is of a hundred thousand San-  
chos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision  
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,  
but when peace comes after the battle  
you listen to the rebukes of your master  
and are silent.

For the ball-men, life is forever lovely  
since if it slopes they know how to roll  
down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad  
face,

without Don Quixote the Good, what  
would become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times; but  
once he hits  
and that sole time is worth more than all  
your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,  
thus history combines the divine pair;  
in front, the thin master dragging his  
squire;  
and behind, the fat servant, laughing, but  
he comes.

—*William G. Williams.*



## GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885- ).

## FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a native of Chile where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.

The hands of evil have been on your life  
Since when, at signal from the stars, I  
sowed  
It 'mid the lilies. Beauteous was it rife  
Till hands of evil wrecked the fair abode.  
Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal paths  
Oh let them bear him,—spirit without  
guide—;  
Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of  
wraths,  
And plunge him in the dream Thine  
arms provide!"

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow;  
Black is the tempest that drives on his  
sail;

My breast for him, or mow away his  
flower!—

Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses  
swallow—

Is pity in my heart of no avail?—

Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak  
Thou this hour!

—*Roderick Gill.*

## FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885- )

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He has republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be studied in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua francesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua portuguesa*.

(*My Soul sings*)

My soul is distant, with a crystal note,  
As virginal waters in a hidden moat.

My soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,  
As some old lordly manor in the woods.

My soul is frank and simple in its ways,  
As the light rain that flecks the rose with  
sprays.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

#### THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—

And in the study-hall,  
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I  
stayed

Alone and friendless, though some other lads  
Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we  
Were kept till eight.—

It was October's close,  
And the first chill—and down the garden  
walks

The tossing trees were shaking off their  
robes;

Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush  
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway  
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-  
voiced clock

The hour of six—

The class in violin—

Adown the staircase broad, the broken  
notes

Of tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted  
me

To heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-  
quisite

Sweetness and bitterness—a pure *noctur-  
ne*—

Chopin, my brother, oh, my brother, now  
For twenty years I bear within my heart  
Your melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885- )

## TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of Chile, where he is well known as a poet and writer for the reviews. He has spent some years in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,  
O brothers strong and bold;  
Life hath a beauty far  
Beyond this traffic jar;  
In vain trade's towers on high  
Blacken against the sky—  
The wind, a wild thing—blows—  
And bluer, purer now the heaven shows.

From factory, wharf and wall  
Some pallid flower may crawl;  
Take it and from your soul  
Put off the childish rôle,

And, though across a grill,  
Let sun your ruins fill.  
Fear not, your little song  
Can stay machines not long  
From their gigantic beat;  
The meadow-lark with fleet  
Sweep to heaven from the soil  
A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.

Ye heralds of the suns,  
And swallow-myrmidons,—  
Lend courage to me now  
This hour of solemn vow;—  
That here amid our rude  
Metropolis may brood  
Forever fruit of song;  
That artists, poets, long  
Their refuge here may find,  
Comfort and peace of mind;  
That here all work, all thought,  
All song, to harvest brought,  
May see the grim tower to a blossom  
wrought!

—*Roderick Gill.*

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA  
(1885- )

THE MANUSCRIPT

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA is a native of Cuba where he has become an associate editor of *El Fígaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Manzanillo, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,  
With ceremonious bareness set apart;  
Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty;  
A seal is sign of its authentic heart.  
No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;  
No modern reader comes to study there;  
Its object now is to be read no more,—  
Its mission sole is but to last fore'er.

In all the *coro* not a single thing  
Displays such haughty air or blazoning  
As does the boast of its antiquity;



Antiquity that ne'er can be destroyed,  
Which, while it treasures ages, is employed  
To assert abroad its own supremacy.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG OF THE CREATIVE VOICE

I turn unto the demiurgic nights  
Of cruel, male fecundity;  
I turn amid creative, squandering wights  
Exultant where the cities be.

The spreading cities feel my anxious passion  
In penetration 'gainst their heart,  
Forming the letters that at last shall fashion  
The word of Song apart.

The city gloats upon its silence dire,—  
And shall I then be silent,—no!—  
For Destiny would of me song require,  
Bidding the city hearken low!

For this I brave the brows of its disdain,  
Persistent, in my sorrow strong,  
Faithful unto mankind amid my pain,  
Till mine shall be his song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888- )

## SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born at Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rautenstrauch the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has become Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poesías* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,  
And be coy of eyes of blue;  
Glances of the chestnut brown  
Are the only good and true."*

*Street Song.*

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading  
With such singing in the town,  
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading  
*Trust not black eyes' smile or frown?*

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining  
Starry for a love-clasp due,  
Other warning they are signing,—  
*And be coy of eyes of blue,*

One alone my heart entrances,  
One with pining bends me down,—  
She who turns the mellow glances,  
*Glances of the chestnut brown.*

Hers that hold no trace of scheming  
Nor cajoling in their hue;  
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming  
*Are the only good and true.*

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-  
crowned crest:

The frozen granite was her prophet old;  
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was  
told;

With molding clay was her fair body  
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest  
As arrows flying past a sun of gold.  
I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,  
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my  
hands.

Under the feet of my great Moses stands  
Man, trembling as before a presence  
mighty.

'Tis I whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling  
 chips,  
 Out of the block made rise from heel to  
 lips  
 The curves implacable of Aphrodite.  
*—Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

MARTINA PIERRA DE POO  
*(Cuban)*

LOVE'S MIRROR

"Girl, gazing in the crystal pool,  
 What see you there to make you  
 merry?"

"I see within the waters cool  
 My image—very like me, very."

"You find it beautiful?"

"Indeed I do."

"And that is why you're glad?"

"Why, certainly."

"My beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue—  
 That holds Sebastian dead in love with  
 me."

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,  
Sebastian's dying now to net you:  
God grant that he may not forget you  
If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool,  
What's there so saddening to see?"

"I see mine image shining cool  
In its transparency."

"And is it beautiful?

"No longer; no." "

"And that is why it makes you sad?"

"Yes; even so.

Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:  
My beauty gone, he doth forget me."

"Poor woman! Tho' you weep and weep,  
Tho' life may of your peace take toll:  
Learn that the only love that's deep  
Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

## DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888- )

## THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa*, New York.

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive  
ray

Of one poor candle's light on roof and  
floor

Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store  
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie  
Upon its snowy pillow while the play  
Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er  
The couch mysterious and pure and more  
As with a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.

There watching at her side, I gently feel  
Her light breath stir and move against my  
own

That pauses with the awesome thoughts  
that steal

Across me,—stricken to my very soul  
With the vague dread of life that I have  
known;

I yearn to be her shield, her cloak, her  
stole.

—*Thomas Walsh.*



ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA

(1888- )

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal poetical works are contained in *El agua de la fuente* about to appear and *De la luz ignorada* (in preparation).

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot  
Where there may be a brook with a good  
    flow,  
An humble little house covered with bell-  
    flowers  
And a woman and a son who shall resemble  
    Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from  
    hates,

And make my verses, as the rivers  
That moisten the earth, fresh and pure.  
Lord, give me a path with trees and  
birds.

I wish that you would never take my  
mother,  
For I should wish to tend her as a child  
And put her to sleep with kisses, when  
somewhat old,  
She may need the sun.

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,  
An affectionate dog that will spring upon  
my knees,  
A flock of goats, all things rustic,  
And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;  
To seat myself at evening under the rustic  
eaves,  
To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed  
air  
And speak to my little one of humble  
things.

At night to relate to him some simple tale,  
Teach him to laugh with the laughter of  
water

And put him to sleep thinking that he  
may later on

Keep that freshness of the moist grass.

And afterwards, the next day, rise with  
dawn,

Admiring life, bathe in the brook,  
Milk my goats in the happiness of the  
garden

And add a strophe to the poem of the  
world.

—*William G. Williams.*

## JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889- )

## THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had  
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy  
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear  
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical  
Of that strange day she took the cloistral  
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils  
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of  
light.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

## SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI

## I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890- )

## THE DOOR

My door is always closed and always dark,  
My old door, crossed and recrossed with  
bars,  
Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe  
That safe behind it songs and bright  
raptures glow.

Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick,  
That lead from the earth into my solitude,  
The sun of my innocent days rose up them,  
And knocked at the door with heavenly  
humbleness.

Up to my door, one misty and quiet day,  
Two little hands of a woman came to knock,

And the leaves opened with the impetuous  
haste  
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden  
flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the  
steps,  
Traversed the threshold with light and  
gentle tread,  
And the two halves of the door shut  
themselves, dumbly,  
Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look.

Then perhaps there was heard a light  
laugh of joy,  
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the  
silence of love,  
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con-  
cealed  
Even the most shadowy echo within its  
heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless  
Depths of each day, comes the future to  
knock  
And I say smiling: It is too soon!

Living and singing have still the same  
sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to my  
door;

He will enter and silently give me his hand,  
While still the future calls with the call of a  
brother,

Poets wait for you! This is the final day!  
And I, as a poet will cry with my dying  
breath:

"It is too soon! Death, you are still too  
soon!"

—*L. E. Elliott.*

## II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It cannot  
be Thy mantle,

For things corruptible are naught to the  
Almighty,

But when on its calm beauty we rest our  
tired eyes

There comes the blessed solace of quick  
tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming  
clouds,  
The sky is a dread vision of the City of  
the Lost,  
And at dead of night it broods with  
such veiled mystery  
That we must fain prostrate ourselves  
before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign  
of Thy omnipotence!  
For this hast Thou created its pure  
beauty,  
For this hast Thou permitted the arts  
of man  
To penetrate its depths—and for this, O  
God!  
I crave that some day in my sad and  
restless life  
Blue eyes may shine upon me with the  
love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*



MARIANO BRULL

(1891-)

INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camaguey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Fígaro* of Havana and has published a volume of poems *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón del vuelo*.

Here in her little room all still and lone  
The things that made her life are greeting  
me.

It seems as though her body as it went  
Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were  
 shown  
 The shadowy glimpse of what she used  
 to be;—  
 And sing more sad her bird its caged  
 lament,—  
 And through the room her absence whisper  
 free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there  
 Upon the table; and it says: "The care  
 Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,  
 thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—  
 Oh, had I but, that final hour, known  
 The anguished sweetness of her last  
 goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

#### TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,  
 Put our pious airs away;  
 And with luncheon in our baskets,  
 To the mountain! To the mountain!  
 To the mountain, for the day!

Hark, the bells of glory ringing  
From the belfries of the Spring!—  
Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing  
After gloomy days, they bring!

How the water o'er the mill-wheel  
Rumbles furious and fast,  
Bursting through a thousand echoes  
Until—there—'tis gone at last!

For the woods our hearts are hungry;  
Every bird hears us reply;  
Incense seems to sweep our bosoms—  
To the mountain! To the mountain!  
To the mountain, let us hie!

Every grotto holds a secret;  
Every cleft its creed and rite;  
On the slopes is scattered grandeur—  
Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!

On the peaks the wind is hymning,—  
Heaven is nigh—the town, far down;  
Ah, why should not human dwellings  
All the free-world mountains crown?—

At the nightfall—with our baskets  
Empty—to the town we haste;  
All the mountain fills with shadows,—  
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—  
—*Roderick Gill.*

## PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893-1918)

## IDYL

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools of Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's works into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

The opal-breasted morning of the spring  
Scarce o'er the meads her luminous urn  
can swing.

When from the nests the tremulous light  
flute

Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes  
mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl  
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morn-  
ing's urn,  
Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast  
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a  
trace

Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gar-  
goyle

Of one long branch from out the trunk  
would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides,  
As though a nymph some haughty centaur  
guides;

Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and fair,  
With glow transparent as the morning air.

A sudden breath along the meadow grass  
Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it would  
pass.

And she, whom hasty breaths of fever  
seize,  
Grips the bough tighter with her snowy  
knees.

The while the icy jewels of the dew  
Send a sharp chill her silken body through.

Her locks float back in airy coronal  
Above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's  
fall;

And green and rose the shifting boughs  
appear  
Like some great butterfly her lips a-near.

She sways a moment, then, as some divine  
Young nymph that Jove enamored would  
entwine,

Her scarlet kisses all the green bough  
cover,—  
And the tree trembles,—as it were her  
lover—

—*Garret Strange.*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH  
AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mine, as  
close  
As our two lives have been together  
bound;  
To your dire scar I would conjoin my  
wound,  
And bind with yours my fate of joys and  
woes.  
I would entwine our wills, until yours chose  
To be my partisan forever found;  
For I have gained your love, and sorrow-  
crowned,  
You have shown courage to a world of foes.  
Like the simoon I gather up your dust  
And heap on high a little pile of trust  
And hope and pain on pain, to call it  
ours;



Here at the gates of an eternal rest,  
 As all our dreams have known the self-  
 same bowers,  
 So shall my soul and yours have but one  
 breast.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896- )

## MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,  
Where swayed my cradle,—near that  
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their grot,  
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.  
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly  
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,  
How oft I cried, “Oh, happy is their lot  
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!”

It was God’s will that I the deck should tread  
And find my wish to full fruition grown  
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.  
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;  
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone  
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount,  
of thee!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898- )

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borrones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre harapososa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selva del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her body  
lay

White as the wheaten wafer of the priest,  
What time the heavens were weeping.

Let us pray,  
O friend and servant, for her soul re-  
leased!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair  
And white as was the maiden soul it hid,

How shall they know in heaven, the angels  
there,  
If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?

Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights;  
Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn;  
It seemed that God to form its pure delights  
Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.

There in her casket-boards I saw her lie,  
The purer even without Ophelia's love,  
Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky  
In the close shaft that shuts me from  
above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun  
Is up—the sun that hid behind the  
rain,—  
The sun that yester's holocaust has done,—  
The sun you know so well,—my sun  
again—

I fall to meditation, how whene'er  
Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame  
Passes away, the sun is always there  
With share of gold the same!—

If justice be in God, as light in stars,  
 Green in the fields, and in the heavens  
 blue,—

Why for her death across the morning bars  
 Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and  
 old

Into the breast of his soutane of black,  
 And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled  
 And hung, reflecting the new sunlight  
 back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:

IV

HISPANIC NOTES

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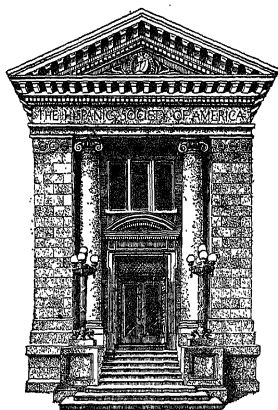






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